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BY A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

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*George Colman*



THE  
BRITISH ESSAYISTS:

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PREFACES,  
HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

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VOLUME XXV.

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## CONNOISSEUR.

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—Non de villis domibusve alienis.  
Nec malè necne Lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos  
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agnoscamus.

HOR. SAT. II. 3. 71.

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# HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

## PREFACE

TO

## THE CONNOISSEUR.

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THIS paper was undertaken by Messrs. Colman and Thornton, two very young men then at the University of Oxford. They appear to have entered into a partnership, of which the following account is given in the last paper, and has been corroborated by the recollection of some gentlemen now living. "We have not only joined in the work taken altogether," says the writer of No. 140, "but almost every single paper is the joint product of both ; and, as we have laboured equally in erecting the fabric, we cannot pretend that any one particular part is the sole workmanship of either. A hint has perhaps been started by one of us, improved by the other, and still further heightened by a happy coalition of sentiment

in both, as fire is struck out by a mutual collision of flint and steel. Sometimes, like Strada's lovers conversing with the sympathetic needles, we have written papers together at fifty miles distance from each other; the first rough draft or loose minutes of an essay have often travelled in the stage-coach from town to country, and from country to town; and we have frequently waited for the postman whom we expected to bring us the precious remainder of a Connoisseur, with the same anxiety as we should wait for the half of a bank-note, without which the other half would be of no value."

Such, indeed, was the similarity of manner, that, after some years, the survivor, Mr. Colman, was unable to distinguish his share from that of his colleague, in the case of those papers which were written conjointly. Neither had an appropriate style by which conjecture might be now assisted. The prose compositions of both were of the light and easy kind, sometimes with a dramatic turn, and sometimes with an air of parody or imitation, and their objects were generally the same, the existing follies and absurdities of the day, which they chastised with ironical severity, but rarely attempted a serious discussion of any question of morals or taste applicable to all times. When young men, who have seen little of the world, commence Essayists, their highest merit must be novelty of manner. They take their subjects at



second-hand, and their remarks are generally of the commonplace kind. In their best state they are but promising.

That the reigning follies are a necessary branch of the Essayist's business, is established by the great standards of periodical writing; but they who entirely devote their talents to temporary subjects, must be content if they reap only temporary fame. Mere wit pleases for a while, but it does not please many. The majority of readers have been accustomed to look for moral instruction as well as entertainment in the labors of Essayists, and to expect that sometimes a principle should be confirmed, as well as a laugh provoked; and although they are not unwilling to unbend with the gay and the frivolous, where gayety and frivolity are seasonable and moderate, they contract no great veneration, and certainly no lasting respect for men who are pedants in wit. It is probably owing to this looseness of composition, and continued effort at satire and caricature, that the paper now before us has been in less request since its first publication than any of those which form the present collection. There are in it essays of unquestionable merit in the humorous style, but there is wanting that mixture of the grave and the elegant upon which the popularity of works of this kind must ultimately depend, whatever their first reception may have been.

George Colman, by whom it is probable

The Connoisseur was projected, was the son of Thomas Colman, Esq., British Resident at the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Pisa, by a sister of the Countess of Bath. He was born at Florence about the year 1733, and placed at a very early age at Westminster school, where his talents soon became conspicuous, and where he contracted an acquaintance with Lloyd, Churchill, Thornton, and others, who were afterwards the reigning wits of their day, and unfortunately employed their genius only on the perishable beings and events of that day. Mr. Colman's biographers do not remove him to Oxford until 1758; but he was elected to Christ's Church in 1751, and received the degree of M. A. in the month of March, 1758. It was at college that he projected *The Connoisseur*, which was printed at Oxford by the late Mr. Jackson, and sent to London for publication; and it afforded him and Thornton a very landable relaxation from their classical studies, to which, however, Colman was particularly attached, and which he continued to cultivate at a more advanced period of life, his last publication being a *Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry*.

When he left the University he was entered of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, and, after the usual studies, called to the bar. But his disposition was averse from a profession which required so much depth of thought, patience of research, and assiduity of application, and although not wholly inattentive to

the business of the bar, he gradually withdrew himself to the easier and more agreeable pursuits of the humourist, and the dramatic writer.

In 1760, he produced the popular farce of 'Polly Honeycombe,' and in 1761, the comedy of the 'Jealous Wife,' which at once enabled him to take rank with the most successful dramatic writers of the century. About the same time the newspaper entitled 'The St. James's Chronicle,' was established, of which he became a proprietor, and exerted the full force of his prosaic talents to promote its interest, in a series of essays and humorous sketches on occasional subjects. Among these he opened a paper called 'The Genius,' which he published at irregular intervals as far as the fifteenth number. These papers appear, upon the whole, to be superior to the general merit of the *Connoisseurs*; they have rather more solidity, and the humour is more chaste and classical. His occasional contributions to the *St. James's Chronicle* were very numerous, and upon every topic of the day, politics, manners, the drama, &c. A selection from them appears in his prose works, published by himself in 1787.

In the establishment of the *St. James's Chronicle*, he had, likewise, Mr. Thornton for a colleague, who was one of the original proprietors; and, by their joint industry, they drew the productions of many of the wits of the times to this paper, which, as a

depository of literary intelligence, literary contests and anecdotes, and articles of wit and humour, soon eclipsed all its rivals. By a minute now before me, in the handwriting of Mr. Thomas,\* who was for nearly thirty years its editor, it appears that the principal departments were, for some time, filled by the following persons: 'The papers entitled 'The Genius,' by Mr. Colman; 'Smith's Letters,' by Peregrine Philips, Esq.; short essays of wit, by Bonnel Thornton, Esq.; longer essays of wit, by — Waller, Esq.; rebuses and letters, signed 'Nick Testy,' and 'Alexander Grumble,' by — Forest; letters, signed Oakly,' by Mr. Garrick. Among the numerous successors to these wits, may be mentioned George Steevens, Esq., the commentator on Shakspeare, and the late great and good Dr. Horne, Bishop of Norwich. Men of literature in general found it necessary to contribute their occasional effusions to a paper in which they were sure to be read by those who could realize and understand the various species of ironical remarks, and harmless deception practised on the devotees of fashion, or the credulous in politics, history, or antiquities.

To other weekly or diurnal vehicles, Mr. Colman contributed some papers, entitled 'The Gentleman,' and the 'Terræ Filius;' but in all his prose compositions of the periodical form, we find an excellent design soon aban-

\* Communicated in a note to the late learned printer, Mr. Bowyer, and by his successor to the present writer.

done. His theatrical productions had conferred upon him the character of which he appears to have been most ambitious, and the business of the theatre of which he became a manager in 1768, employing all his time and attention, from this period he reserved his talents almost entirely for the stage; his dramatic pieces were sometimes produced too hastily, but they had at least the charm of novelty, and were in general well received by the public and by the critics. Of the twenty-seven dramas which he either composed or altered for the stage, the 'Jealous Wife,' the 'Clandestine Marriage,' written in conjunction with Garrick, the 'Man and Wife,' the 'Spleen,' the 'Suicide,' and the 'Separate Maintenance,' have preserved their station the longest. As a manager, his name is still mentioned with high respect. He encouraged rising genius, and, by displaying the talents of his performers in parts which could not provoke comparison, he gradually ripened their genius, procured them popularity with the town, and thus encouraged them to make higher efforts in the more regular and serious drama.

His last original publication was a new translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, accompanied with a commentary, and valuable critical notes, which appeared in 1783. In opposition to Dr. Hurd, he supposes, "that one of the sons of Piso, undoubtedly the elder, had either meditated or written a poetical work,

most probably a tragedy ; and that he had, with the knowledge of the family, communicated his piece or intention to Horace ; but Horace, either disapproving of the work, or doubting of the poetical faculties of the elder Piso, or both, wished to dissuade him from all thoughts of publication. With this view he formed the design of writing this epistle, addressing it with a courtliness and delicacy perfectly agreeable to his acknowledged character, indifferently to the whole family, the father and his two sons, *Epistola ad Pisones de arte poetica*." The opinion of the venerable Bishop of Worcester, "that it was the proper and sole purpose of the author, simply to criticize the Roman drama," is thus opposed with great ingenuity, and considerable success ; for, on the publication of Mr. Colman's work, Dr. Hurd said to the present Bishop of Salisbury : "Give my compliments to Colman, and thank him for the handsome manner in which he has treated me, and tell him, that I think he is right." It may be added that the late Dr. Warton and Dr. Beattie were of the same opinion.

In 1787, Mr. Colman republished a selection of his fugitive pieces, probably all that he wished to acknowledge, entitled : "Prose on several occasions, accompanied with some Pieces in verse."

About the year 1790, he had a stroke of the palsy, which nearly deprived him of the use of one side of his body ; and, in a short time

afterwards, he gave evident signs of mental derangement, ending in idiocy, in consequence of which he was placed under proper care at Paddington, and the conduct of the theatre was vested in his son. He died August 14, 1794.

The year after his death appeared a pamphlet, entitled: 'Some Particulars of the Life of the late George Colman, Esq., written by himself, and delivered by him to Richard Jackson, Esq., one of his executors, for publication after his decease.' The object of this pamphlet was to contradict two reports which had long been current. The one, that, by his literary pursuits and dramatic compositions, he lost the favour and affection of the Earl of Bath; the other, that, by his purchase of a fourth of the patent of Covent Garden theatre, he knowingly and voluntarily forfeited the intended bequest of a certain estate under the will of General Pulteney. In opposition to these reports, he proves, very clearly, that he did not lose the favour of the Earl of Bath, and that General Pulteney, while he did not openly resist his becoming a manager of the theatre, but rather consented to it, changed his intentions towards him, and left him, in lieu of the estate, only an annuity of four hundred pounds. The general appears, however, to have considered the family as disgraced by Mr. Colman's becoming a manager, for the latter is obliged to remind him of gentlemen who had been managers; of Sir

William Davenant, Sir Richard Steele, Sir John Vanbrugh, and Mr. Congreve.

Bonnel Thornton, the colleague of Mr. Colman, in many of his literary labours, was the son of an apothecary, and born in Maiden Lane, London, in the year 1724. After the usual course of education at Westminster school, he was elected to Christ's Church, Oxford, in 1743. The first publication in which he was concerned, was 'The Student, or the Oxford Monthly Miscellany;' afterwards altered to 'The Student, or Oxford and Cambridge Monthly Miscellany.' This entertaining medley appeared in monthly numbers, printed at Oxford, for Mr. Newbery, in St. Paul's Churchyard. Smart was the principal conductor, but Thornton and other wits of both Universities, occasionally assisted. Thornton's first attempt appeared in the first number, 'The Comforts of a Retired Life,' an elegy in imitation of Tibullus. Mr. Thomas Warton was also a writer in the poetical department, and Dr. Johnson, probably at Mr. Newbery's request, wrote his 'Life of Cheynel,' in one of the latter numbers. The whole were afterwards collected and published in two volumes, octavo, 1748, which are now become scarce, and sold at a considerable price. In 1752, he began a periodical work, entitled 'Have at ye all, or the Drury Lane Journal,' in opposition to Fielding's 'Covent Garden Journal.' It contains some humorous remarks on reigning follies, but with



too frequent mixture of personal ridicule ; I know not how long it lasted. My copy contains only twelve numbers.

Our author took his degree in Master of Arts in April 7, 1750, and as his father wished him to make physic his profession, he took a degree of Bachelor of that faculty, May 18, 1754 ; but his bent, like that of Colman, was not to the severer studies, and they about this time "clubbed their wits" in *The Connoisseur*. The last number facetiously alludes to their persons and pursuits, by a sort of enigmatic description of Mr. Town, "the Connoisseur ; a *fair*, black, middle-sized, *very short man* ; he *wears his own hair*, and a periwig. He is about thirty years of age, and not more than *four and twenty*. He is a *student of the law*, and a bachelor of physic," &c. Those characteristics printed in italics belong to Colman.

What share he wrote in *The Connoisseur* cannot be ascertained, for the reason already assigned, but it is believed to be less than that of his partner. His habits were early relaxed and desultory, and although without a natural disposition to indolence, he was easily led from regular pursuits, and was consequently not remarkable for punctuality in his periodical supplies. Of this, one instance can be given of undoubted authority. When *The Connoisseur*, No. 101, came to town for publication, Colman, who happened to be in London, saw it at the publisher's, and found

it contained the production of a correspondent, of very inferior merit, which Thornton had sent to press to save himself the trouble of writing one. But as the day for the appearance of this paper was the first of January, Colman was enraged at this carelessness and inattention to so remarkable an opportunity for a good essay, and came to Mr. Say's printing-office late at night, to inquire if it was possible to have a paper printed in time for next day's publication. Being told that it was barely possible, he immediately sat down in his publisher's (Mr. R. Baldwin's) parlour, and wrote the paper which now stands as the 101st, cancelling the other.\*

As an occasional writer, however, unfettered by times and seasons, Mr. Thornton was profuse in his contributions to magazines and newspapers. Scarce any popular topic offered of whatever kind, which did not afford him a subject for a pamphlet, an essay, a piece of poetry, or some whimsical paragraphs for the newspapers. His contributions to the *Public Advertiser* were very considerable, and when the *St. James's Chronicle* was projected, and the first thought of it was imparted to him, he became a proprietor, and, as

\* Dr. Kenrick, who hated Colman, and every theatrical manager who rejected his dramas, relates this story in a very different manner, as if Colman had transcribed Thornton's paper to make it pass for his own; with him, too, it is not a paper in *The Connoisseur*, but a letter intended for *The St. James's Chronicle*: *London Review*, vol. iii. I prefer, however, the authority of the late Isaac Reed, and the late Henry Baldwin, Esq., who well knew the circumstance.

already mentioned, a valuable contributor. A collection of the best pieces of the first year of that paper was published at the close of it, under the title of "The Yearly Chronicle for 1761; or a Collection of the most Interesting and Striking Essays, Letters, &c., which appeared in the St. James's Chronicle for 1761. To which is added, a Diary of the most Remarkable Events; the whole serving as A Complete Register of the Politics, News, Literature, &c., of that period." This was handsomely printed in an octavo volume, but notwithstanding the convenience of the plan, and the popularity of the contents, it did not succeed so well as to encourage a continuation.

About this time our author had it in contemplation to treat with Mr. Rich for the patent of Covent-garden theatre, but the negotiation proved abortive. He had, however, now given up all thoughts of the employment to which he was bred, and became an author by profession, and a general satirist, nor was it with his pen only that he exercised his humour. He projected an Exhibition of Sign Paintings, a scheme which at first appeared preposterous beyond all hopes of encouragement, but which actually took place at his house in Bow Street, Covent Garden. To this collection of daubings, Hogarth contributed a few touches in chalk, and finding, among the heads of distinguished personages, those of the king of Prussia and the empress

of Hungary, he changed the cast of their eyes so as to make them leer significantly at each other.\*

Of this strange exhibition, a contemporary writer gives the following character: "The Original Paintings, &c., a Catalogue of which now lies before us, are the project of a well-known gentleman, who has in several instances displayed a most uncommon vein of humour. His Burlesque Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, his labours in the Drury-lane Journal, and other papers, all possess that singular turn of imagination, so peculiar to himself. This gentleman is, perhaps, the only person in England, (Mr. Hogarth excepted,) who could have projected, or have carried tolerably into execution, this scheme of a Grand Exhibition. There is a whimsical drollery in all his plans, and a comical originality in his manner, that never fail to distinguish and recommend all his undertakings. To exercise his wit and humour in an innocent laugh, and to raise that innocent laugh in others, seems to have been his chief aim in the present spectacle. The ridicule on Exhibitions, if it must be accounted so, is pleasant without malevolence, and the general strokes on the common topics of satire are given with the most apparent good-humour."

The wit of this singular exhibition will, perhaps, be better understood by a few specimens from the catalogue, than by any general char-

\* Nichols's Biographical Anecdotes of Hogarth, p. iii. 3d edit.

acter. The catalogue was intended to convey the projector's meaning, where he had any, and among its numerous articles we have: 'No. 9, The Irish Arms, by Patrick O'Blaney. N. B. Captain Terence O'Cutter stood for them.' These arms were a pair of extremely thick legs in white stockings, and black garters. 'No. 16, A Man,' nine tailors at work. 'No. 35, A Man in his Element, a Sign for an Eating House;' a cook roasted on a spit at a kitchen fire, and basted by the devil. 'No. 36, A Man out of his Element,' a sailor fallen off his horse, with his skull lighting against the ten-mile stone from Portsmouth. 'No. 64, View of the Road to Paddington; with a presentation of the Deadly Never Green, that bears Fruit all the year round. The Fruit at full length, by Hogarty.' Tyburn, with three felons on the gallows. The critics deemed this piece remarkable for the execution. 'No. 71, Shave for a Penny, Let Blood for Nothing;' a man under the hands of a barber-surgeon, who shaves and lets blood at the same time, by cutting at every stroke of his razor. Some humour was also intended in the juxtaposition of some of the signs, as 'The Three Apothecaries' Gallipots,' and 'The Three Coffins, its Companion,' &c., &c. The names of the artists, as Masmore, Lester, Ward, Fishbourne, &c., were in fact the names of the journeymen printers in Mr. Baldwin's office. But perhaps enough has been said of this attempt to

amuse the "lovers of fun," which, for a short time, had considerable success. It was one of those odd schemes which could not be expected to last, or to be repeated, and which the public, at a less good-humoured period, might, in all probability, be disposed to consider as an insult.

The Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, above mentioned, was another effect of the burlesque kind, from Mr. Thornton's sportive muse, and afforded much entertainment. The sternest muscles must relax where it is read. It was professedly adapted to "the ancient British Music," viz: the salt-box, the Jews-harp, the marrowbones and cleavers, the humstrum or hurdy-gurdy, &c. Dr. Johnson praised its humour, and seemed much diverted with it, nor could it be less diverting to hear him repeat the following passage, which he frequently did:—

In strains more exalted the salt-box shall join,  
And clattering and battering and clapping combine;  
With a rap and a tap, while the hollow side sounds,  
Up and down leaps the flap, and with rattling rebounds.\*

In such compositions, Mr. Thornton's imag-

\* Boswell's Life of Johnson. In a note on this work, Dr. Burney informs us that he set this piece to music. It was performed at Ranelagh in masks, to a very crowded audience. Beard sung the salt-box song, which was admirably accompanied on that instrument by Brent, the fencing-master, and father of Miss Brent, the celebrated singer; Skeggs, on the broomstick, as bassoon; and a remarkable performer on the Jews-harp. Cleavers were cast in bell-metal for this entertainment. All the performers of the Old Woman's Oratory employed by Foote, were employed at Ranelagh, on this occasion.

ination was particularly original and fertile, and so various that no writer has ever excelled in so many species of wit, both of the superior and inferior kinds, although his inclination, and sometimes his subjects, led him more frequently to the latter. What reputation this might have conferred, however, has been in a great measure lost, from his writing anonymously, and upon subjects that had no permanent interest with the public, and from no collection having been made of his pieces when they could be ascertained, and attributed to the proper author. Mr. Colman once announced to his friends a design to collect all his partner's works, but neglected it until it became impracticable amidst his more urgent engagements, as manager of the Haymarket Theatre.

In 1766, encouraged, as he says, by the success of his friend Colman's translation of Terence, he published two volumes of a translation of Plautus, in blank verse, proposing to complete the whole, if that specimen should be approved. These volumes contain seven plays, of which 'The Captive' was translated by Mr. Warner,\* who afterwards completed all that Thornton had left unfinished; and 'The Mercator,' by Colman. The remaining five are 'The Amphytrion, The Braggart Captain, The Treasure, The Miser, and The Shipwreck.' This work was not very suc-

\* The reader will find some curious memoirs of this gentleman in Nichols's *Life of Bowyer*, pp. 409 and 596.

cessful, yet Warburton said of it, that "he never read so just a translation, in so pure and elegant a style." In 1767, our author published 'The Battle of the Wigs,' as an additional Canto to Garth's Dispensary, the subject of which was the disputes then subsisting between the Fellows and Licentiates of the College of Physicians. His 'City Latin,' in ridicule of the inscription on Blackfriar's Bridge, is still remembered. 'This edifice, indeed, afforded scope for the talents of many authors at that time, among whom Dr. Johnson distinguished himself by contending for a particular species of arch.

Besides these publications, he is said to have written the papers in *The Adventurer* marked A. This has been already adverted to in the preface to that work, as resting entirely upon the authority of the writer of his life in the *Biographical Dictionary*, while Sir John Hawkins asserts they were written by Bathurst. It may be necessary now to add, that, upon a strict revisal of those papers, since that preface was written, and upon a comparison with some of which he is the acknowledged author, there appears sufficient internal evidence to induce the belief that he was the writer of the *Adventurers*, signed A. If this be the case, of which I have now little doubt, and which has been confirmed by some information received subsequent to the consideration of the subject in the Preface to *The Adventurer*, what is there said of



Bathurst falls to the ground, although it may yet be true that Dr. Johnson wrote some papers *for* him.

In 1764, Mr. Thornton married Miss Sylvia Brathwaite, youngest daughter of Colonel Brathwaite, who was governor of Cape Coast Castle in Africa, and who, when the ship in which he was returning to England, was taken by a Spanish privateer, fell under a treacherous blow by one of the sailors, who had observed a valuable brilliant on his finger. With this lady, Mr. Thornton appears to have enjoyed the highest domestic felicity, for which he was eminently qualified by a most affectionate heart, until his prospects were closed by bad health, which hurried him to his grave in the 44th year of his age, May 9, 1768. He left a widow, a daughter, and two sons, of whom Dr. Thornton, physician, is the only survivor.

His character may be taken from the epitaph written in Latin by his friend Dr. Joseph Warton, and placed on his monument in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. "His genius, cultivated most happily by every kind of polite literature, was accompanied and recommended by manners open, sincere, and candid. In his writings and conversation he had a wonderful liveliness, with a vein of pleasantry peculiarly his own. In ridiculing the failings of men, without bitterness, and with much humour, he was singularly happy; as a companion, he was delightful."

Although we have been unsuccessful in ascertaining the respective shares of Messrs. Colman and Thornton in *The Connoisseur*, there were a few occasional contributors, concerning whose papers we are not left in the same uncertainty.

Among these was the Earl of Cork, who has already been noticed as a writer in *The World*. His communications to *The Connoisseur* were, the greater part of Nos. 14 and 17; the letters signed Goliath English, in No. 19, great part of Nos. 33 and 40, and the letters signed Reginald Fitzworm, Michael Krawbridge, Moses Orthodox, and Thomas Vainall, in Nos. 102, 107, 113, and 129. Mr. Duncombe says of this nobleman, that "for humour, innocent humour, no one had a truer taste, or better talent." The authors, in their last paper, acknowledge his lordship's services in these words: "Our earliest and most frequent correspondent distinguished his favours by the signatures G. K.,\* and we are sorry that he will not allow us to mention his name, since it would reflect as much credit on our work, as we are sure will redound to it from his contributions."

These compliments are not overstrained. No. 14 has much of the delicate humour for which our most celebrated Essayists have been admired; and No. 33 is valuable as an exact portrait of a species of folly very prevalent at that time, and not unknown in our

\* This was not always his lordship's signature.

own days. It is not the least advantage of periodical papers that they are a record of manners, which, by comparison with those of different periods, may reconcile many to the fluctuations of fashion, and induce them to believe that occasional non-conformity to the reigning mode is not absolutely a crime, that fashions are not deemed becoming, but because they are in vogue, and neither horrible nor shocking, but because they happen to be discontinued.

The Rev. John Duncombe, who has also been noticed as one of the writers in *The World*, was a contributor to *The Connoisseur*. Of him, the author of the last paper says: "The next, in priority of time, is a gentleman of Cambridge, who signed himself A. B., and we cannot but regret that he withdrew his assistance, after having obliged us with the best part of the letters in Nos. 46, 49, and 52, and of the essays in Nos. 62 and 64." Mr. Duncombe was not at this time known to the authors, nor much to the world, unless by some occasional poems. His fame rose considerably, however, with his subsequent publications, both in verse and prose. As editor, he has favoured the public with various works, contributing to literary history, particularly 'Letters from several eminent persons deceased, including the correspondence of John Hughes, Esq., and several of his friends, published from the originals, with notes, 1772, 3 vols.,' a work to which these

Prefaces have been much indebted. He was also, for the last twenty years of his life, a valuable correspondent in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the present proprietor of which has given ample memoirs of him in the second edition of the *Biographia Britannica*.

The only remaining contributor to *The Connoisseur*, whose name has been recovered, is Mr. William Cowper, the celebrated author of *The Task*, and other poems of distinguished merit. The life of this amiable but unfortunate man, presents so many opportunities for reflection, and is connected with so many considerations of the highest importance in religion and philosophy, that any attempt to detail it with advantage must be totally disproportioned to the prescribed limits of these Prefaces.\* It is as a poet only that he is and will be long known to the world, and no omission of respect for his poetical talents can be regretted in this place, when the reader is reminded that they have been illustrated by Mr. Hayley.

It may, therefore, suffice to say, that he was born at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, in 1732. His father, the rector of the parish, was John Cowper, D. D., nephew to the Lord Chancellor Cowper. Mr. Cowper was admitted at Westminster school, and as the honourable and lucrative place of Clerk to the

\* This has since been attempted by Mr. Hayley in a manner and with a success which requires no encomium. Hayley's *Life of Cowper* ought, for many reasons, to be studied by young men, especially of poetical inclinations.

House of Lords had been provided for him, he was entered at the Temple for the study of the law, in order to qualify him for it. But a constitutional timidity or diffidence, or a love of retirement, predominated so strongly, that he resigned the employment, and with it all his prospects in life. From this period he appears to have been greatly oppressed by habitual melancholy, which, although it was occasionally dissipated by the labours of his pen, never entirely forsook him until it ended in the blackness of despair.

It was not until 1782, that he became known to the world as a poet, when the first volume of his poems was published by his affectionate friend, the Rev. John Newton, Rector of St. Mary Wolnoth's, London, who informs us, in a preface, that "they were the first-fruits of his recovery." It is not detracting much from this collection, that its merit was perceived rather by the best judges than by the public at large; but when the second volume appeared in 1785, it was generally acknowledged that he had reached the highest rank of modern poetical excellence; and his powers were exhibited in so many various branches, the didactic, the descriptive, the humorous, that his works became popular beyond any example in recent times. Some years after, he undertook to translate the works of Homer into blank verse, which did not give entire satisfaction, but of its merit a more favourable judgment will probably be formed

from the second edition lately published, which the author was prevailed upon to correct, and in many parts to rewrite. A very interesting account of his progress in these corrections, is given in the preface to this edition by his friend, the Rev. Mr. Johnson.

The relief his mind received, however, from this employment, was not of long duration. His constitutional melancholy returned with a more deepened gloom, and, in spite of the affectionate attentions of his friends, ended in absolute despair, from which he was happily released by death, April 25, 1800, exhibiting an instance more humbling to the pride of natural genius, and of literary attainments and fame, than has, perhaps, ever been known.

In early life, I have been told, he formed an acquaintance with Mr. Colman, and probably with his colleague, and to this we owe the few papers in 'The Connoisseur, which, by the kindness of a friend,\* I am enabled to ascribe to him. On this authority, it appears that he wrote No. 119, On Keeping a Secret, which may be read with No. 13 of 'The Rambler'; No. 134, Letter from Mr. Village, giving an account of the present state of the country churches, their clergy,

\* Samuel Rose, Esq., of Chancery Lane, whose death, since the publication of the first edition of these *Essayists*, I have to regret, in common with all who knew his accomplishments and virtues. Mr. Hayley has paid an elegant, affectionate, and most just tribute to his memory in the last edition of his *Life of Cowper*.

and their congregations, in which many very common improprieties are censured with considerable humour; and No. 138, On Conversation. As these can be assigned from authority, there are others which we may venture to trace to Mr. Cowper's pen, by inference. If he wrote No. 119, he must also have written No. 111, containing the Character of the delicate Billy Suckling, and No. 115, the Complaints of an Old Bachelor; for these papers are given to the author of No. 119, in the general acknowledgment of correspondence in the concluding paper, where the author of them is styled, "a friend, a gentleman of the Temple." And this seems further corroborated by No. 111, which is subscribed W. C., the initials of Mr. Cowper's name. It may also be remarked, that No. 134 is said to be written by Mr. Village, the cousin of Mr. Town, whose first communication appears in No. 13, and his others in Nos. 23, 41, 76, 81, 105, and 139. It would be too much, however, to argue from this circumstance that Mr. Cowper wrote all these; the character of Mr. Village might be common to other writers, and occasionally assumed by any correspondent whose subject it might suit. Of the papers which can with certainty be ascribed to Mr. Cowper, it may be truly said that they are not inferior to any in the collection; that he always had a quick sense of the ludicrous in character and behaviour, is sufficiently evident from many passages in *The Task*; and

his John Gilpin, had it appeared in the days of Colman, Thornton, Lloyd, Churchill, &c., would have been considered as an acquisition of the first importance to the lovers of humour.

It has been suggested to me, that Mr. Robert Lloyd, the unfortunate poet, was a contributor to *The Connoisseur*, which, upon examination, appears to have been the case, although we cannot rank him among the Essayists. He was "the friend, a member of Trinity College, Cambridge," who wrote the Song in No. 72, and the verses in No. 67, 90, 125, and 135. These were afterwards reprinted, with his other works, in the second edition of Johnson's Poets, 1790. "There are still remaining," says the author of the concluding paper, "two correspondents, who must stand by themselves; as they have wrote to us, not in an assumed character, but *in propria persona*. The first is no less a personage than Orator Henley,\* who obliged us with that truly original letter, printed in No. 37. The other, who favoured us with a letter, no less original, No. 70, we have reason to believe, is a Methodist teacher, and a mechanic; but we do not know either his name or his trade."

The *Connoisseurs* were collected, after their original publication, into four volumes 12mo. Some of the papers were corrected, and some passages transposed, but no material altera-

\* See Preface to *The Spectator*.



tions were made, nor was much attention paid to the graces of style. The neuter verb *to lie*, and the active *to lay* are confounded whenever they occur, a vulgarism which remained in every edition until the present. The Connoisseur, however, upon the whole, has always been esteemed an entertaining performance, and, although in an inferior degree, has contributed to the wise and good purposes for which periodical writing was first instituted.



## THE CONNOISSEUR.

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No. 1. THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1754.

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—*Ordine gentis*  
*Mores, et studia, et populos, et praelia dicam.*

VIRG. GEORG. iv. 4.

Their studies and pursuits in order shown,  
'T is mine to mark the manners of the town.

As I have assumed the character of Censor-General, I shall follow the example of the old Roman Censor; the first part of whose duty was to review the people, and distribute them into their several divisions. I shall therefore enter upon my office, by taking a cursory survey of what is usually called The Town. In this, I shall not confine myself to the exact method of a geographer, but carry the reader from one quarter to another, as it may suit my convenience, or best contribute to his entertainment.

When a comedian, celebrated for his excellence in the part of Shylock, first undertook that character, he made daily visits to the centre of business, the 'Change, and the adjacent coffee-houses; that, by a frequent intercourse and conversation with "the unforeskinned race," he might habituate him-

self to their air and deportment. A like desire of penetrating into the most secret springs of action in these people has often led me there ; but I was never more diverted than at Garraway's, a few days before the drawing of the lottery. I not only could read hope, fear, and all the various passions excited by a love of gain, strongly pictured in the faces of those that came to buy ; but I remarked, with no less delight, the many little artifices made use of to allure adventurers, as well as the visible alterations in the looks of the sellers, according as the demand for tickets gave occasion to raise or lower their price. So deeply were the countenances of these bubble-brokers impressed with an attention to the main chance, and their minds seemed so dead to all other sensations, that one might almost doubt, where money is out of the case, whether a Jew "has eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions."

From Garraway's, it is but a short step to a gloomy class of mortals, not less intent on gain than the stockjobber ; I mean the dispensers of life and death, who flock together, like birds of prey, watching for carcases, at Batson's. I never enter this place, but it serves as a *memento mori* to me. What a formal assemblage of sable suits, and tremendous perukes ! I have often met here a most intimate acquaintance, whom I have scarce known again ; a sprightly young fellow, with whom I have spent many a jolly hour ; but, being just dubbed a graduate in physic, he has gained such an entire conquest over the risible muscles, that he hardly vouchsafes at any time to smile. I have heard him harangue, with all the oracular importance of a veteran, on the possibility of Canning's subsisting for a whole month on a few bits of bread ; and he is now pre-

paring a treatise, in which will be set forth a new and infallible method to prevent the spreading of the plague from France into England. Batson's has been reckoned the seat of solemn stupidity; yet it is not totally devoid of taste and common sense. They have among them physicians, who can cope with the most eminent lawyers or divines; and critics, who can relish the *sal volatile* of a witty composition, or determine how much fire is requisite to sublimate a tragedy *secundùm artem*.

Emerging from these dismal regions, I am glad to breathe the pure air in St. Paul's coffee-house; where, as I profess the highest veneration for our clergy, I cannot contemplate the magnificence of the cathedral without reflecting on the abject condition of those "tattered crapes," who are said to ply here for an occasional burial or sermon, with the same regularity as the happier drudges, who salute us with the cry of "coach, Sir," or "chair, your honour."

And here my publisher would not forgive me, was I to leave the neighbourhood without taking notice of the Chapter coffee-house, which is frequented by those encouragers of literature, and, as they are styled by an eminent critic, "not the worst judges of merit, the booksellers." The conversation here naturally turns upon the newest publications; but their criticisms are somewhat singular. When they say a good book, they do not mean to praise the style or sentiment, but the quick and extensive sale of it. That book, in the phrase of the Conger, is best which sells most; and if the demand for Quarles should be greater than for Pope, he would have the highest place on the rubric-post. There are also many parts of every work liable to their remarks, which fall not within the notice of less

accurate observers. A few nights ago I saw one of these gentlemen take up a sermon, and, after seeming to peruse it for some time with great attention, he declared, "it was very good English." The reader will judge whether I was most surprised or diverted, when I discovered that he was not commending the purity and elegance of the diction, but the beauty of the type ; which, it seems, is known among the printers by that appellation. We must not, however, think the members of the Conger strangers to the deeper parts of literature ; for as carpenters, smiths, masons, and all mechanics smell of the trade they labour at, booksellers take a peculiar turn from their connections with books and authors. The character of the bookseller is commonly formed on the writers in his service. Thus one is a politician or a deist ; another affects humour, or aims at turns of wit and repartee ; while a third perhaps is grave, moral, and sententious.

The Temple is the barrier that divides the city and suburbs ; and the gentlemen who reside there seem influenced by the situation of the place they inhabit. Templars are, in general, a kind of citizen-courtiers. They aim at the air and mien of the drawing-room ; but the holiday smartness of a prentice, heightened with some additional touches of the rake or coxcomb, betrays itself in every thing they do. The Temple, however, is stocked with its peculiar beaux, wits, poets, critics, and every character in the gay world ; and it is a thousand pities, that so pretty a society should be disgraced with a few dull fellows, who can submit to puzzle themselves with cases and reports, and have not taste enough to follow the genteel method of studying the law.

I shall now, like a true student of the Temple, hurry from thence to Covent Garden, the acknowledged region of gallantry, wit, and criticism; and hope to be excused for not stopping at George's in my way, as the Bedford affords a greater variety of nearly the same characters. This coffee-house is every night crowded with men of parts. Almost every one you meet is a polite scholar and a wit. Jokes and *bons mots* are echoed from box to box; every branch of literature is critically examined, and the merit of every production of the press, or performance at the theatres, weighed and determined. This school, to which I am myself indebted for a great part of my education, and in which, though unworthily, I am now arrived at the honour of being a public lecturer, has bred up many authors, to the amazing entertainment and instruction of their readers. Button's, the grand archetype of the Bedford, was frequented by Addison, Steele, Pope, and the rest of that celebrated set, who flourished at the beginning of this century; and was regarded with just deference on account of the real geniuses who frequented it. But we can now boast men of superior abilities; men, who without any one acquired excellence, by the mere dint of a happy assurance, can exact the same tribute of veneration, and receive it as due to the illustrious characters, the scribblers, players, fiddlers, gamblers, that make so large a part of the company at the Bedford.

I shall now take leave of Covent Garden, and desire the reader's company to White's. Here, as Vanbrugh says of Locket's, "he may have a dish no bigger than a saucer, that shall cost him fifty shillings." The great people, who frequent this place, do not interrupt their politer amusements, like the wretches at Garraway's, with business, any fur-

ther than to go down to Westminster one sessions to vote for a bill, and the next to repeal it. Nor do they trouble themselves with literary debates, as at the Bedford. Learning is beneath the notice of a man of quality. They employ themselves more fashionably at whist, for the trifle of a thousand pounds the rubber, or by making bets on the lie of the day.

From this very genteel place the reader must not be surprised, if I should convey him to a cellar or a common porter-house. For, as it is my province to delineate and remark on mankind in general, whoever becomes my disciple must not refuse to follow me from the Star and Garter to the Goose and Gridiron, and be content to climb after me up to an author's garret, or give me leave to introduce him to a rout. In my present cursory view of The Town, I have, indeed, confined myself principally to coffee-houses; though I constantly visit all places, that afford any matter for speculation. I am a Scotchman at Forrest's, a Frenchman at Slaughter's, and at the Cocoa-Tree I am — an Englishman. At the Robin Hood I am a politician, a logician, a geometrician, a physician, a metaphysician, a casuist, a moralist, a theologian, a mythologist, or any thing — but an atheist. Wherever the World is, I am. You will therefore hear of me sometimes at the theatres, sometimes, perhaps, at the opera; nor shall I think the exhibitions of Sadler's Wells, or the Little Theatre in the Haymarket beneath my notice; but may one day or the other give a dissertation upon tumbling, or, if they should again become popular, a critique on dogs and monkeys.

Though the Town is the walk I shall generally appear in, let it not be imagined that vice and folly will shoot up unnoticed in the country. My cousin



Village has undertaken that province, and will send me the freshest advices of every fault or foible that takes root there. But as it is my chief ambition to please and instruct the ladies, I shall embrace every opportunity of devoting my labours to their service ; and I may, with justice, congratulate myself upon the happiness of living in an age when the female part of the world are so studious to find employment for a Censor.

The character of Mr. Town is, I flatter myself, too well known to need an explanation. How far, and in what sense, I propose to be a Connoisseur, the reader will gather from my general motto :—

—*Non de villis domibusve alienis ;  
Nec malè necne Lepos saltet : sed quod magis ad nos  
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agítamus.*

HOR. SAT. ii. 6. 71.

Who better knows to build, and who to dance,  
Or this from Italy, or that from France,  
Our Connoisseur will ne'er pretend to scan,  
But point the follies of mankind to man ;  
Th' important knowledge of ourselves explain,  
Which not to know, all knowledge is but vain.

As Critic and Censor-General, I shall take the liberty to animadvert on every thing that appears to me vicious or ridiculous ; always endeavouring “to hold, as it were, the mirror up to Nature, to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the Time his form and pressure.”

T

No. 2. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1754.

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*Commisso quod auctio vendit  
Stantibus, ænophorum, tripodes, armaria, cistas.*

JUV. SAT. vii. 10.

Maim'd statues, rusty medals, marbles old,  
By Sloane collected, or by Langford sold.

I HAVE already received letters from several Virtuosi, expressing their astonishment and concern at my disappointing the warm hopes they had conceived of my undertaking from the title of my paper. They tell me, that by deserting the paths of *Virtú*, I at once neglect the public interest and my own; that, by supporting the character of Connoisseur in its usual sense, I might have obtained very considerable salaries from the principal auction-rooms, toyshops, and repositories, and might besides, very plausibly, have recommended myself as the properest person in the world to be keeper of Sir Hans Sloane's Museum.

I cannot be insensible of the importance of this capital business of taste, and how much reputation as well as profit would accrue to my labours, by confining them to the minutest researches into nature and art, and poring over the rust of antiquity. I very well know that the discovery of a new zoophyte, or species of the polype, would be as valuable as that of the longitude. The cabinets of the curious world furnish out matter for my essays, more instructing than all the learned lumber of a Vatican. Of what consequence would it be, to

point out the distinctions of originals from copies so precisely, that the paltry scratchings of a modern may never hereafter be palmed on a Connoisseur for the labours of a Rembrandt! I should command applause from the adorers of antiquity, were I to demonstrate, that merit never existed but in the schools of the old painters, never flourished but in the warm climate of Italy; and how should I rise in the esteem of my countrymen, by chastising the arrogance of an Englishman in presuming to determine the analysis of beauty!

At other times I might take occasion to show my sagacity in conjectures on rusty coins and illegible marbles. What profound erudition is contained in a half-obliterated antique piece of copper! **TRAJ. IMP. P. VII. COSS. MAX. \*\*\* TREB. V. P. P. S. G.**; and how **merveillous, most courteous and ryghte worthye reader**, would the barbarous inscription of some ancient monument appear to thee, and how **pleasaunt to thyne eyne wythcall**, thus preserved in its obsolete spelling and original **black character**. To this branch of taste, I am more particularly pressed. A correspondent desires to know, whether I was of the party that lately took a survey of Palmyra in the Desert; another, if I have traversed the Holy Land, or visited Mount Calvary. I shall not speak too proudly of my travels; but as my predecessor, The Spectator, has recommended himself by having made a trip to Grand Cairo, to take measure of a pyramid, I assure my reader that I have climbed Mount Vesuvio in the midst of its eruptions, and dug some time under ground in the ruins of Herculaneum.

I shall always be solicitous to procure the esteem of so respectable a body as the Connoisseurs; since

I cannot but be sensible, could I any way merit it by my labours, how much more important the name of Mr. Town would appear, dignified with the addition of F. R. S. or Member of the Society of Antiquarians. I therefore take this early opportunity of obliging the curious with a letter from a very eminent personage, who, as well as myself, is lately become a Connoisseur, and is known to have gone abroad for no other purpose than to buy pictures.

“TO MR. \*\*\*\* \*.”

“DEAR SIR,

“The hurry in which I left England must have convinced you how much I was in earnest, when I talked of making a valuable collection of pictures. By my frequent attendance on sales, I already know almost as much of painting, as I do of the funds; and can talk as learnedly of light and shade, figure, proportion, drapery, &c., as of the rise and fall of stocks. I have, however, been very much embarrassed in getting together a collection, suitable to the religion I profess. The famous painters were most of them such bigots to their own way of thinking, that they have scarce left any thing behind them but Holy Families, Dead Christs, and Madonas; subjects, which, to me and my tribe, are odious and abominable. A picture, since it has the property of being the language of all mankind, should never be particular in its subject; but we should paint, as the English are taught to pray, ‘for all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics.’

“When I have made the tour of Italy, I will send you a complete list of all my purchases; in the mean time the following short specimen will enable you to judge of my precautions, in selecting pieces

suitable to my character, and not offensive to my principles.

“The first that I bought was ‘The Elevation of the Golden Calf.’ This I shall set up in the Royal Exchange, as a typical representation of myself, to be worshipped by all brokers, insurers, scriveners, and the whole fraternity of stockjobbers.

“The second is ‘The Triumph of Gideon.’ This I intended, if a late project in favour of our brethren had not miscarried, should have been hung up in St. Stephen’s Chapel, as a memorial of our victory over the Uneircumcised.

“The third and fourth are ‘Peter denying his Master,’ and ‘Judas betraying him for thirty pieces of silver;’ both of which I design as presents to our worthy friends, the B——s, of —— and ——.

“The next which I shall mention to you deserves particular notice; and this is ‘the Prophet of Nazareth himself, conjuring the devil into a herd of swine.’ From this piece, when I return to England, I intend to have a print engraved; being very proper to be had in all Jewish families, as a necessary preservative against pork and Christianity.

“I shall not tire you with a particular detail of some other lesser pieces; such as — the Deluge, in water colours — the New Jerusalem, in perspective — some Ruins of the Temple — a Publican at the Receipt of Custom — and a Samson in miniature.

“Besides these, I have employed an ingenious artist here to execute a design of my own. It is a picture of Fortune, not standing, as in the common style, upon a kind of cart-wheel, but on the two wheels of the lottery, with a representation of a net cast over the lesser engrossers of tickets, while a chief manager is breaking his way through the meshes.

“I must not forget to tell you that I have picked up an infamous portrait, by an English hand, called Shylock; with the following inscription under it, taken I suppose from the London Evening Post, or that impudent fool, the Gazetteer: ‘They have disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; — and what’s the reason? I am a Jew.’

“As soon as the parliament is dissolved, you may expect to see me in England; till when

“I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.,

„\*\*\*\*\*“

I shall here subjoin a letter of a very different stamp; which points out to me another walk as a Connoisseur, not less extensive perhaps, and more agreeable to the modern taste, than that of *virtù*.

“TO MR. TOWN.

“SIR,

“I suppose Connoisseur is only another word for a knowing one. So write me a few papers in defence of cards, dice, races, and gaming in general; and I will admit you upon the square, introduce you at White’s, set you upon the turf the next meeting at Newmarket, and make your fortune at once. If you are the man I take you for, you will be wise, and do this directly; and then the odds are for you. If not, I’ll hold you a hundred pounds to a China orange, that your paper is neglected as low and vulgar, and yourself condemned as an unfashionable blockhead.

“Yours, as you behave,

T

“WILL HAZARD.”

## No. 3. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1754.

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*Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,  
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem.*

LUCRET.

When raging winds the ruffled deep deform,  
We look at distance, and enjoy the storm;  
Tost on the waves with pleasure others see,  
Nor heed their dangers, while ourselves are free.

WE writers of essays, or, as they are termed, periodical papers, justly claim to ourselves a place among the modern improvers of literature. Neither Bentley nor Burmann, nor any other equally sagacious commentator, has been able to discover the least traces of any similar productions among the ancients; except we can suppose, that the history of Thucydides was retailed weekly in sixpenny numbers; that Seneca dealt out his morality every Saturday; or that Tully wrote speeches and philosophical disquisitions, whilst Virgil and Horace clubbed together to furnish the poetry for a Roman magazine.

There is a word, indeed, by which we are fond of distinguishing our works, and for which we must confess ourselves indebted to the Latin. Myself, and every petty journalist, affect to dignify our hasty performances by styling them *Lucubrations*; by which we mean, if we mean any thing, that, as the day is too short for our labours, we are obliged to call in the assistance of the night; not to mention the modest insinuation, that our compositions are so

correct, that, like the orations of Demosthenes, they may be said to smell of the lamp. We would be understood to follow the directions of the Roman satirist 'to grow pale by the midnight candle;' though perhaps, as our own satirist expresses it, we may be thought

Sleepless ourselves to give our readers sleep.

But, as a relief from the fatigue of so many restless hours, we have frequently gone to sleep for the benefit of the public; and surely we, whose labours are confined to a sheet and half, may be indulged in taking a nap now and then, as well as those engaged in longer works; who, according to Horace, are to be excused, if a little drowsiness sometimes creeps in upon them.

After this preface, the reader will not be surprised, if I take the liberty to relate a dream of my own. It is usual on these occasions to be lulled to sleep by some book; and most of my brethren pay that compliment to Virgil or Shakspeare; but as I could never discover any opiate qualities in those authors, I chose rather to dose over some modern performance. I must beg to be excused from mentioning particulars, as I would not provoke the resentment of my contemporaries; nobody will imagine, that I dipped into any of our modern novels, or took up any of our late tragedies. Let it suffice, that I presently fell fast asleep.

I found myself transported in an instant to the shore of an immense sea, covered with innumerable vessels; and though many of them suddenly disappeared every minute, I saw others continually launching forth, and pursuing the same course. The seers of visions, and dreamers of dreams, have their



organs of sight so considerably improved, that they can take in any object, however distant or minute. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that I could discern every thing distinctly, though the waters before me were of the deepest black.

While I stood contemplating this amazing scene, one of those good-natured genii, who never fail making their appearance to extricate dreamers from their difficulties, rose from the sable stream, and planted himself at my elbow. His complexion was of the darkest hue, not unlike that of the demons of a printing-house ; his jetty beard shone like the bristles of a blacking-brush ; on his head he wore a turban of imperial paper ; and

There hung a calfskin on his reverend limbs,

which was gilt on the back, and faced with robings of morocco, lettered, like a rubric-post, with the names of the most eminent authors. In his left hand he bore a printed scroll, which, from the marginal corrections, I imagined to be a proof-sheet ; and, in his right, he waved the quill of a goose.

He immediately accosted me. — ‘Town,’ said he, ‘I am the Genius, who is destined to conduct you through these turbulent waves. The sea that you now behold is the Ocean of Ink. Those towers at a great distance, whose bases are founded upon rocks, and whose tops seem lost in the clouds, are situated in the Isle of Fame. Contiguous to these, you may discern by the glittering of its golden sands, is the Coast of Gain, which leads to a fertile and rich country. All the vessels which are yonder sailing with a fair wind on the main sea, are making towards one or other of these ; but you will observe, that on their first setting out they were irresistibly

drawn into the eddies of Criticism, where they were obliged to encounter the most dreadful tempests and hurricanes. In these dangerous straits, you see with what violence every bark is tossed up and down; some go to the bottom at once; others, after a faint struggle, are beat to pieces; many are much damaged; while a few, by sound planks and tight rigging, are enabled to weather the storm.'

At this sight I started back with horror; and the remembrance still dwells so strong upon my fancy, that I even now imagine the torrent of criticism bursting in upon me, and ready to overwhelm me in an instant.

'Cast a look,' resumed my instructor, 'on that vast lake divided into two parts, which lead to yonder magnificent structures, erected by the tragic and comic Muse. There you may observe many trying to force a passage without chart or compass. Some have been upset by crowding too much sail, and others have foundered by carrying too much ballast. An Arcadian vessel,\* the master an Irishman, was, through contrary squalls, scarce able to live nine days; but you see that light Italian gondola, *Gli Amanti Gelosi*,† skims along pleasantly before the wind, and outstrips the painted frigates of our country, *Didone* and *Artaserse*.‡ Observe that triumphant squadron, to whose flag all the others pay homage. Most of them are ships of the first rate, and were fitted out many years ago. Though somewhat irregular in their make, and but little conformable to the exact rules of art, they will ever continue the pride and glory of these seas; for as

\* *Philoclea*, a tragedy; founded on Sir Philip Sydney's *Arcadia*.

† An admired burletta.

‡ Operas.

it is remarked by the present laureat in his prologue to Papal Tyranny,

Shakspeare, whose art no playwright can excel,  
Has launched us fleets of plays, and built them well.

The Genius then bade me turn my eye where the water seemed to foam with perpetual agitation. 'That,' said he, 'is the strong current of Politics, often fatal to those who venture on it.' I could not but take notice of a poor wretch on the opposite shore, fastened by the ears to a terrible machine. This, the Genius informed me, was the memorable Defoe, set up there as a landmark, to prevent future mariners from splitting on the same rock.

To this turbulent prospect succeeded objects of a more placid nature. In a little creek, winding through flowery meads and shady groves, I descried several gilded yachts and pleasure-boats, all of them keeping due time with their silver oars, and gliding along the smooth, even, calm, regularly flowing rivulets of Rhyme. Shepherds and shepherdesses playing on the banks; the sails were gently swelled with the soft breezes of amorous sighs; and little loves sported in the silken cordage.

My attention was now called off from these pacific scenes to an obstinate engagement between several ships, distinguished from all others by bearing the holy cross for their colours. These, the Genius told me, were employed in the holy war of Religious Controversy; and he pointed out to me a few corsairs, in the service of the infidels, sometimes aiding one party, sometimes siding with the other, as might best contribute to the general confusion.

I observed in different parts of the ocean several galleys which were rowed by slaves. 'Those,' said the Genins, 'are fitted out by very oppressive

owners, and are all of them bound to the Coast of Gain. The miserable wretches whom you see chained to the oars, are obliged to tug without the least respite; and though the voyage should turn out successful, they have little or no share in the profits. Some few you may observe, who rather choose to make a venture on their own bottoms. These work as hard as the galley-slaves, and are frequently cast away; but though they are ever so often wrecked, necessity still constrains them to put out to sea again.

—*Reficit rates*  
*Quassas, indocilis pauperiem pati.*

HOR. CAR. i. 1. 17.

Still must the wretch his shatter'd bark refit,  
For who to starve can patiently submit?

It were needless to enumerate many other particulars that engaged my notice. Among the rest was a large fleet of annotators, Dutch-built, which sailed very heavy, were often aground, and continually ran foul on each other. The whole ocean, I also found, was infested by pirates, who ransacked every rich vessel that came in their way. Most of these were endeavouring to make the Coast of Gain, by hanging out false colours, or by forging their passports, and pretending to be freighted out by the most reputable traders.

My eyes were at last fixed, I know not how, on a spacious channel, running through the midst of a great city. I felt such a secret impulse at this sight, that I could not help inquiring particularly about it. 'The discovery of that passage,' said the Genius, 'was first made by one Bickerstaff, in the good ship called The Tatler, and who afterwards embarked in The Spectator and Guardian. These have been

followed since by a number of little sloops, skiffs, hoys, and cock-boats, which have been most of them wrecked in the attempt. Thither, also, must your course be directed.'—At this instant the Genius suddenly snatched me up in his arms, and plunged me headlong into the inky flood. While I lay gasping and struggling beneath the waves, methought I heard a familiar voice calling me by my name; which awaking me, I with pleasure recollected the features of the Genius in those of my publisher, who was standing by my bedside, and had called upon me for copy.

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No. 4. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1754.

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*Conjugium vocat, hoc prætexit nomine culpam.*

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 172.

Where matrimony veils th' incestuous life,  
And whore is shelter'd in the name of wife.

It is with the utmost concern I have heard myself, within this week past, accused at several tea-tables, of not being a man of my word. The female part of my readers exclaim against me for not having as yet paid my particular addresses to the fair. 'Who is this Mr. Town?' says one: 'Where can the creature live?' He has said nothing yet of the dear Burletta girl.' Another wonders that I have not recommended to the ladies Mr. Hoyle's New Calculation of Chances; for understanding which nothing more is required, we are told, than the first

principles of arithmetic; that is, to know how to tell the pips, and set up one's game. But I find the whole sex in general have expected from me some shrewd remarks upon the Marriage Bill. To oblige them, in some measure, I shall at present recommend to their notice the following advertisement, which has been sent me with a request to make it public:—

To all whom it may concern.

THE REVEREND MR. KEITH,

Who has had the honour to perform before several of the Nobility, Gentry, and others,

GIVES THIS PUBLIC NOTICE.

That he shall continue at his chapel in May-Fair no longer than the present month. He will then set out on his progress through the principal market-towns, where he will exhibit publicly, without loss of time, any hour of the day or night. He will perform to no less than two persons, and will wait on any gentleman and lady privately at their own houses.

\* \* \* We have no connection with the Fleet Parsons, or other Pretenders. Beware of Counterfeits.  
*Ego sum solus.*

I may perhaps take a future opportunity of enlarging on this very important subject, the Marriage Bill; but shall at present oblige the ladies by celebrating an order of females lately sprung up among them, usually distinguished by the denomination of Demi-Reps;—a word not to be found in any of our dictionaries.

This order, which seems daily increasing upon us,

was first instituted by some ladies eminent for their public spirit, with a view of raising their half of the species to a level with the other in the unbounded license of their enjoyments. By this artifice, the most open violation of modesty takes the name of innocent freedom and gayety; and, as long as the last failing remains a secret, the lady's honour is spotless and untainted. In a word, a Demi-Rep is a lady, whom everybody thinks, what nobody chooses to call her.

It is absolutely necessary that every lady of this order should be married. Custom has given a certain charm to wedlock, which changes the colour of our actions, and renders that behaviour not improper which, in a state of celibacy, would be accounted indecent and scandalous. As to the promises made in marriage, 'to love, honour, and obey,' custom has made them also merely ceremonial, and, in fact, as little binding as the wedding-ring, which may be put on or pulled off at pleasure.

Religious and political writers have both, for different reasons, endeavoured to encourage frequent marriages; but this order, if it maintains its ground, will more certainly promote them. How inviting must such a state appear to a woman of spirit! An English wife, with all the indiscretions of a girl, may assume more than the privileges of a woman; may trifle publicly with the beaux and smarts, introduce them to her toilet, and fix it as a certain rule in all her conversation and behaviour, that, when once marriage has, in Lucy's phrase, 'made an honest woman of her,' she is entitled to all the license of a courtesan.

I have lately seen, with a good deal of compassion, a few forward maiden ladies investing themselves with the dignities, and encroaching on the

privileges of this order. It may not be improper to caution them to recede in time. As their claim to these liberties is unwarranted by custom, they will not retain that ambiguous reputation enjoyed by the Demi-Reps, whose whole system of conduct is founded on the basis of matrimony. Every lady, therefore, inclined to indulge herself in all those little innocent freedoms, should confine herself within the pale of matrimony, to elude censure; as insolvent debtors avoid a jail by lodging within the verge of the court.

A Demi-Rep, then, must necessarily be married. Nor is it easy for a lady to maintain so critical a character, unless she is a woman of fashion. Titles and estates bear down all weak censures, and silence scandal and detraction. That good-breeding too, so inviolably preserved among persons of condition, is of infinite service. This produces that delightful insipidity so remarkable in persons of quality, whose conversation flows with an even tenor, undisturbed by sentiment, and unruffled by passion; insomuch that husbands and wives, brothers, sisters, cousins, and, in short, the whole circle of kindred and acquaintance, can entertain the most thorough contempt and even hatred for each other, without transgressing the minutest article of good-breeding and civility. But those females, who want the advantages of birth and fortune, must be content to wrap themselves up in their integrity; for the lower sort are so notoriously deficient in the requisites of politeness, that they would not fail to throw out the most cruel and bitter invectives against the pretty delinquents.

The great world will, I doubt not, return me thanks for thus keeping the *canaille* at a distance, and securing to them a quiet possession of their en-



joyments. And here I cannot but observe, how respectable an order the Demi-Reps compose, of which the lovely sisterhood must all be married, and almost all Right Honourable.

For this order, among many other establishments of modern life, we are indebted to the French. Such flippant gayety is more agreeable to the genius of that nation. There is a native bashfulness inherent in my countrywomen, which it is not easy to surmount; but our modern fine ladies, who take as much pains to polish their minds, as to adorn their persons, have got over this obstacle with incredible facility. They have so skilfully grafted the French genius for intrigue upon British beauty and liberty, that their conduct appears perfectly original; though we must do the French the justice to allow, that when a lady of this airy disposition visits Paris, she returns most wonderfully improved. Upon the whole, France appears the properest school to instruct the ladies in the theory of their conduct; but England, and more especially London, the most commodious place to put it in practice. In this town, indeed, a lady studious of improvement, may, in a very short time, become a considerable proficient, by frequenting the several academies kept constantly open for her profit and instruction. The card-tables and masquerades, in particular, have trained up some ladies to a surprising eminence, without the least assistance from a foreign education.

It is observed that the difference between the several species in the scale of being is but just sufficient to preserve their distinction; the highest of one order approaching so near to the lowest of the other, that the gradation is hard to be determined; as the colours of the rainbow, through an infinite variety of shades, die away into each other imper-

ceptibly. The Demi-Reps hold this intermediate station, in the characters of females, between the modest women and the women of pleasure : to both which they are in some measure connected, as they stand upon the utmost verge of reputation, and totter on the brink of infamy. It were therefore to be wished, that these ladies wore some symbol of their order, or were distinguished by some peculiar mode of dress. The Romans assigned different habits to persons of different ages and stations; and I hope that, when the bustle of the ensuing election is over, the new parliament will take this matter into consideration, and oblige the several classes of females to distinguish themselves by some external marks and badges of their principles.

Till some act of this nature shall take place, I shall propose a method by which every lady may exactly learn in which class she may be reckoned. The world must know then, that my very good friend, Mr. Ayscough, has at length, with infinite pains and study, constructed a thermometer ; upon which he has delineated, after the manner that the degrees of heat and cold are marked on the common sort, the whole scale of female characters, from the most inviolable modesty to the most abandoned impudence. It is of a commodious size to wear at a watch ; the liquor within the tube is a chemical mixture, which, being acted on by the circulation of the blood and animal spirits, will rise and fall according to the desires and affections of the wearer. He will very shortly publish a large assortment of them, to be sold at his shop on Ludgate Hill ; and I flatter myself there are many women in England who will be glad to purchase such an effectual regulator of their passions. Every lady, therefore, may avail herself of the instructions of this pocket moni-

tor ; a monitor, who will give her the most profitable lessons, without the usual impertinence of advice. It will be of equal efficacy, if worn by the men. But I expect my friend will have but little of their custom ; for as the mere reputation of chastity is the utmost aim of a fine lady, to preserve even that, in a fine gentleman, is accounted mean and unmanly.

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No. 5. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1754.

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Σκήψας ἐλαύνει λοιμὸς ἔχθιστος πόλιν.

SOPHOCLE.

A plague has seized us, and the tainted city  
Is one wide pest-house teeming with contagion.

“ TO MR. TOWN.

“ SIR,

“ I MUST beg leave to trouble you on a most serious and melancholy subject ; a subject, which I fear will be attended with the most dreadful consequences to the whole nation. Notwithstanding the last mail brought the college positive assurances from the French king’s physicians, that the late plague at Rouen was entirely ceased, I have the strongest reasons to apprehend that the contagion is already spread to this city. My own practice daily furnishes me with lamentable instances, that manifestly indicate a pestilential disorder in the blood and humours.

“ I was first induced to suspect that some epi-

demical distemper was taking root among us, from my being called in to a noble patient, who (as the public prints have informed you) has lately been afflicted with a violent boil on his back. From this patient, there have issued continually great quantities of corruption of a yellow hue. His complaint seems to be in some sort constitutional, as it commonly breaks out with extraordinary virulence every seven years; and as this is the crisis, we cannot pronounce our noble patient out of danger, till he has got over the ensuing spring. It is moreover to be feared that the contagion has likewise reached Ireland; where we hear that the best physicians are using the most forcing medicines, and are of opinion that nothing can relieve the unhappy people, till they have voided a stone. A great man there labours also under the above-mentioned complaint of having a violent Boile on his back.\*

“I shall now proceed to give you the history of some other cases, which have fallen under my notice, and are to me an indisputable proof, that the plague has got footing among us. Its malignancy shows itself particularly about the court; and we are assured, that some parts of the country are also tainted with it. I have had the honour to attend several members of parliament, whose cases are very desperate. Some I found in a declining way, given over by all their friends; others are so weak, that they cannot stand alone; and many are so restless, that they are continually turning from side to side. As I found they had great need of support, I have advised them to drink plentifully of strong liquors, and guard against the ill consequences of a return.

\* Alluding to some disputes in Ireland.

"I visited the other day a young gentleman, who has lately been promoted to a command in the squadron designed for the East Indies. I found him in a most languishing condition; his spirits were quite depressed; he had a violent palpitation of the heart; and the whole nervous system was relaxed. I would have prescribed the well known diet-drink brought into practice by the late Bishop of Cloyne; but he told me, every thing went against his stomach that savoured of tar. However, I at length prevailed on him to submit to a long course of sea-water. I have observed the same prognostics in some of our land officers; to whom I have recommended the frequent use of exercise, together with a course of steel, and a powder composed of nitre and sulphur.

"A friend of mine, one of the common councilmen of this city, is infected to a strong degree with the present pestilence. His chief complaint is a canine appetite; and his wife assures me, she has often felt the wolf in his belly. The seat of this distemper is originally in the palate, and discovers itself by a watering of the mouth from the salival glands, and a grinding of the teeth as in the action of mastication. This disorder being very common in the city, and likely to spread among the livery, I have directed him to perform quarantine for forty days, by abstaining from flesh during the present Lent.

"I know another, a very worthy alderman, who now lies in a most deplorable condition. He is swelled to a most enormous size; his whole face, and particularly his nose, is crusted over with fiery pustules of the confluent kind. He is afflicted with an insatiable thirst, and is very subject to falling-fits. I was sent for last night, when one of these

fits had just seized him. He lay to all appearance dead on the floor, wallowing in the midst of a fetid mass, partly solid, partly fluid, which had issued from his mouth and nostrils with repeated eructations. I would immediately have administered to him a proper dose of Aq. Font. tepedact., but on offering him the draught, he showed the strongest symptoms of a confirmed hydrophobia.

"I went out of charity to see a poor tragic author, (no reflection upon any of the profession, Mr. Town.) who has been obliged to keep his room all the winter, and is dying by inches of an inveterate atrophy. By his extravagant ravings, sudden starts, incoherent expressions, and passionate exclamations, I judged his disorder to be seated in the brain, and therefore directed his head to be blistered all over. I cured another, a comic author, of a lethargy, by making a revulsion of the bad humour, from the part affected, with stimulating cathartics. A short squabby gentleman, of a gross and corpulent make, was seized with a kind of St. Vitus's dance, as he was practising Harlequin for the masquerade; his whole body was convulsed with the most violent writhings and irregular twitches; but I presently removed his complaint by applying blisters to the soles of his feet.

"The plague, as I observed before, puts on different appearances in different subjects. A person of quality, one of the club at White's, was seized with the epidemical frenzy raging there, which propagates itself by certain black and red spots. He had suffered so much loss by continual evacuations, that his whole substance was wasted; and when I saw him he was so reduced that there were no hopes of a recovery. Another nobleman caught the infection at Newmarket, which brought upon

him such a running that he is now in the last stage of a galloping consumption. A reverend divine, lately made a dignitary of the church, has unhappily lost his memory; and is so blind withal, that he hardly knows any of his old acquaintance; the muscles of his face are all contracted into an austere frown, his knees are stiff and inflexible, and he is unable, poor gentleman! to bend his body, or move his hand to his head. I have observed others seized at times with a strange kind of deafness; and, at certain intervals, I have found them so prodigiously hard of hearing, that though a tradesman has bawled ever so loudly in their ears, it has had no effect upon them.

“By what means this plague has been introduced among us, cannot easily be ascertained;—whether it was imported in the same bandbox with the last new head, or was secretly conveyed in the plaits of an embroidered suit;—but that it came over hither from France, plainly appears from the manner in which it affects our people of fashion, especially the ladies, who bear about them the most evident marks of the French Disease. This is known to affect the whole habit of body, and extends its influence from head to foot. But its strongest attacks are levelled at the face; and it has such an effect upon the complexion, that it entirely changes the natural colour of the skin. At Paris, the face of every lady you meet is besmeared with unguent, ceruse, and plaster; and I have lately remarked, with infinite concern, the native charms of my pretty countrywomen destroyed by the same cause. In this case, I have always proposed calling in the assistance of a surgeon to pare off this unnatural epidermis or scarf-skin, occasioned by the ignorance of empirics in the immoderate application of alteratives.

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“From what I have been able to collect from observations on my female patients, I have found little variation in the effects of the plague on that sex. Most of them complain of a lassitude, a listlessness, an uneasiness, pains they don't know where, vapours, hysterics, want of rest, want of spirits, and loss of appetite; consequently, the same regimen may serve for all. I advise them to use a great deal of exercise in driving about the town, to dilute properly with tea, to perspire freely at public places, and in their seasons to go to Bath, Tunbridge, Cheltenham, or Scarborough.

“I was indeed surprised with an extraordinary new case the other night, when I was called out of bed to attend a maid of honour, who is frequently afflicted with fits of the mother. Her abdomen, I found, upon examination, to be preternaturally distended; the tumour has been gradually increasing; but I would not attempt to discuss it, as it was not yet arrived to maturity. I intend soon to remove her into the country for a month, in order to deliver her from the complaint she labours under.

“I have been induced, Sir, to write to you on this occasion, as you are pleased to take this city under your immediate care. So alarming an evil calls upon us all to oppose its progress; for my own part nothing shall deter me from a diligent discharge of the duty of my profession; though it has already exposed me to the greatest dangers in the execution of it. An old captain of a man-of-war, who is grievously troubled with cholera and overflowing of the gall, on my only hinting a clyster, swore vehemently that I should take one myself, and applying his foot directly to my fundament, kicked me down stairs. This very morning I escaped almost by a miracle from the contagion,



which raged in the most violent degree through a whole family. The master and mistress were both of them in a very high fever, and quite frantic and delirious; their tongues were prodigiously inflamed, with the tip very sharp, and perpetual vibrating without the least intermission. I would have prescribed some cooling and lenitive medicines; but the husband, in the height of his frenzy, flung my tie-wig into the fire, and his wife sluiced me with extravasated urine. As I retired with precipitation, I heard the same wild ravings in the nursery, the kitchen, and every other quarter, which convinced me that the pestilence had seized the whole house. I ran out of doors as fast as possible, reflecting with Terence: 'If Health herself would save this family, she could not:'

—*Ipsa, si cupiat, Solus,  
Servare prorsus non potest hanc familiam.*

ACT. iv. SC. 7 penult.

"Upon the whole, I may conclude with the aphorism of Hippocrates; 'that no people can possibly be afflicted with so many and so terrible disorders, unless the plague is among them.'

"I am, Sir, yours, &c.

"B. G."

"Batson's Coffee-House, Feb. 26, 1754."

W

## No. 6. THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1754.

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— *Quid alat formetque poetam.*      HOR. ARS POET. 307.

Practice alone must form the writer's head.  
And every author to the trade be bred.

I REMEMBER to have seen, in some old Italian poet, a fable called 'The Education of the Muses.' Apollo is there said to have taken them at their birth under his immediate care, and as they grew up, to have instructed them, according to their different capacities in the several branches of playing and singing. Thalia, we are told, was of a lively turn, and took delight in the most comic airs; but was at first, with difficulty, restrained from falling into ridiculous drolleries, and what our author calls extravaganzas in her manner. Melpomene, who was of a serious and grave disposition, indulged herself in strains of melancholy; but when she aimed at the most pathetic strokes, was often harsh, or run into wild divisions. Clio, and the rest of the Nine, had not yet learned to temper their voices with sweetness and variety; nor could they tell how to regulate the stops of their flutes, or touch the strings of their lyres with judgment and grace. However, by much practice, they improved gradually under the instructions of Apollo, till at last they were able to exert all the powers of music; and they now form a complete concert, which fills all Parnassus with the most enchanting harmony.

The moral to be drawn from this little fable, is naturally applied to those servants of the Muses, Authors ; who must necessarily rise, by the same slow degrees, from their first lame attempts in cultivating the arts of Apollo. The best of them, without doubt, went through many more stages of writing, than appears from the palpable gradations still remaining in their works. But as it is impossible to trace them from the first setting out, I shall here present the reader with the sum of my own experience, and illustrate, in the life of Mr. Town, the progress of an author.

Right or wrong, I have ever been addicted to scribbling. I was famous at school for my readiness at crambo and capping verses ; I often made themes for other boys, and sold my copy for a tart or a custard ; at nine years old I was taken notice of for an English distich ; and afterwards immortalized myself by an holyday's task in the same language, which my master, who was himself a poet, pronounced to be scarce inferior to his favourite Blackmore. These were followed by a multitude of little pieces ; which, like other fruits that come before their proper season, had nothing to recommend them but their early appearance.

Filled, however, with great conceptions of my genius and importance, I could not but lament, that such extraordinary parts should be confined within the narrow circle of my relations and acquaintance. Therefore, in order to oblige and amaze the public, I soon became a very large contributor to the monthly magazines. But I had the unspeakable mortification to see my favours sometimes not inserted, sometimes postponed, often much altered, and you may be sure always for the worse. On all these occasions, I never failed to condemn the arro-

gance and folly of the compilers of these miscellanies; wondering how they could so grossly mistake their own interest, and neglect the entertainment of their readers.

In the mean time, a maiden aunt, with whom I lived, a very pious old lady, turned Methodist, and often took me with her to the Tabernacle, the Foundery, and many private meetings. This made such an impression upon my mind, that I devoted myself entirely to sacred subjects, and wrote several hymns, which were received with infinite applause by all the good women who visited my aunt; and the servants, being also Methodists, they were often sung by the whole family in the kitchen. I might, perhaps, in time, have rivalled Wesley in these divine compositions, and had even begun an entire new version of the Psalms; when my aunt changing her religion a second time, became a Moravian. But the hymns usually sung by the United Brethren, contain sentiments so sublime, and so incomprehensible, that notwithstanding my late success in that kind of poetry, and the great opinion I entertain of my own talents, I durst not venture on their style and manner.

As love and poetry mutually produce each other, it is no wonder, that, before I was seventeen, I had singled out my particular Sacharissa. This, you may suppose, gave birth to innumerable songs, elegies, and acrostics. In the space of two years, I had written more love-verses than Waller, or any other poet; when, just as I imagined I had rhymed myself into her good graces, I had the mortification to find that my mistress was married to a cornet of horse, a fellow, who I am sure never wrote a line in his life. This threw me into such a violent rage against the whole sex, that I immediately burnt

every syllable I had written in her praise, and, in bitterness of soul, translated the sixth satire of Juvenal.

Soon after this, the son and heir of Lord Townley, to whom I have the honour of being a distant relation, was engaged in a treaty of marriage with a rich heiress. I sat down immediately, with great composure, to write an Epithalamium on this occasion. I trimmed Hymen's torch, and invited the Loves and Graces to the wedding; Concord was prepared to join their hands, and Juno to bless them with a numerous race of children. After all these pains, when every thing was ready for the wedding, and the last hand put to the Epithalamium, the match was suddenly broke off, and my poem, of course, rendered useless. I was more uneasy under this disappointment than any of the parties could possibly be; till I was informed of the sudden marriage of a noble lord with a celebrated beauty. On this popular occasion, promising myself universal applause, I immediately published my Epithalamium, which, like Bayes's Prologue, was artfully contrived to serve one purpose as well as another.

As my notions had been hitherto confined within a narrow sphere of life, my literary pursuits were consequently less important, till I had the opportunity of enlarging my ideas by going abroad. My travels, of which I have before hinted something to the reader, opened to me a new and extensive field for observation. I will not presume to boast that I received any part of my education at Geneva, or any of those celebrated foreign universities, in which alone an Englishman can be grounded in the principles of religion and liberty; but I may say without vanity, that I gleaned some useful knowledge from every place I visited. My propensity to writ-

ing followed me wherever I went; and were I to meet with encouragement by a large subscription, I could publish several volumes of curious remarks, which I made in my tour. I had, indeed, like to have got into some unlucky scrapes, by turning author, in places where the liberty of the press was never so much as heard of. At Paris, I narrowly escaped being put into the Bastile for a little *Chanson à boire*, reflecting on the mistress of the Grand Monarque; and I was obliged to quit Rome a week sooner than I intended, for fixing on Pasquin a prayer for the Pope's toe, which was then laid up with the gout.

It was not till my return from abroad, that I formally commenced a professed critic, for which I now thought myself thoroughly qualified. I could draw parallels between Marseilles and Denoyer, compare the behaviour of the French parterre with the English pit; and have lately made a figure by affecting an indifference about the present burlettas, as I took care to let everybody know that I had often seen them in Flanders. My knowledge in theatrical affairs, naturally led me to write a great number of occasional pamphlets on those topics; such as Examens of new Plays, Letters to the Managers, &c. Not content with this, I had a strong inclination to shine in the drama. I often pleased myself with computing—"three benefit nights—let me see—six hundred pounds at least—an hundred more for the copy—besides a perpetual freedom of the house." These were temptations not to be resisted. I sat down, therefore, to a tragedy; but, before I got through the first act, despairing to make it sufficiently pathetic for the modern taste, I changed my scheme, and began a comedy; then again reflecting, that most of our

comedies were, in reality, nothing but overgrown farces, contented myself with writing, what authors are now pleased to call a comedy of two acts. This I finished with a great deal of pains, and very much to my own satisfaction; but not being able to get it on the stage, as one house was entirely taken up with pantomimes, and the manager of the other had so many farces of his own, I generously made a present of it to an actor for his benefit; — when, to my great surprise, it was damned.

I have, at last, resolved to bend all my attention, and dedicate all my powers, to the carrying on this, my present elaborate undertaking. I am sorry to own, that the success has not at all answered my expectations. I flattered myself with being universally known, read, and admired; but I find quite the contrary. I went into a coffee-house the other day by White-chapel Mount, where, on asking for *The Connoisseur*, the woman stared at me, and said she did not know what I meant. I dined last week at a foreign ambassador's; and not a word about me or my works passed at table. I wrote to a relation at Caermarthen, desiring to know what reputation my paper has in Wales; but he tells me, that nothing in the literary way comes down there but the King's speech and the *London Evening Post*. I have inquired into the sale of my first number, my second, my third, my fourth, and the last; yet, I cannot assure my readers, that I have sold three thousand of any one of them. In short, I give this public notice once for all, that if I do not find myself taken in all over England, by the time I have published two or three hundred papers, — let them look to it — let them look to it — I'll bid adieu to my ungrateful country, go directly to Berlin, and, as Voltaire is discarded, employ my pen in the ser-

vice of that encourager of literary merit, the king of Prussia.

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\* \* \* As several correspondents, since the first publication of this number, have desired to know, from what Italian author the fable at the beginning of this paper is borrowed, we think it necessary to acquaint them, that the fiction is entirely our own.

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No. 7. THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1754.

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*Pœnitet hospitii, cùm, me spectante, lacertos  
Imponit collo rusticus ille tuo.  
Oscula cùm verò coram non dura daretis,  
Ante oculos posui pocula sumpta meos.*

I loath'd the dinner, while, before my face,  
The clown still paw'd you with a rude embrace:  
But when ye toy'd and kiss'd without control,  
I turn'd and skreen'd my eyes behind the bowl.

“TO MR. TOWN.

“SIR,

“I SHALL make no apology for recommending to your notice, as censor-general, a fault that is too common among married people; I mean the absurd trick of fondling before company. Love is, indeed, a very rare ingredient in modern wedlock; nor can the parties entertain too much affection for each other; but an open display of it on all occasions renders them ridiculous.



"A few years ago, I was introduced to a young couple, who were but lately married, and are reckoned by all their acquaintance to be exceeding happy in each other. I had scarce saluted the bride, when the husband caught her eagerly in his arms, and almost devoured her with kisses. When we were seated, they took care to place themselves close to each other; and during our conversation he was constantly piddling with her fingers, tapping her cheek, or playing with her hair. At dinner, they were mutually employed in pressing each other to taste of every dish; and the fond appellations of: 'my dear, my love,' &c, were continually bandied across the table. Soon after the cloth was removed, the lady made a motion to retire; but the husband prevented the compliments of the rest of the company by saying: 'We shall be unhappy without her.' As the bottle went round, he joined her health to every toast; and could not help now and then rising from his chair to press her hand, and manifested the warmth of his passion by the ardour of his carresses. This precious fooling, though it highly entertained them, gave me great disgust; therefore, as my company might very well be spared, I took my leave as soon as possible.

"Nothing is more common than to see a new married couple, setting out with a splendour in their equipage, furniture, manner of living, which they have been afterwards obliged to retrench. Thus it happens, when they have made themselves remarkable by a show of excessive love. They begin with great eclat, are lavish of their fondness, at first, but their whole stock is soon wasted; and their poverty is the more insupportable, as their former profusion has made it more conspicuous. I have remarked the ill consequences of this indiscretion in both cases;

One couple has at last had separate beds, while the other have been carried to the opera in hackney chairs.

“Two people, who are to pass their whole lives together, may surely find time enough for dalliance, without playing over their pretty tricks in public. How ridiculous would it appear, if in a large assembly every one should select his mate, and the whole company should fall into couples, like the birds on Valentine’s day ! And it is surely no less absurd, to see a man and his wife eternally trifling and toying together,

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.

HUDIBRAS.

“I have often been reduced to a kind of awkward distress on these occasions ; not knowing which way to look, or what to say. I consider them as playing a game, in which the stander-by is not at all interested ; and would therefore recommend it to every third person in these circumstances, to take it as a hint, that the parties have a mind to be alone, and leave the room without further ceremony.

“A friend of mine happened to be engaged in a visit to one of these loving couples. He sat still for some time, without interrupting the little endearments that passed between them. Finding them at length quite lost in nods, whispers, ogles, and in short, wholly taken up with each other, he rang the bell, and desired the servant to send in my lady’s woman. When she came, he led her very gravely to the settee, and began to indulge himself in certain freedoms, which provoked the damsel to complain loudly of his rudeness. The lady flew into a violent passion, and rated him severely for his monstrous behaviour. My friend begged her pardon with

great politeness, hoped she was not offended, for that he thought there had been no harm in amusing himself a little while with Mrs. Betty, in the same manner as her ladyship and Sir John had been diverting themselves these two hours.

“This behaviour, though at all times improper, may in some sort be excused, where perhaps the match had been huddled up by the parents, and the young people are such new acquaintance, that they scarce ever saw each other till their marriage. A pair of loving turtles may be indulged in a little amorous billing at their first coming together; yet this license should expire with the honey-moon, and even in that period be used but sparingly.

“But if this conduct is blamable in young people, how very absurd is it in those advanced in years! Who can help laughing, when he sees a worn-out beau and belle, practising at threescore the very follies that are ridiculous at sixteen? I could wish, that such a pair of antiquated lovers were delineated by the pencil of an Hogarth. How humorously would he represent two emaciated wrinkled figures, with eyes sunk into their heads, lank cheeks, and toothless gums, affecting to leer, smile, and languish at each other! But this affectation is still more remarkable, when a liquorish old fool is continually fondling a young wife; though perhaps the sight is not so disgusting to a stranger, who may reasonably suppose it to be the overflowings of a father’s tenderness for his daughter.

“It sometimes happens, that one of the parties perceives the folly of this behaviour. I have seen a sensible man quite uneasy at the indiscreet marks of kindness shown by his lady. I know a clergyman in the country, who is often put to the blush by the strange familiarities, which his wife’s love

induces her to take with him. As she has had but an indifferent education, you would often be at a loss to know, whether she is very kind, or very rude. If he dines abroad, she always sees him get on horseback, and before he has got twenty yards from the door, halloos after him, 'Be at home in time, my dear soul, do.' I have known her almost quarrel with him for not buttoning his coat in the middle of summer; and she once had the good-nature to burn a very valuable collection of Greek manuscripts, lest the poring over those horrid crooked letters should put her dear Jack's eyes out. Thus does she torment the poor parson with her violent affection for him, and, according to the common phrase, kills him with kindness.

"Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of those luscious love-scenes, that have so great a share in our modern plays; which are rendered still more fulsome by the officiousness of the player, who takes every opportunity of heightening the expression by kisses and embraces. In a comedy, nothing is more relished by the audience than a loud smack, which echoes through the whole house; and, in the most passionate scenes of a tragedy, the hero and heroine are continually flying into each other's arms. For my part, I am never present at a scene of this kind, which produces a conscious simper from the boxes, and a hearty chuckle of applause from the pit and galleries, but I am ready to exclaim, with old Renault: 'I like not these huggers.'

"I would recommend it to all married people, but especially to the ladies, not to be so sweet upon their dears before company; but I would not be understood to countenance that coldness and indifference, which is so fashionable in the polite world. Nothing is accounted more ungenteel, than for a

husband and wife to be seen together in public places; and if they should ever accidentally meet, they take no more notice of each other, than if they were absolute strangers. The gentleman may lavish as much gallantry as he pleases on other women, and the lady give encouragement to twenty pretty fellows, without censure; but they would either of them blush at being surprised in showing the least marks of a regard for each other.

“I am, Sir,  
T                      “Your humble servant, &c.”

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No. 8. THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1754.

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*O quanta species! cerebrum non habet.*

PHÆDR.

In outward show so splendid and so vain,  
'T is but a gilded block without a brain.

I MUST acknowledge the receipt of many letters containing very lavish encomiums on my works. Among the rest a correspondent, whom I take to be a bookseller, is pleased to compliment me on the goodness of my print, and paper; but tells me, that he is very sorry not to see something expressive of my undertaking, in the little cut that I carry in front. It is true, indeed, that my printer and publisher held several consultations on this subject; and I am ashamed to confess, that they had once prevailed on me to suffer a profile of my face to be prefixed to each number. But when it was finished,

I was quite mortified to see what a scurvy figure I made in wood; nor could I submit to be hung out, like Broughton, at my own door, or let my face serve like the canvas before a booth, to call people in to the show.

I hope it will not be imputed to envy or malevolence, that I here remark on this part of the production of Mr. Fitz-Adam. When he gave his paper the title of *The World*, I suppose he meant to intimate his design of describing that part of it, who are known to account all other persons nobody, and are, therefore, emphatically called *The World*. If this was to be pictured out in the head-piece, a lady at her toilet, a party at whist, or the jovial member of the *Dilettanti* tapping the *World* for Champagne, had been the most natural and obvious hieroglyphics. But when we see the portrait of a philosopher poring on the globe instead of observations on modern life, we might more naturally expect a system of geography, or an attempt towards a discovery of the longitude.

The reader will smile, perhaps, at a criticism of this kind; yet, certainly, even here propriety should be observed, or, at least, all absurdities avoided. But this matter being usually left to the printer or bookseller, it is often attended with strange blunders and misapplications. I have seen a sermon ushered in with the representation of a shepherd and shepherdess sporting on a bank of flowers, with two little cupids smiling overhead; while perhaps an epithalamium, or an ode for a birthday, has been introduced with death's heads and cross marrowbones.

The inhabitants of Grub Street are generally very studious of propriety in this point. Before the half-penny account of a horserace, we see the jockeys, whipping, spurring, jostling, and the horses

straining within sight of the post. The last dying speech, character, and behaviour of the malefactors, presents us with a prospect of the place of execution; and the history of the London Prentice exhibits the figure of a lad standing between two lions, and ramming his hands down their throats. A due regard has been paid to this article, in the several elegies, from that quarter, on the death of Mr. Pelham. They are encompassed with dismal black lines, and all the sable emblems of death; nor can we doubt, but that an author, who takes such care to express a decent sorrow on the outside of his work, has infused a great deal of the pathetic into the piece itself.

These little embellishments were originally designed to please the eye of the reader; as we tempt children to learn their letters by disposing the alphabet into pictures. But, in our modern compositions, they are not only ornamental, but useful. An angel or a flower-pot, at the beginning and end of every chapter or section, enables the bookseller to spin out a novel, without plot or incident, to a great number of volumes; and by the help of these decorations, properly disposed, I have known a little piece swell into a duodecimo, which had scarce matter enough for a sixpenny pamphlet.

In this place I might also take notice of the several new improvements in the business of typography. Though it is reckoned ungentle to write a good hand, yet every one is proud of appearing in a beautiful print; and the productions of a man of quality come from the press in a very neat letter, though perhaps the manuscript is hardly legible. Indeed, our modern writers seem to be more solicitous about outward elegance, than the intrinsic merit of their compositions; and, on this account, it is

thought no mean recommendation of their works, to advertise that they are "beautifully printed on a fine paper and entire new letter." Nor are they only indebted to the press for the beauty of the type, but often call in its assistance to explain and enforce the sentiment. When an author is in doubt whether the reader will be able to comprehend his meaning, or, indeed, whether he has any meaning at all, he takes care to sprinkle the sentence with italics; but when he would surprise us with anything more striking than ordinary, he distinguishes the emphatical words by large staring capitals, which overtop the rest of their fellows, and are intended, like the grenadier's caps, to give us an idea of something grand and uncommon. These are designed as so many hints to let the reader know where he is to be particularly affected; and answer the same purpose with the marginal directions in plays, which inform the actor when he is to laugh or cry. This practice is most remarkable in pieces of modern wit and humour; and it may be observed, that where there is the least of these lively qualities, the author is most desirous of substituting these arts in their room; imagining that, by a judicious distribution of these enlivening strokes in different parts of it, his work, however dull in itself, will become smart and brilliant.

And here I cannot but take notice, that these arts have been employed to very great advantage in the service of the theatres. The writer of the play-bills deals out his capitals in so just a proportion, that you may tell the salary of each actor by the size of the letter in which his name is printed. When the present manager of Drury-lane first came upon the stage, a new set of types, two inches long, were cast on purpose to do honour to his ex-



traordinary merit. This, indeed, is so proper, that the severest critics on the drama cannot be offended at this piece of theatrical justice.

There is lately sprung up among us a new species of writers, who are most of them persons of the first rank and fashion. At this period the whole house of commons are turned authors; and we cannot sufficiently admire the propriety of style and sentiment in those elegant addresses, by which they humbly offer themselves as candidates, and beg the favour of your votes and interest. These gentlemen avail themselves greatly of the arts of printing above mentioned; whether they would raise the merits of their own cause, or throw out invectives on the opposite party. The courtier sets before your eyes in large letters his steady attachment to King George, while his opponent displays in the same manner his zeal for Liberty and the Constitution. This must undoubtedly have a wonderful effect on the electors; and I could almost assure any patriot certain success, who should manifest his regard for **Old England** by printing his addresses in the **Old English Character**.

But, in the whole republic of letters, there are none, perhaps, who are more obliged to the printer, than the writers of periodical essays. The Spectators, indeed, came into the world without any of the advantages we are possessed of. They were originally published in a very bad print and paper, and were so entirely destitute of all outward ornaments, that, like Terence's virgin,

—*Ni vis boni*

*In ipsâ inesset formâ, hæc formam exstinguerent.*

PHOR. ACT. i. SC. 2. 57.

‘Unless the soul of beauty had breathed through

the compositions themselves, these advantages would have suppressed the least appearances of it.'

As it requires no genius to supply a defect of this nature, our modern essays as much excel the Spectator's in elegance of form, as perhaps they may be thought to fall short of them in every other respect. But they have this additional advantage, that by the fineness of their paper they are rescued from serving many mean and ignoble purposes, to which they might otherwise be applied. They also form themselves more commodiously into volumes, and become genteeler appendages of the tea-table. The candid reader will undoubtedly impute this extraordinary care about externals to the modesty of us present essayists, who are willing to compensate for our poverty of genius, by bestowing these outward graces and embellishments on our works. For my own part, I never reflect on the first unadorned publication of *The Spectator*, and at the same time take up one of my own papers, set off with every ornament of the press, but I am afraid that the critics will apply, what a facetious peer is said to have remarked on two different ladies; that "the first is a soul without a body, and the last a body without a soul."

As in this fashionable age there are many of Lord Foppington's opinion, "that a book should be recommended by its outside to a man of quality and breeding," it is incumbent on all authors to let their works appear as well-drest as possible, if they expect them to be admitted into polite company. Yet we should not lay too much stress on the decorations, but rather remember Tully's precept to all who build, that "the owner should be an ornament to the house, and not the house to the owner."

T

## No. 9. THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1754

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—*Solvitque animis miracula rerum,  
Eripuitque Jovi fulmen, viresque tonanti.*

MANIL.

He freed our minds from dread of things above,  
And snatch'd the thunder from the hand of Jove.

THE publication of Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works has given new life and spirit to free-thinking. We seem at present to be endeavouring to unlearn our catechism, with all that we have been taught about religion, in order to model our faith to the fashion of his lordship's system. We have now nothing to do but to throw away our Bibles, turn the churches into theatres, and rejoice that an act of parliament, now in force, gives us an opportunity of getting rid of the clergy by transportation. I was in hopes that the extraordinary price of these volumes would have confined their influence to persons of quality. As they are placed above extreme indigence and absolute want of bread, their loose notions would have carried them no further than cheating at cards, or, perhaps, plundering their country; but if these opinions spread among the vulgar, we shall be knocked down at noonday in our streets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders.

The instances I have lately seen of free-thinking, in the lower part of the world, make me fear they are going to be as fashionable and as wicked as their betters. I went, the other night, to the Robin Hood;

where it is usual for the advocates against religion to assemble, and openly avow their infidelity. One of the questions for the night was: 'Whether Lord Bolingbroke had not done greater service to mankind, by his writings, than the Apostles or Evangelists?' As this society is chiefly composed of lawyers' clerks, petty tradesmen, and the lowest mechanics, I was at first surprised to find such amazing erudition among them. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb, and Mandeville, they seemed to have got by heart. A shoemaker harangued his five minutes upon the excellence of the tenets maintained by Lord Bolingbroke; but I soon found that his reading had not been extended beyond the idea of a patriot king, which he had mistaken for a glorious system of free-thinking. I could not help smiling at another of the company, who took pains to show his disbelief of the gospel by unsainting the apostles, and calling them by no other title than plain Paul or plain Peter. The proceedings of this society have, indeed, almost induced me to wish that, like the Roman Catholics, they were not permitted to read the Bible, rather than they should read it only to abuse it.

I have frequently heard many wise tradesmen settling the most important articles of our faith over a pint of beer. A baker took occasion, from Canning's affair, to maintain, in opposition to the Scriptures, that man might live by bread alone, at least, that woman might, 'for else,' said he, 'how could the girl have been supported for a whole month by a few hard crusts?' In answer to this, a barber-surgeon set forth the improbability of that story; and thence inferred, that it was impossible for our Saviour to have fasted forty days in the wilderness. I lately heard a midshipman swear that the Bible was all a

lie; for he had sailed round the world with Lord Anson, and if there had been any Red Sea, he must have met with it. I know a bricklayer, who, while he was working by line and rule, and carefully laying one brick upon another, would argue with a fellow-labourer, that the world was made by chance; and a cook, who thought more of his trade than his Bible, in a dispute concerning the miracles, made a pleasant mistake about the nature of the first, and gravely asked his antagonist what he thought of the Supper at Cana.

This affectation of free-thinking, among the lower class of people is at present happily confined to the men. On Sundays, while the husbands are toping at the ale-house, the good women, their wives, think it their duty to go to church, say their prayers, bring home the text and hear the children their catechism. But our polite ladies are, I fear, in their lives and conversations, little better than free-thinkers. Going to church, since it is now no longer the fashion to carry on intrigues there, is almost wholly laid aside; and I verily believe, that nothing but another earthquake can ever fill the churches with people of quality. The fair sex, in general, are too thoughtless to concern themselves in deep inquiries into matters of religion. It is sufficient that they are taught to believe themselves angels; it would therefore be an ill compliment, while we talk of the heaven they bestow, to persuade them into the Mahometan notion, that they have no souls; though perhaps our fine gentlemen may imagine that, by convincing a lady that she has no soul, she will be less scrupulous about the disposal of her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by free-thinkers, in their writings, scarce deserve a serious refuta-

tion; and perhaps the best method of answering them would be to select from their works all the absurd and impracticable notions, which they so stiffly maintain, in order to evade the belief of the Christian religion. I shall here throw together a few of their principal tenets, under the contradictory title of

#### THE UNBELIEVER'S CREED.

I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no.

I believe, also, that the world was not made; that the world made itself; that it had no beginning; that it will last forever, world without end.

I believe that man is a beast; that the soul is the body, and the body the soul; and that after death there is neither body nor soul.

I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion; and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moses; I believe in the First Philosophy; I believe not the Evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbes, Shaftesbury; I believe in Lord Bolingbroke; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not Revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Alcoran; I believe not the Bible; I believe in Soerates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sanconiathon; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.

#### AN ADDRESS TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Ever since we have thought fit to take these

kingdoms into our immediate care, we have made it our earnest endeavour to go hand in hand with your wisdoms in promoting the welfare and prosperity of the people. The important business of taxes, lotteries, marriages, and Jews, we have left to your weighty consideration; while ourselves have been employed in the regulation of fashions, the establishment of taste, and amendment of the morals. We have the satisfaction to find, that both our measures have hitherto met with success; and the public affairs are at present in so prosperous a condition, that the national vices seem as likely to decrease as the national debt.

The dissolution of your assembly is now at hand; and as your whole attention will naturally be engaged in securing to yourselves and friends a seat in the next parliament, it is needless to recommend to you, that heads should be broken, drunkenness encouraged, and abuse propagated; which has been found, by experience, to be the best method of supporting the freedom of elections. In the mean time, as the care of the nation must be left to us, it is necessary, that, during this interval, our prerogative, as censor-general, should be considerably extended, and that we should be invested with the united powers of lords and commons.

When we are intrusted with this important charge, we shall expect that every different faction shall concur in our measures for the public utility; that Whig and Tory, High-Church and Low-Church, Court and Country, shall all unite in this common cause; and that opposite parties in the body politic, like the arms and legs in the body natural, shall move in concert, though they are on different sides. In our papers, which we shall continue to publish on Thursdays, under the title of *The Connoisseur*,

every misdemeanor shall be examined, and offenders called to the bar of the House. Be it therefore enacted, that these our orders and resolutions have an equal authority with acts of parliament; as we doubt not they will be of equal advantage to the community.

The extraordinary supplies requisite for the service of the current weeks, and for the support of our own privy purse, oblige us to demand of you, that a sum, not exceeding two-pence, be levied weekly, on each person, to be collected by our trusty and well-beloved, the booksellers. We must also particularly request of you, that the same privilege and protection be extended to us which is enjoyed by yourselves, and is so very convenient to many of your honorable members. It is no less expedient that we should be secured from let or molestation; be it therefore provided that no one presume to arrest or cause to be arrested our person, or the persons of our publisher, printer, corrector, devil, or any other employed in our service.

We have only to add, that you may rely on our care and diligence in discharging the high trust reposed in us, in such manner as shall merit the thanks of the next parliament. We shall then recommend it to their consideration, whether it would not be for the interest of these kingdoms, that we should have a woolpack allotted us with the bishops, or be allowed a perpetual seat among the commons, as the representative of the whole people. But if this should be deemed too great an honour, it will at least be thought necessary that we should be occasionally called in, like the judges, to give our opinion in cases of importance.

TOWX, Connoisseur, Critic, and  
Censor-General.

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No. 10. THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1754.

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*Νήπιον, οὐπω εἰδόθ' ὁμοῖον πολεμοῖο,  
Οὐδ' ἀγορέων, ἵνα τ' ἄνδρες ἀριπρεπέες τελέθουσι.*

HOMER.

What knows the stripling of the soldier's trade,  
Beyond his regimentals and cockade?

LEARNING, as it polishes the mind, enlarges our ideas, and gives an ingenious turn to our whole conversation and behaviour, has ever been esteemed a liberal accomplishment; and is, indeed, the principal characteristic that distinguishes the gentleman from the mechanic.

This axiom being universally allowed, I have often observed, with wonder, the neglect of learning that prevails among the gentlemen of the army; who, notwithstanding their shameful deficiency in this main requisite, are generally proposed as the most exact models of good behaviour, and standards of politeness.

The art of war is no easy study; it requires much labour and application to go through what Milton calls "the rudiments of soldiership, in all the skill of embattling, marching, encamping, fortifying, besieging, and battering, with all the helps of ancient and modern stratagems, tactics, and warlike maxims." With all these every officer should undoubtedly be acquainted; for mere regimentals no more create a soldier, than the cowl makes a monk. But, I fear, the generality of our army have made little

proficiency in the art they profess ; have learnt little more than just to acquit themselves with some decency at a review ; have not studied and examined, as they ought, the ancient and modern principles of war ;

Nor the division of a battle know,  
More than a spinster.

SHAKSPEARE.

Besides the study of the art of war itself, there are many collateral branches of literature ; of which, as gentlemen and as soldiers, they should not be ignorant. Whoever bears a commission in the army, should be well read in history. The examples of Alexander, Cæsar, or Marlborough, however illustrious, are of little concern to the generality of readers, but are set up as so many landmarks, to direct those who are pursuing the same course of glory. A thorough knowledge of history would furnish a commander with true courage, inspire him with an honest emulation of his ancestors, and teach him to gain a victory without shedding blood.

Poetry too, more especially that of the ancients, seems particularly calculated for the perusal of those concerned in war. The subject of the *Iliad* is entirely martial ; and the principal characters are distinguished from each other chiefly by their different exertion of the single quality of courage. It was, I suppose, on account of this martial spirit, which breathes throughout the *Iliad*, that Alexander was so captivated with it, that he is said to have laid it every night under his pillow. The principal character in the *Æneid* is a general of remarkable piety and courage ; and great part of the poem is made up of war. Those studies cannot surely fail of animating a modern breast, which often kindled such a noble ardour in the ancients.

If we look into the lives of the greatest generals of antiquity, we shall find them no mean proficient in science. They led their armies to victory by their courage, and supported the state by their counsels. They revered the same Pallas, as the goddess of war and of wisdom; and the Spartans, in particular, before they entered on an engagement, always sacrificed to the Muses. The exhortations, given by commanders before the onset, are some of the most animated pieces of oratory in all antiquity, and frequently produced astonishing effects, rousing the soldiers from despair, and hurrying them on to victory. An illiterate commander would have been the contempt of Greece and Rome. Tully, indeed, was called the learned Consul in derision; but then, as Dryden observes, 'his head was turned another way. When he read the tactics, he was thinking on the bar, which was his field of battle.' I am particularly pleased with the character of Scipio Æmilianus, as drawn by Velleius Paterculus, and would recommend it to the serious imitation of our modern officers. He was so great an admirer of liberal studies, that he always retained the most eminent wits in his camp; nor did any one fill up the intervals of business with more elegance, retiring from war only to cultivate the arts of peace; always employed in arms or study, always exercising his body with perils, or disciplining his mind with science. The author contrasts this amiable portrait with a description of Mummius; a general so little versed in the polite arts, that, having taken at Corinth several pictures and statues of the greatest artists, he threatened the persons, whom he intrusted with the carriage of them to Italy, 'that if they lost those, they should give new ones.'

I would fain have a British officer looked upon with as much deference as those of Greece and Rome; but while they neglect the acquisition of the same accomplishments, they will never meet with the same respect. Instead of cultivating their minds, they are wholly taken up in adoring their bodies, and look upon gallantry and intrigue as essential parts of their character. To glitter in the boxes or at an assembly, is the full display of their politeness, and to be the life and soul of a lewd brawl, almost the only exertion of their courage; insomuch that there is a good deal of justice in Macheath's raillery, when he says, 'If it was not for us and the other gentlemen of the sword, Drury-lane would be uninhabited.'

It is something strange, that officers should want any inducement to acquire so gentlemanlike an accomplishment as learning. If they imagine it would derogate from their good-breeding, or call off their attention from military business, they are mistaken. Pedantry is no more connected with learning, than rashness with courage. Caesar, who was the finest gentleman and the greatest general, was also the best scholar of his age.

To say the truth, learning wears a more amiable aspect and winning air in courts and camps, whenever it appears there, than amid the gloom of colleges and cloisters. Mixing in genteel life files off the rust that may have been contracted by study, and wears out any little oddness or peculiarity that may be acquired in the closet. For this reason the officer is more inexcusable, who neglects an accomplishment, that would sit so gracefully upon him; for this reason, too, we pay so great deference to those few who have enriched their minds with the treasures of antiquity. An illiterate officer

either hardens into a bravo, or refines into a fop. The insipidity of the fop is utterly contemptible ; and a rough brutal courage, unpolished by science and unassisted by reason, has no more claim to heroism, than the case-hardened valour of a bruiser or prize-fighter. Agreeable to this notion, Homer, in the fifth Iliad, represents the goddess Minerva as wounding Mars, and driving the heavy deity off the field of battle ; implying, allegorically, that wisdom is capable of subduing courage.

I would flatter myself, that British minds are still as noble, and British genius as exuberant as those of any other nation or age whatever ; but that some are debased by luxury, and others run wild for want of proper cultivation. If Athens can boast her Miltiades, Themistocles, &c., Rome her Camillus, Fabius, Cæsar, &c., England had her Edwards, Henrys, and Marlboroughs. It is to be hoped the time will come, when learning will be reckoned as necessary to qualify a man for the army, as for the bar or pulpit. Then we may expect to see the British soldiery enter on the field of battle, as on a theatre, for which they are prepared in the parts they are to act. ‘They will not then,’ as Milton expresses himself with his usual strength in his *Treatise on Education*, ‘if intrusted with fair and hopeful armies, suffer them, for want of just and wise discipline, to shed away from about them like sick feathers, though they be never so oft supplied ; they would not suffer their empty and unrecrutable colonels of twenty men in a company, to quaff out, or convey into secret hoards, the wages of a delusive list and miserable remnant ; yet, in the mean while, to be over-mastered with a score or two of drunkards, the only soldiery left about them ; or else to comply with all rapines and violences. No,

certainly, if they knew aught of that knowledge that belongs to good men and good governors, they would not suffer these things.'

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No. 11. THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1754.

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—*Pallas, quas condidit arces,*  
*Ipsa colat.*— VIRG. ECL. ii. 61.

Let Pallas dwell in towers herself has raised.

THE principal character in Steele's comedy of the Lying Lover is young Bookwit; an Oxonian, who at once throws off the habit and manners of an academic, and assumes the dress, air, and conversation of a man of the town. He is, like other fine gentlemen, a coxcomb; but a coxcomb of learning and parts. His erudition he renders subservient to his pleasures; his knowledge in poetry qualifies him for a sonneteer, his rhetoric to say fine things to the ladies, and his philosophy to regulate his equipage; for he talks of having Peripatetic footmen, a follower of Aristippus for a *valet de chambre*, an Epicurean cook, with an hermetical chemist (who are good only at making fires) for a scullion. Thus he is, in every particular, a fop of letters, a complete classical beau.

By a review I have lately made of the people in this great metropolis, as Censor, I find that the town swarms with bookwits. The playhouses, parks, taverns, and coffee-houses are thronged with

them. Their manner, which has something in it very characteristic, and different from the town-bred coxcombs, discovers them to the slightest observer. It is indeed, no easy matter for one, whose chief employment is to store his mind with new ideas, to throw that happy vacaney, that total absence of thought and reflection, into his countenance, so remarkable in our modern fine gentlemen. The same lounging air, too, that passes for genteel in a university coffee-house, is soon distinguished from the genuine careless loll, and easy saunter; and brings us over to the notion of Sir Wilful in *The Way of the World*, 'that a man should be bound prentice to a maker of fops, before he ventures to set up for himself.'

Yet, in spite of all these disadvantages, the love of pleasure, and a few supernumerary guineas, draw the student from his literary employment, and entice him to this theatre of noise and hurry, this grand mart of luxury; where, as long as his purse can supply him, he may be as idle and debauched as he pleases. I could not help smiling at a dialogue between two of these gentlemen, which I overheard a few nights ago at the Bedford Coffee House. 'Ha! Jack!' says one, accosting the other, 'is it you? How long have you been in town?'—'Two hours.'—'How long do you stay?'—'Ten guineas.'—'If you'll come to Venable's, after the play is over, you'll find Tom Latine, Bob Classic, and two or three more, who will be very glad to see you. What, you're in town upon the sober plan at your father's? But hark ye, Frank, if you'll call in, I'll tell your friend Harris to prepare for you. So your servant; for I'm going to meet the finest girl upon town in the green boxes.'

I left the coffee-house pretty late; and as I came

into the piazza, the fire in the Bedford-Arms kitchen blazed so cheerfully and invitingly before me, that I was easily persuaded by a friend who was with me, to end the evening in that house. Our good fortune led us into the next room to this knot of academical rakes. Their merriment being pretty boisterous, gave us a good pretext to inquire what company were in the next room. The waiter told us, with a smartness which those fellows frequently contract from attending on beaux and wits, 'Some gentlemen from Oxford with some ladies, Sir. My master is always very glad to see them; for while they stay in town, they never dine or sup out of his house, and eat and drink, and pay better than any nobleman.'

As it grew later they grew louder; till, at length, an unhappy dispute arose between two of the company, concerning the present grand contest between the Old and the New Interest, which has lately inflamed Oxfordshire. This accident might have been attended with ugly consequences; but, as the ladies are great enemies to quarrelling, unless themselves are the occasion, a good-natured female of the company interposed, and quelled their animosity. By the mediation of this fair one, the dispute ended very fashionably, in a bet of a dozen of claret, to be drank there by the company then present, whenever the wager should be decided. In short, there was something so extraordinary in their whole evening's conversation, such an odd mixture of the town and university, that I am persuaded, if Sir Richard had been witness to it, he could have wrought it into a scene as lively and entertaining as any he has left us.

The whole time these lettered beaux remain in London, is spent in a continual round of diversion.



Their sphere, indeed, is somewhat confined; for they generally eat, drink, and sleep within the precincts of Covent Garden. I remember I once saw, at a public inn on the road to Oxford, a journal of the town transactions of one of these sparks; who had recorded them on a window-pane for the example and imitation of his fellow-students. I shall present my reader with an exact copy of this curious journal, as nearly as I can remember.

‘Monday, rode to town in six hours — saw the last two acts of Hamlet — at night with Polly Brown.

‘Tuesday, saw Harlequin Sorcerer — at night, Polly again.

‘Wednesday, saw Macbeth — at night, with Sally Parker, Polly engaged.

‘Thursday, saw the Suspicious Husband — at night, Polly again.

‘Friday, set out at twelve o’clock for Oxford — a damn’d muzzy place.’

There are no set of mortals more joyous than these occasional rakes, whose pride it is to gallop up to town once or twice in the year with their quarterage in their pockets, and, in a few days, to squander it away in the highest scenes of luxury and debauchery. The tavern, the theatre, and the bagnio, engross the chief part of their attention; and it is constantly, ‘Polly again’ with them, till their finances are quite exhausted, and they are obliged to return, as Bookwit has it, “to small beer and three half-penny commons.”

I shall enlarge no further on this subject at present, but conclude these reflections with an Ode, which I have received from an unknown correspondent. He tells me, it was lately sent from an academical friend to one of these gentlemen, who had resigned himself wholly to these polite enjoy-

ments, and seemed to have forgot his connections with the university. All who peruse this elegant little piece will, I doubt not, thank me for inserting it; and the learned reader will have the additional pleasure of admiring it as an humorous imitation of Horace.

*Icci, beatis nunc Arabum invides  
Gazis, &c.*

L. I. Ode xxix.

So you, my friend, at last are caught —  
Where could you get so strange a thought,  
In mind and body sound?  
All meaner studies you resign,  
Your whole ambition now to shine  
The beau of the beau-monde.

Say, gallant youth, what well known name  
Shall spread the triumphs of your fame  
Through all the realms of Drury?  
How will you strike the gaping eit?  
What tavern shall record your wit?  
What watchman mourn your fury?

What sprightly imp of Gallic breed  
Shall have the culture of your head,  
I mean the outward part,  
Form'd by his parent's early care  
To range in nicest curls his hair,  
And wield the puff with art?

No more let mortals toil in vain,  
By wise conjecture to explain  
What rolling time will bring:  
Thames to his source may upwards flow,  
Or Garrick six foot high may grow,  
Or witches thrive at Tring:

Since you each better promise break,  
Once famed for sloynliness and Greek,  
Now turn'd a very Paris,  
For lace and velvet quit your gown,  
The Stagyrite for Mr. Town,  
For Drury-lane St. Mary's.

No. 12. THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1754.

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*Nec verò hæc sine sorte datæ, sine judice sedes.*

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 431.

Nor shall the four-legg'd culprit 'scape the law,  
But at the bar hold up the guilty paw.

TURNING over the last volume of Lord Bolingbroke's Works, a few days ago, I could not help smiling at his lordship's extraordinary manner of commenting on some parts of the Scriptures. Among the rest, he represents Moses, as making beasts accountable to the community for crimes, as well as men; whence his lordship infers that the Jewish legislator supposed them capable of distinguishing between right and wrong, and acting as moral agents. The oddity of this remark led me to reflect, if such an opinion should prevail in my country, what whimsical laws would be enacted, and how ridiculous they would appear, when put in execution. As if the horse, that carried the highwayman, should be arraigned for taking a purse, or a dog indicted for feloniously stealing a shoulder of mutton. Such a country would seem to go upon the same principles, and entertain the same notions of justice, as the puritanical old woman that hanged her cat for killing mice on the sabbath-day.

These reflections were continued afterwards in my sleep; when methought such proceedings were common in our own courts of judicature. I imagined myself in a spacious hall like the Old Bailey,

where they were preparing to try several animals, who had been guilty of offences against the laws of the land. The walls, I observed, were hung all round with bulls-hides, sheepskins, foxes-tails, and the spoils of other brute-malefactors ; and over the justice-seat, where the King's Arms are commonly placed, there was fixed a large stag's-head, which overshadowed the magistrate with its branching horns. I took particular notice that the galleries were very much crowded with ladies ; which I could not tell how to account for, till I found it was expected that a goat would that day be tried for a rape.

The sessions soon opened ; and the first prisoner that was brought to the bar, was a hog, who was prosecuted at the suit of the Jews on an indictment for burglary, in breaking into their synagogue. As it was apprehended that religion might be affected by this cause, and as the prosecution appeared to be malicious, the hog, though the fact was plainly proved against him, to the great joy of all true Christians, was allowed benefit of clergy.

An indictment was next brought against a cat for killing a favourite canary-bird. This offender belonged to an old woman, who was believed by the neighbourhood to be a witch. The jury, therefore, were unanimous in their opinion that she was the devil in that shape, and brought her in guilty. Upon which the judge formally pronounced sentence upon her, which, I remember, concluded with these words : ' You must be carried to the place of execution, where you are to be hanged by the neck nine times, till you are dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead ; and the fiddlers have mercy upon your guts.'

A parrot was next tried for *scandalum magnatum*.

He was accused by the chief magistrates of the city, and the whole court of aldermen, for defaming them, as they passed along the street, on a public festival, by singing 'Room for cuckolds, here comes a great company; Room for cuckolds, here comes my lord mayor.' This parrot was a very old offender; much addicted to scurrility; and had been several times convicted of profane cursing and swearing. He had even the impudence to abuse the whole court, by calling the jury rogues and rascals; and frequently interrupted my lord judge in summing up the evidence, by crying out 'old bitch.' The court, however, was pleased to show mercy to him, upon the petition of his mistress, a strict Methodist; who gave bail for his good behaviour, and delivered him over to Mr. Whitefield, who undertook to make a thorough convert of him.

After this a fox was indicted for robbing a hen-roost. Many farmers appeared against him, who deposed that he was a very notorious thief, and had long been the terror of ducks, geese, turkeys, and all other poultry. He had infested the country a long time, and had often been pursued, but they could never take him before. As the evidence was very full against him, the jury readily brought him in guilty; and the judge was proceeding to condemn him, when the sly villain, watering his brush, flirted it in the face of the jailer, and made off. Upon this, a country squire, who was present, hallooed out, 'Stole away,' and a hue and cry was immediately sent after him.

When the uproar which this occasioned was over, a milch-ass was brought to the bar, and tried for contumeliously braying, as she stood at the door of a sick lady of quality. It appeared that this lady was terribly afflicted with the vapours, and

could not bear the least noise; had the knocker always tied up, and straw laid in the street. Notwithstanding which, this audacious creature used, every morning, to give her foul language, which broke her rest, and flung her into hysterics. For this repeated abuse the criminal was sentenced to the pillory, and ordered to lose her ears.

An information was next laid against a shepherd's dog upon the game act for poaching. He was accused of killing a hare without being properly qualified. But the plaintiff thought it advisable to quash the indictment, as the owner of the dog had a vote to sell at the next election.

There now came on a very important cause, in which six of the most eminent counsel learned, in the law, were retained on each side. A monkey, belonging to a lady of the first rank and fashion, was indicted for that he, with malice prepense, did commit wilful murder on the body of a lapdog. The counsel for the prosecutor set forth that the unfortunate deceased came on a visit with another lady, when the prisoner at the bar, without the least provocation, and contrary to the laws of hospitality, perpetrated this inhuman fact. The counsel for the prisoner, being called upon to make the monkey's defence, pleaded his privilege, and insisted on his being tried by his peers. This plea was admitted; and a jury of beaux was immediately impanelled, who, without going out of court, honourably acquitted him.

The proceedings were here interrupted by a hound, who came jumping into the hall, and, running to the justice seat, lifted up his leg against the judge's robe. For this contemptuous behaviour, he was directly ordered into custody; when, to our great surprise, he cast his skin and became an ostrich; and, presently after, shed his feathers, and

terrified us in the shaggy figure of a bear. Then he was a lion, then a horse, then again a baboon; and, after many other amazing transformations, leaped out an harlequin, and, before they could take hold of him, he skipped away to Covent-Garden theatre.

It would be tedious to recount the particulars of several other trials. A sportsman brought an action against a race-horse, for running on the wrong side of the post, by which he lost the plate and many considerable bets. For this, the criminal was sentenced to be burnt in the fore-hand, and to be whipped at the cart's tail. A mare would have undergone the same punishment, for throwing her rider in a stag-hunt, but escaped by pleading her belly; upon which, a jury of grooms was impanelled, who brought her in quick. The company of dogs and monkeys, together with the dancing bears, who were taken up on the License Act, and indicted for strollers, were transported for life.

The last trial was for high treason. A lion, who had been long confined as a state-prisoner in the Tower, having broken jail, had appeared in open rebellion, and had committed several acts of violence on his Majesty's liege subjects. As this was a noble animal, and a prince of the blood in his own native country, he was condemned to be beheaded. It came into my thoughts, that this lion's head might vie with that famous one formerly erected at Button's, for the service of *The Guardian*; I was accordingly going to petition for leave to put it up in Macklin's new coffee-house; when methought the lion, setting up a most horrible roar, broke his chains, and put the whole court to flight; and I awaked, in the utmost consternation, just as I imagined he had got me in his gripe.

W

No. 13. THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1754.

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—*Commotâ fervet plebecula bile.*      PERS. SAT. iv. 6.

Inspired by freedom, and election ale,  
The patriot-mob at courts and placemen rail.

I SHALL this day present my readers with a letter, which I have received from my cousin Village; who, as I informed them in my first paper, has undertaken to send me an account of every thing remarkable that passes in the country.

“DEAR COUSIN,

“I have not been unmindful of the province, which you was pleased to allot me; but the whole country has been lately so much taken up with the business of elections, that nothing has fallen under my notice, but debates, squabbles, and drunken rencounters. The spirit of party prevails so universally, that the very children are instructed to lisp the names of the favourite chiefs of each faction; and I have more than once been in danger of being knocked off my horse, as I rode peaceably on, because I did not declare with which party I sided, though I knew nothing at all of either. Every petty village abounds with the most profound statesmen; it is common to see our rustic politicians assembling after sermon, and settling the good of their country across a tombstone, like so many dictators from the plough; and almost every cottage can boast its patriot, who, like



the old Roman, would not exchange his turnip for a bride.

“I am at present in \*\*\*\*, where the election is just coming on, and the whole town, consequently, in an uproar. They have, for several parliaments, returned two members, who recommended themselves by constantly opposing the court; but there came down, a few days ago, a banker from London, who has offered himself a candidate, and is backed with the most powerful of all interests, money. Nothing has been since thought of but feasting and revelling; and both parties strive to outdo each other in the frequency and expense of their entertainments. This, indeed, is the general method made use of to gain the favour of electors, and manifest a zeal for the constitution. I have known a candidate depend more upon the strength of his liquor than his arguments; and the merits of a treat has often recommended a member, who has had no merits of his own. For it is certain that people, however they may differ in other points, are unanimous in promoting the grand business of eating and drinking.

“It is impossible to give a particular account of the various disorders occasioned by the contest in this town. The streets ring with the different cry of each party; and every hour produces a ballad, a set of queries, or a serious address to the worthy electors. I have seen the mayor with half the corporation, roaring, hallooing, and reeling along the streets, and yet threatening to clap a poor fellow into the stocks for making the same noise, only because he would not vote as they do. It is no wonder that the strongest connections should be broken, and the most intimate friends set at variance, through their difference of opinions. Not only the men, but

their wives, were also engaged in the same quarrel. Mr. Staunch, the haberdasher, used to smoke his pipe constantly, in the same kitchen corner every evening, at the same ale-house, with his neighbour, Mr. Veer, the chandler, while their ladies chatted together at the street-door. But now the husbands never speak to each other; and, consequently, Mrs. Veer goes a quarter of a mile for her inkle and tape, rather than deal at Mr. Staunch's shop; and Mrs. Staunch declares she would go without her tea, though she has always been used to it twice a day, rather than fetch her half quartern from that turncoat, Veer's.

"Wherever politics are introduced religion is always drawn into the quarrel. The town I have been speaking of is divided into two parties, who are distinguished by the appellation of Christians and Jews. The Jews, it seems, are those who are in the interest of a nobleman, who gave his vote for passing the Jew Bill, and are held in abomination by the Christians. The zeal of the latter is still further inflamed by the vicar, who, every Sunday, thunders out his anathemas, and preaches up the pious doctrine of persecution. In this he is seconded by the clerk, who is careful to enforce the arguments from the pulpit, by selecting staves proper for the occasion.

"This truly Christian spirit is nowhere more manifest than at their public feasts. I was at one of their dinners, where I found great variety of pig-meat was provided. The table was covered from one end to the other with hams, legs of pork, spare-ribs, griskins, hastlets, feet and ears, brawn, and the like. In the middle there smoked a large barbecued hog, which was soon devoured to the bone, so desirous was every one to prove his Christianity, by

the quantity he could swallow of that anti-Judaic food. After dinner there was brought in, by way of dessert, a dish of hog's puddings; but as I have a dislike to that kind of diet, though not from any scruple of conscience, I was regarded as little better than a Jew for declining to eat of them.

"The great support of this party is an old neighbouring knight; who, ever since the late Naturalization Act, has conceived a violent antipathy to the Jews, and takes every opportunity of railing at the above-mentioned nobleman. Sir Rowland swears that his lordship is worse than Judas, that he is actually circumcised, and that the chapel in his house is turned into a synagogue. The knight had never been seen in a church till the late clamour about the Jew Bill; but he now attends it regularly every Sunday, where he devoutly takes his nap all the service; and he lately bestowed the best living in his gift, which he had before promised to his chaplain, on one whom he had never seen, but had read his name in a title-page of a sermon against the Jews. He turned off his butler, who had lived with him many years, and whose only crime was a swarthy complexion, because the dog looked like a Jew. He feeds hogs in his park and the court-yard, and has guinea-pigs in his parlour. Every Saturday he has a hunt, because it is the Jewish sabbath; and in the evening he is sure to get drunk with the vicar in defence of religion. As he is in the commission, he ordered a poor Jew peddler, who came to hawk goods at his house, to Bridewell; and he was going to send a little parish-boy to the same place, for presuming to play in his worship's hearing on that unchristian-like instrument the Jews-harp.

"The fair sex here are no less ambitious of displaying their affection for the same cause; and they

manifest their sentiments by the colour and fashion of their dress. Their zeal more particularly shows itself in a variety of posies for rings, buckles, knots, and garters. I observed the other night, at the assembly, that the ladies seemed to vie with each other in hanging out the ensigns of their faith in orthodox ribbons, bearing the inscription of No Jews! Christianity forever! They likewise wore little crosses at their breasts; their *pompons* were formed into crucifixes, their knots disposed in the same angles, and so many parts of their habits moulded into that shape, that the whole assembly looked like the court on St. Andrew's day. It was remarkable that the vicar's lady, who is a thorough-paced high-churchwoman, was more religious in the decorations of her dress than any of the company; and, indeed, she was so stuck over from head to foot with crosses, that a wag justly compared her to an old Popish monument in a Gothic cathedral.

"I shall conclude my letter with the relation of an adventure, that happened to myself at my first coming into this town. I intended to put up at the Catherine-Wheel, as I had oft used the house before, and knew the landlord to be a good civil kind of fellow. I accordingly turned my horse into the yard; when to my great surprise the landlord, as soon as he saw me, gave me a hearty curse, and told me I might go about my business, 'for, indeed, he would not entertain any such rascals.' Upon this, he said something to two or three strapping country-fellows, who immediately came towards me; and, if I had not rode away directly, I should have met with a very rough salutation from their horsewhips. I could not imagine what offence I had committed, that could give occasion for such ill usage, till I heard the master of the inn hallooing

after me, 'that 's the scoundrel that come here some time ago with Tom T'otherside;' who, I have since learnt, is an agent for the other party.

T "I am, dear cousin, yours, &c."

No. 14. THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1754.

—*Tum lecto quoque videres  
Stridere secretâ divisos aure susurros.  
Nullos his mallem ludos spectâsse. Sed illa  
Redde, age, quæ deinceps risisti.*—

HOR. SAT. ii. 8. 77.

Imparted to each laughter-loving fair,  
The whizzing whisper glides from chair to chair;  
And, e'er the conscious ear receives it half,  
With titterings they betray the stifled laugh.  
Such giggling glee! — what farce so full of mirth!  
But tell the tickling cause that gave it birth.

"TO MR. TOWN.

"SIR,

"As the ladies are naturally become the immediate objects of your care, will you permit a complaint to be inserted in your paper, which is founded upon a matter of fact? They will pardon me, if, by laying before you a particular instance I was lately witness to of their improper behaviour, I endeavour to expose a reigning evil, which subjects them to many shameful imputations.

"I received, last week, a dinner-card from a friend, with an intimation that I should meet some very

agreeable ladies. At my arrival, I found that the company consisted chiefly of females, who indeed did me the honour to rise, but quite disconcerted me in paying my respects, by their whispering each other, and appearing to stifle a laugh. When I was seated, the ladies grouped themselves up in a corner, and entered into a private cabal, seemingly to discourse upon points of great secrecy and importance, but of equal merriment and diversion.

"The same conduct of keeping close to their ranks was observed at table, where the ladies seated themselves together. Their conversation was here also confined wholly to themselves, and seemed like the mysteries of the *Bona Dea*, in which men were forbidden to have any share. It was a continued laugh and a whisper from the beginning to the end of dinner. A whole sentence was scarce ever spoken aloud. Single words, indeed, now and then broke forth; such as odious, horrible, detestable, shocking, humbug. This last new-coined expression, which is only to be found in the nonsensical vocabulary, sounds absurd and disagreeable whenever it is pronounced; but from the mouth of a lady it is 'shocking, detestable horrible, and odious.'

"My friend seemed to be in an uneasy situation at his own table; but I was far more miserable. I was mute, and seldom dared to lift up my eyes from my plate, or turn my head to call for small beer, lest, by some awkward gesture, I might draw upon me a whisper or a laugh. Sancho, when he was forbid to eat of a delicious banquet set before him, could scarce appear more melancholy. The rueful length of my face might possibly increase the mirth of my tormentors; at least their joy seemed to rise in exact proportion with my misery. At length, however, the time of my delivery approached. Dinner

ended, the ladies made their exit in pairs, and went off hand in hand, whispering, like two kings of Brentford.

“Modest men, Mr. Town, are deeply wounded, when they imagine themselves the objects of ridicule or contempt; and the pain is the greater when it is given by those whom they admire, and from whom they are ambitious of receiving any marks of countenance and favour. Yet we must allow, that affronts are pardonable from ladies, as they are often prognostics of future kindness. If a lady strikes our cheek, we can very willingly follow the precept of the Gospel, and turn the other cheek to be smitten. Even a blow from a fair hand conveys pleasure. But this battery of whispers is against all legal rights of war. Poisoned arrows, and stabs in the dark, are not more repugnant to the general laws of humanity.

“If the misconduct which I have described had been only to be found, Mr. Town, at my friend’s table, I should not have troubled you with this letter; but the same kind of ill-breeding prevails too often, and in too many places. The gigglers and whisperers are innumerable; they beset us wherever we go; and it is observable that, after a short murmur of whispers, out comes the burst of laughter; like a gunpowder serpent, which, after hissing about for some time, goes off in a bounce.

“Modern writers of comedy often introduce a pert witling into their pieces, who is very severe upon the rest of the company; but all his waggersy is spoken aside. These gigglers and whisperers seem to be acting the same part in company, that this arch rogue does in the play. Every word or motion produces a train of whispers; the dropping of a snuffbox, or spilling the tea, is sure to be

accompanied with a titter ; and, upon the entrance of any one with something particular in his person or manner, I have seen a whole room in a buzz like a beehive.

“ This practice of whispering, if it is anywhere allowable, may perhaps be indulged the fair sex at church, where the conversation can only be carried on by the secret symbols of a courtesy, and ogle, or a nod. A whisper in this place is very often of great use, as it serves to convey the most secret intelligence, which a lady would be ready to burst with, if she could not find vent for it by this kind of auricular confession. A piece of scandal transpires in this manner from one pew to another, then presently whizzes along the chancel, from whence it crawls up to the galleries, till at last the whole church hums with it.

“ It were also to be wished that the ladies would be pleased to confine themselves to whispering, in their *tête-à-tête* conferences at the opera or the play-house, which would be a proper deference to the rest of the audience. In France, we are told, it is common for the *parterre* to join with the performers in any favourite air ; but we seem to have carried this custom still further, as the company in our boxes, without concerning themselves in the least with the play, are even louder than the players. The wit and humour of a Vanbrugh or a Congreve is frequently interrupted by a brilliant dialogue between two persons of fashion ; and a love-scene in the side-box has often been more attended to, than that on the stage. As to their loud bursts of laughter at the theatre, they may very well be excused, when they are excited by any lively strokes in a comedy ; but I have seen our ladies titter at the most distressful scenes in *Romeo and Juliet*, grin



over the anguish of a Monimia or Belvidera, and fairly laugh King Lear off the stage.

“Thus the whole behaviour of these ladies is in direct contradiction to good manners. They laugh when they should cry, are loud when they should be silent, and are silent when their conversation is desirable. If a man in a select company was thus to laugh or whisper me out of countenance, I should be apt to construe it as an affront, and demand an explanation. As to the ladies, I would desire them to reflect how much they would suffer, if their own weapons were turned against them, and the gentlemen should attack them with the same arts of laughing and whispering. But, however free they may be from our resentment, they are still open to ill-natured suspicions. They do not consider what strange constructions may be put on these laughs and whispers. It were, indeed, of little consequence if we only imagined that they were taking the reputations of their acquaintance to pieces, or abusing the company round; but when they indulge themselves in this behaviour, some may, perhaps, be led to conclude that they are discoursing upon topics which they are ashamed to speak of in a less private manner.

“Some excuse may, perhaps, be framed for this ill-timed merriment in the fair sex. Venus, the goddess of beauty, is frequently called the laughter-loving dame; and, by laughing, our modern ladies may possibly imagine that they render themselves like Venus. I have indeed remarked, that the ladies commonly adjust their laugh to their persons, and are merry in proportion as it sets off their particular charms. One lady is never further moved than to a smile or a simper, because nothing else shows her dimples to so much advantage; another,

who has a very fine set of teeth, runs into the broad grin; while a third, who is admired for a well-turned neck and graceful chest, calls up all her beauties to view, by breaking into violent and repeated peals of laughter.

“I would not be understood to impose gravity or too great a reserve on the fair sex. Let them laugh at a feather; but let them declare openly, that it is a feather which occasions their mirth. I must confess, that laughter becomes the young, the gay, and the handsome; but a whisper is unbecoming at all ages, and in both sexes; nor ought it ever to be practised, except in the round gallery at St. Paul’s, or in the famous whispering-place in Gloucester cathedral, where two whisperers hear each other at the distance of five and twenty yards.

“I am, Sir,

“Your most humble servant,

“K. L.”

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No. 15. THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1754.

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—*Tu dic, mecum quo pignore certes.*

VIRG. ECL. iii. 31.

Name your bet.

A FRIEND of mine, who belongs to the Stamp-Office, acquaints me, that the revenue arising from the duty on cards and dice continues to increase every year, and that it now brings in near six times more than it did at first. This will not appear very

wonderful, when we consider that gaming is now become rather the business than amusement of our persons of quality ; and that they are more concerned about the transactions of the two clubs at White's, than the proceedings of both houses of parliament. Thus it happens, that estates are now almost as frequently made over by whist and hazard, as by deeds and settlements ; and the chariots of many of our nobility may be said, like Count Basset's in the play, 'to roll upon the four aces.'

This love of gaming has taken such entire possession of their ideas, that it infects their common conversation. The management of a dispute was formerly attempted by reason and argument ; but the new way of adjusting all difference in opinion is by the sword or a wager ; so that the only genteel method of dissenting is to risk a thousand pounds, or take your chance of being run through the body. The strange custom of deciding every thing by wager is so universal, that if, in imitation of Swift, anybody was to publish a specimen of polite conversation, instead of old sayings and trite repartees, he would in all probability fill his dialogues with little more than bet after bet, and now or then a calculation of the odds.

White's, the present grand scene of these transactions, was formerly distinguished by gallantry and intrigue. During the publication of *The Tatler*, Sir Richard Steele thought proper to date all love-news from that quarter ; but it would now be as absurd to pretend to gather any such intelligence from White's, as to send to Batson's for a lawyer, or to the Rolls coffee-house for a man-midwife.

The gentlemen, who now frequent this place, profess a kind of universal skepticism ; and as they look upon every thing as dubious, put the issue upon

a wager. There is nothing, however trivial or ridiculous, which is not capable of producing a bet. Many pounds have been lost upon the colour of a coach-horse, an article in the news, or the change of the weather. The birth of a child has brought great advantages to persons not in the least related to the family it was born in ; and the breaking off a match has affected many in their fortunes, besides the parties immediately concerned.

But the most extraordinary part of this fashionable practice is, what in the gaming dialect is called pitting one man against another ; that is, in plain English, wagering which of the two will live longest. In this manner, people of the most opposite characters make up the subject of a bet. A player perhaps is pitted against a duke, an alderman against a bishop, or a pimp with a privy-counsellor. There is scarce one remarkable person, upon whose life there are not many thousand pounds depending ; or one person of quality, whose death will not leave several of these kind of mortgages upon his estate. The various changes in the health of one, who is the subject of many bets, occasion very serious reflections in those, who have ventured large sums on his life or death. Those who would be gainers by his decease, upon every slight indisposition, watch all the stages of his illness, and are as impatient for his death, as the undertaker who expects to have the care of his funeral ; while the other side are very solicitous about his recovery, send every hour to know how he does, and take as much care of him as a clergyman's wife does of her husband, who has no other fortune than his living. I remember a man with the constitution of a porter, upon whose life very great odds were laid ; but when the person he was pitted against was expected to die

every week, this man shot himself through the head, and the knowing ones were taken in.

Though most of our follies are imported from France, this has had its rise and progress entirely in England. In the last illness of Louis the Fourteenth, Lord Stair laid a wager on his death; and we may guess what the French thought of it, from the manner in which Voltaire mentions it in his *Siècle de Louis XIV.* '*Le Roi fut attaqué vers le milieu du mois d'Août. Le Compte de Stair, ambassadeur d'Angleterre, paria, selon le génie de sa nation, que le Roi ne passeroit pas le mois de Septembre.*' 'The King,' says he, 'was taken ill about the middle of August; when Lord Stair, the ambassador from England, betted, according to the genius of his nation, that the King would not live beyond September.'

I am in some pain, lest this custom should get among the ladies. They are at present very deep in cards and dice; and while my lord is gaming abroad, her ladyship has her rout at home. I am inclined to suspect that our women of fashion will also learn to divert themselves with this polite practice of laying wagers. A birthday suit, the age of a beauty who invented a particular fashion, or who were supposed to be together at the last masquerade, would frequently give occasion for bets. This would also afford them a new method for the ready propagation of scandal; as the truth of several stories, which are continually flying about the town, would naturally be brought to the same test. Should they proceed further, to stake the lives of their acquaintance against each other, they would doubtless bet with the same fearless spirit as they are known to do at brag; the husband of one would perhaps be pitted against the gallant of another, or

a woman of the town against a maid of honour. And perhaps, if this practice should once become fashionable among the ladies, we may soon see the time, when an allowance for bet-money will be stipulated in the marriage articles.

As the vices and follies of persons of distinction are very apt to spread, I am also much afraid, lest this branch of gaming should descend to the common people. Indeed, it seems already to have got among them. We have frequent accounts in the daily papers of tradesmen riding, walking, eating, and drinking, for a wager. The contested election in the city has occasioned several extraordinary bets; I know a butcher in Leadenhall market, who laid an ox to a shin of beef, on the success of Sir John Barnard against the field; and have been told of a publican in Thames Street, who ventured a hogs-head of entire butt, on the candidate who serves him with beer.

We may observe that the spirit of gaming displays itself with as much variety among the lowest as the highest order of people. It is the same thing whether the dice rattle in an orange barrow, or at the hazard table. A couple of chairmen in a night cellar are as eager at put or all-fours, as a party at St. James's at a rubber of whist; and the E O table is but an higher sort of Merry-go-round, where you may get six halfpence for one, six pence for one, and six twopences for one. If the practice of pitting should be also propagated among the vulgar, it will be common for prize-fighters to stake their lives against each other; and two pickpockets may lay which of them shall first go to the gallows.

To give the reader a full idea of a person of fashion, wholly employed in this manner, I shall

conclude my paper with the character of Montano. Montano was born heir to a nobleman, remarkable for deep play, from whom he very early imbibed the principles of gaming. When he first went to school, he soon became the most expert of any of his playfellows; he was sure to win all their marbles at taw, and would often strip them of their whole week's allowance at chuck. He was afterwards at the head of every match of football or cricket; and when he was captain, he took in all the big boys by making a lottery, but went away without drawing the prizes. He is still talked of at the school, for a famous dispute he had with another of his own cast about their superiority in learning; which they decided, by tossing up heads or tails who was the best scholar. Being too great a genius for our universities at home, he was sent abroad on his travels, but never got further than Paris; where, having lost a considerable bet of four to one concerning the taking a town in Flanders, he was obliged to come back with a few guineas he borrowed to bring him over. Here he soon became universally known by frequenting every gaming-table, and attending every horserace in the kingdom. He first reduced betting into an art, and made White's the grand market for wagers. He is at length such an adept in this art, that whatever turn things take, he can never lose. This he has effected, by what he has taught the world to call hedging a bet. There is scarce a contested election in the kingdom, which will not end to his advantage; and he has lately sent over commissions to Paris to take up bets on the recall of the parliament. He was the first that struck out the above-mentioned practice of pitting; in which he is so thoroughly versed, that the death of every person

of quality may be said to bring him a legacy ; and he has so contrived the bets on his own life, that ( live or die ) the odds are in his favour.

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No. 16. THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1754.

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—*Altiùs oianem  
Ezpediam, primâ repctens ab origine, famam.*

VIRG. GEORG. iv. 285.

I'll trace the current upwards, as it flows,  
And mark the secret spring whence first it rose.

“ TO MR. TOWN.

“ SIR,

“ YOUR last week's paper, on the subject of bets, puts me in mind of an extract I lately met with in some newspapers, from the ‘ Life of Pope Sixtus V., translated from the Italian of Gregorio Leti, by the Reverend Mr. Farnworth.’ The passage is as follows : —

‘ It was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer, Samson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew,



whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true; and at last worked himself up to such a passion, that he said, I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lie. Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh, that it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, that if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The truth of the account was soon confirmed; and the Jew was almost distracted, when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract. A report of this transaction was brought to the Pope, who sent for the parties, and, being informed of the whole affair, said: "When contracts are made, it is just they should be fulfilled, as this shall. Take a knife therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged."

"What induced me to trouble you with this, is a remark made by the editor, 'that the scene between Shylock and Antonio in the Merchant of Venice is borrowed from this story.' I should, perhaps, have acquiesced in this notion, if I had not seen a note in the 'Observations on Spenser's Faerie Queene, by Mr. T. Warton of Trinity College,' where he seems to have discovered the real source from which Shakspeare drew his fable, which, he informs us, is founded upon an ancient ballad. The admirers of Shakspeare are obliged to him for this curious discovery; but, as Mr. Warton

has only given some extracts, they would undoubtedly be glad to see the whole. This ballad is most probably nowhere to be met with, but in the Ashmolean Museum, in this university, where it was deposited by that famous antiquary, Anthony à Wood; I have therefore sent you a faithful transcript of it; and you must agree with me that it will do you more credit, as a Connoisseur, to draw this hidden treasure into light, than if you had discovered an Otho or a Niger.

### A S O N G .

Showing the erueltie of Gernutus, a Jew, who lending to a marchant an hundred crownes, would have a pound of his fleshe because he could not pay him at the time appointed.

In Venice town not long agoe,  
A eruel Jew did dwell,  
Which lived all on usurie,  
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,  
Which never thought to die,  
Nor never yet did any good  
To them in streets that lye.

His life was like a barrow hogge,  
That liveth many a day,  
Yet never once doth any good,  
Until men will him slay.

Or, like a filthy heap of dung,  
That lyeth in a hoord;  
Which never can do any good,  
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with this usurer;  
He cannot sleep in rest,  
For fear the theefe doth him pursue  
To pluck him from his nest.

His heart doth think on many a wile,  
How to deceive the poore;  
His mouth is almost full of mucke,  
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,  
For ev'ry weeke a penny,  
Yet bring a pledge that 's double worth,  
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keep your day,  
Or else you lose it all:  
This was the living of his wife,  
Her cow she doth it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time  
A merchant of great fame,  
Which being distressed, in his need  
Unto Gernutus came.

Desiring him to stand his friend,  
For twelve moneth and a day,  
To lend to him a hundred crownes,  
And he for it would pay.

Whatsoever he would demand of him  
And pledges he should have:  
No, qd. the Jew with fleering lookes,  
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it  
For one yeere you shall pay;  
You may do me as good a turne,  
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jeast  
For to be talked long:  
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,  
That shall be large and strong.

And this shall be the forfeiture,  
Of your owne fleshe a pound,  
If you agree, make you the bond,  
And here 's a hundred crownes.

THE SECOND PART OF THE JEW'S CRUELTY;  
SETTING FORTH THE MERCIFULNESSE OF THE JUDGE TOWARDS  
THE MERCHANT.

With right good will the merchant said,  
And so the bond was made,  
When twelve months and a day drew on  
That back it should be payd.

The merchant's ships were all at sea,  
And money came not in;  
Which way to take or what to doe,  
To thinke he doth begin.

And to Gernutus straight he comes  
With cap and bended knee,  
And sayd to him of curtesie,  
I pray you bear with me.

My day is come, and I have not  
The money for to pay:  
And little good the forfeiture  
Will doe you I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus said,  
Command it to your minde:  
In things of bigger weight than this  
You shall me readie finde.

He goes his way; the day once past  
Gernutus doth not slacke  
To get a serjeant presentlie,  
And clapt him on the backe.

And layd him into prison strong,  
And sued his bond withall;  
And when the judgement day was come,  
For judgement he doth call.

The merchant's friends came thither fast,  
With many a weeping eye,  
For other means they could not find,  
But he that day must dye.

Some offered for his hundred crowne  
Five hundred for to pay;  
And some a thousand, two or three,  
Yet still he did deny.

And at the last, ten thousand crownes  
They offered him to save,  
Gernutus said, I will no gold,  
My forfeit I will have.

A pound of flesh is my demand,  
And that shall be my hyre;  
Then said the Judge, Yet, my good friend,  
Let me of you desire,

To take the fleshe from such a place  
As yet you let him live;  
Doe so, and lo a hundred crownes,  
To thee, here will I give.

No, no, quoth he, no judgment here  
For this it shall be tryde,  
For I will have my pound of fleshe  
From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie,  
His crueltie to see;  
For neither friend nor foe could help  
But he must spoiled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is,  
With wheted blade in hand  
To spoyle the blood of innocent,  
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike  
In him the deadly blow:  
Stay, quoth the Judge, thy crueltie,  
I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have  
Which is of fleshe a pound:  
See that thou shed no drop of blood,  
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murtherer,  
Thou here shalt hanged be:  
Likewise of fleshe see that thou cut  
No more than 'longs to thee.

For if thou take either more or lesse,  
To the value of a mite,  
Thou shalt be hanged presently,  
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt frantie mad,  
And wotes not what to say:  
Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes  
I will that he shall pay.

And so I grant to set him free:  
The Judge doth answere make,  
You shall not have a penny given,  
Your forfeiture now take.

At the last he doth demand,  
But for to have his own:  
No, quoth the Judge, do as you list,  
Thy Judgment shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, qd. he,  
Or cancell me your bond.  
O cruel Judge, then quoth the Jew,  
That doth against me stand!

And so with griped griev'd minde  
He biddeth them farewell:  
All the people prays'd the Lord  
That ever this heard tell.

Good people that do hear this song,  
For truth I dare well say,  
That many a wretch as ill as he  
Doth live now at this day.

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle  
Of many a wealthie man,  
And for to trap the innoeent,  
Deviseth what they can.

From whom the Lord deliver me,  
And every Christian too,  
And send to them like sentence eke,  
That meaneth so to doo.

Printed at London, by E. P., for J. Wright,  
dwelling in Gilt-Spur Street.

“It will be proper to subjoin what the ingenious Mr. Warton has observed upon this subject. ‘It may be objected,’ says he, ‘that this ballad might have been written after, and copied from Shakespeare’s play. But if that had been the case, it is

most likely that the author would have preserved Shakspeare's name of Shylock for the Jew; and nothing is more likely, than that Shakspeare, in copying from this ballad, should alter the name from Gernutus to one more Jewish. Another argument is, that our ballad has the air of a narrative written before Shakspeare's play; I mean, that, if it had been written after the play, it would have been much more full and circumstantial. At present, it has too much the nakedness of an original.'

"It would, indeed, be absurd to think that this ballad was taken from Shakspeare's play, as they differ in the most essential circumstances. The sum borrowed is in the former a hundred crowns, in the latter three thousand ducats; the time limited for payment in the one is only three months, in the other a year and a day; in the play, the merchant's motive for borrowing, which is finely imagined by Shakspeare, and is conducive to the general plot, is not on account of his own necessities, but for the service of his friend. To these we may add, that the close of the story is finely heightened by Shakspeare. A mere copyist, such as we may suppose a ballad-maker, would not have given himself the trouble to alter circumstances; at least he would not have changed them so much for the worse. But this matter seems to be placed out of all doubt by the first stanza of the ballad, which informs us, that the story was taken from some Italian novel. 'This much therefore is certain,' as Mr. Warton observes, 'that Shakspeare either copied from that Italian novel, or from this ballad. Now we have no translation, I presume, of such a novel into English. If, then, it be granted that Shakspeare generally took his Italian stories from their

English translations, and that the arguments above, concerning the prior antiquity of this ballad, are true, it will follow that Shakspeare copied from this ballad.'

"Upon the whole, it is very likely that the Italian novel, upon which this ballad seems founded, took its rise with an inversion of the circumstances, from the above-mentioned story in the 'Life of Pope Sixtus V.,' the memory of which must have been then recent. I should be glad if any of your readers can give any further light into this affair, and, if possible, acquaint the public from whence Shakspeare borrowed the other part of his fable concerning Portia and the caskets; which, it is more than probable, is drawn from some other novel well known in his time.

"I cannot conclude without remarking, with what art and judgment Shakspeare has wove together these different stories of the Jew and the casket; from both which he has formed one general fable, without having recourse to the stale artifice of ekeing out a barren subject with impertinent underplots.

"I am, Sir,

T

"Your humble servant, &c."



No. 17. THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1754.

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—*Paulo plus artis Athenæ.*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 2. 43.

Scarce more with Athens science chose to dwell,  
Or Grecian poets Grub Street bards excel.

“ TO MR. TOWN.

“ SIR,

“ THOUGH my historians have described the city of London ( in which we may include Westminster ) with great accuracy, yet they have not set it out in the full light which at present it deserves. They have not distinguished it as an University. Paris is an University, Dublin is an University, even Moscow is an University. But London has not yet been honoured with that title. I will allow our metropolis to have been intended originally, only as a city of trade ; and I will further own, that scarce any sciences, except such as were purely mercantile, were cultivated in it till within these last thirty years. But, from that period of time, I may say a whole army, as it were, of arts and sciences have amicably marched in upon us, and have fixed themselves as auxiliaries to our capital.

“ The four greater faculties, I mean Theology, Law, Medicine, and Philosophy, which are taught in other universities, are in their highest perfection here. The prosperity of the first may be seen by the crowded churches every Sunday, and the discipline of the second by the numberless young

students who constantly dine in their respective halls at the several inns of court. These two faculties have of late received considerable improvements, but particularly that of Theology; as is manifest from several new and astonishing opinions which have been started among us. There have risen, within these few years, very numerous tribes of Methodists, Moravians, Middletonians, Muggletonians, Hutchinsonians, &c. In a word, our sects are multiplied to such an infinite degree, that, as Voltaire has before observed, 'every man may now go to heaven his own way.' Can the divinity-schools boast such sound doctrine as the Foundry in Moorfields? Or were ever Fellows of Colleges such adepts in matrimony, as the reverend Doctors of the Fleet, or the Primate of May-Fair?

"The theory of Medicine may undoubtedly be taught at Oxford and Cambridge in a tolerable manner; but the art itself can only be learned where it flourishes, at London. Do not our daily papers give us a longer list of medicines than are contained in any of the dispensatories? And are we not constantly told of surprising antidotes, certain cures, and never-failing remedies for every complaint? And are not each of these specifics equally efficacious in one distemper as another, from the Grand Restorative Elixir of Life down to the Infallible Corn-Salve, as thousands have experienced? With what pleasure and admiration have I beheld the Machaon of our times, Dr. Richard Rock, dispensing from his one-horse chaise his Cathartic Anti-venereal Electuary, his Itch Powder, and his Quintessence of Vipers! It may be asked, is he a graduate? Is he a regular physician? No, he is superior to regularity. He despises the formality of Academical Degrees. He styles himself M. L.

He is a London Physician, or, as Moliere would express it, *C'est un Medicin de Londres*.

After Medicine let us consider Logic. How is that most useful art taught in the two Universities? Is it not clogged with such barbarous terms, as tend to puzzle and confound rather than enlighten or direct the understanding? Is it not taught in a dead, I had almost said, in a Popish tongue? Is it not overrun with dry distinctions, and useless subtleties? Where, then, is it to be learned in all the purity of reason, and the dignity of language? Neither at Oxford nor at Cambridge, but at the Robin-Hood Alehouse, in Butcher-Row near Temple-Bar.

“From Logic let us proceed to Eloquence; and let us ingenuously confess that neither of our Universities can boast an orator equal to the renowned Henley. Has he not all the qualifications required by Tully in a complete orator? Has he not been followed by the greatest men of the nation? Yet, has this modest divine never derived any title to himself from his own rhetoric, except such a one as his extraordinary elocution naturally bestowed upon him. Might he not have called himself President of the Butchers? Dean of Marrowbones and Cleavers? or Warden of Clare-Market? Certainly he might. Therefore, if it were for his sake only, in my humble opinion, London ought immediately to assume the title of an University; and the butchers of Clare-Market, who have so constantly attended Mr. Henley’s Lectures, ought to be presented with honorary degrees.

“I know not what pretensions the Universities may have had originally to adopt Music among the rest of their sciences; perhaps they have assumed a right of bestowing degrees in Music, from their

being called the seats of the Muses ; as it is well known that Apollo was a fiddler, as well as a poet and a physician ; and the Muses are said to have delighted in fiddling and piping. The young students, I am told, of either University, are more ambitious to excel in this science than any other, and spend most of their time in the study of the gamut ; but their knowledge in harmonies is seldom carried further than I love Sue, or Ally Croker. In this point London has undoubtedly a better title to be called an University. Did Oxford or Cambridge ever produce an opera, though they have the advantage of languages so very little known, as the Greek and even Hebrew, to compose in ? Had ever any of their professors the least idea of a burletta ? Or are any of their most sublime anthems half so ravishing as Foote's Minuet from the hand organ of the little Savoyard Duchess ? Are those classical instruments the Doric lute, the syrinx, or the fistula, to be compared to the melody of the wooden spoons, the Jews-harp, and salt-box, at Mrs. Midnight's ?

“ But there are no doctrines more forcibly inculcated among us than those of Ethics, or Moral Philosophy. What are the Precepts of Plato, Epictetus, or Tully, in comparison to the moral lessons delivered by our periodical writers ? And are not you, Mr. Town, a wiser man than Socrates ? But the age is more particularly indebted, for its present universal purity of manners, to those excellent rules for the conduct of life contained in our modern novels. From these moral works might be compiled an entire new system of ethics, far superior to the exploded notions of musty academies, and adapted to the practice of the present times. Cato, we are told, commended a young man, whom he saw

coming out of the public stews, because he imagined it might preserve him from the crime of adultery ; and the Spartans used to make their slaves drunk in the presence of their youth, that they might be deterred for the like debaucheries. For the same reasons, we may suppose that our taverns and bagnios are so much frequented by our young people ; and, in this light, we may fairly consider them as so many Schools of Moral Philosophy.

“ If we are willing to turn our thoughts towards Experimental Philosophy, can the several Universities of the whole world produce such a variety of instruments, so judiciously collected, for astronomical, geographical, and all other scientific observations, as are to be seen in the two amazing repositories of Mr. Professor Deard in the Strand, and of Mr. Professor Russell at Charing Cross ? It were endless to enumerate particulars ; but I cannot help taking notice of those elegant little portable telescopes, that are made use of in all public places, by which it is evident that even our fine ladies and gentlemen are become proficient in optics.

“ The Universities seem to pride themselves greatly on their choice collections of curious and invaluable trifles, which are there preserved, only because they were not thought worth preserving anywhere else. But is the Ashmolean Collection of rarities comparable to the Nicknackatory of Mr. Pinchbeck ? Or are any of their museums stored with such precious curiosities as are frequently seen in Mr. Langford’s auction-room ? Strangers, who think it worth while to go as far as Oxford or Cambridge to see sights, may surely meet with as much satisfaction at London. Are the two little pigmies, striking a clock at Carfax in Oxford, within

any degree of comparison with the noble giants at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street; to say nothing of their enormous brethren at Guildhall? Are any of the college halls in either of the Universities, so magnificent as those belonging to our worshipful companies? Or can the Theatre at Oxford, or the Senate-house at Cambridge, vie with that stupendous piece of architecture, the Mansion-house, set apart for our Chancellor, the Lord Mayor? It may be alleged, perhaps, that these are trifling examples of superiority, which the younger sister bears over her two elder; but at the same time, it cannot be denied, that she excels them both even in the minutiae of learning and antiquity.

"We must confess, that Hydraulics, or the motion of fluids, seem to be taught exactly in the same manner, and with the same degree of knowledge, in London as in Oxford or Cambridge. The glass tubes, and the siphons, are formed very much in the same shape and fashion. The great hydrostatical law, 'That all fluids gravitate *in proprio loco*,' is proved by the same kind of experiments. The several students, of whatever age or station, vie with each other in an unwearied application, and a constant attendance to this branch of mixed mathematics. The professors, in each of the three Universities, are confessedly very great men; but I hope I may be forgiven, if I wish to see my friend Mr. Ryan, President of the King's Arms in Pall Mall, unanimously declared Vice-Chancellor of the University of London.

"I am, Sir,

"Your humble servant,

T

"G. K."

## No. 18. THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1754.

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—*Nihil est furacius illo :*  
*Non fuit Autolyçi tam piceata manus.*

MART. EPIG. viii. 59.

Could he have filch'd but half so sly as thee,  
Crook-finger'd Jack had 'scaped the triple tree.

AN information was the other day laid before a magistrate by a Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, against one of his brethren for a robbery. The prosecutor deposed, upon oath, that the other had called upon him to see his collection of medals, and took an opportunity of stealing a leathern purse, formerly belonging to the celebrated Tom Hearne, in which were contained, besides an antique piece of copper-money, place, date, name, figure, and value unknown, a pair of breeches of Oliver Cromwell, a *denarius* of Trajan worth fifty shillings, and a Queen Anne's farthing, value five pounds. He was, with much ado, dissuaded from carrying on his suit ; as the magistrate convinced him that, however highly he might rate his own treasures, a jury, who were no virtuosos, would consider a farthing merely as a farthing, and look upon a copper coin of a Roman Emperor as no better than a King George's halfpenny.

I cannot, indeed, without great concern, as a Connoisseur, reflect on the known dishonesty of my learned brethren. The scandalous practices, wherever their darling passion is interested, are too no-

torious to be denied. The moment they conceive a love for rarities, and antiques, their strict notions of honour disappear; and taste, the more it establishes their veneration for *virtù*, the more certainly destroys their integrity; as rust enhances the value of an old coin, by eating up the figure and inscription.

Most people are masters of a kind of logic, by which they argue their consciences to sleep, and acquit themselves of doing what is wrong. The country squire, of confirmed honesty in all other respects, thinks it very fair to overreach you in the sale of a horse; and the man of pleasure, who would scorn to pick your pocket, or stop you on the road, regards it rather as gallantry than baseness, to intrigue with your wife or daughter. In the same manner, the virtuoso does not look on his thefts as real acts of felony; but while he owns that he would take any pains to steal an old rusty piece of brass, boasts that you may safely trust him with untold gold; though he would break open your cabinet for a shell or a butterfly, he would not attempt to force your *escritoire* or your strong box; nor would he offer the least violence to your wife or daughter, though perhaps he would run away with the little finger of the *Venus de Medicis*. Upon these principles he proceeds, and lays hold of all opportunities to increase his collection of rarities; and, as Mahomet established his religion by the sword, the Connoisseur enlarges his museum, and adds to his store of knowledge, by fraud and petty larceny.

If the libraries and cabinets of the curious were, like the daw in the fable, to be stripped of their borrowed ornaments, we should, in many, see nothing but bare shelves and empty drawers. I know a



medalist, who, at first, set up with little more than a paltry series of English coins since the Reformation, which he had the good luck to pick up at their intrinsic value. By a pliant use of his fingers, he became soon possessed of most of the Traders ; and by the same sleight of hand, he, in a short time after, made himself master of great part of the Cæsars. He was once taken up for coining ; a forge, a crucible, and several dies being found in his cellar ; but he was acquitted, as there was no law which made it high treason to counterfeit the image of a Tiberius or a Nero ; and the coin, which he imitated, was current only among virtuosos.

I remember another, who piqued himself on his collection of scarce editions and original manuscripts, most of which he had purloined from the libraries of others. He was continually borrowing books of his acquaintance, with a resolution never to return them. He would send, in a great hurry, for a particular edition which he wanted to consult only for a moment ; but when it was asked for again, he was not at home, or he had lent it to another, or he had lost it, or he could not find it ; and sometimes he would not scruple to swear that he had himself delivered it into the owner's hands. He would frequently spoil a set by stealing a volume, and then purchase the rest for a trifle. After his death his library was sold by auction ; and many of his friends were obliged to buy up their own books again at an exorbitant price.

A thorough-bred virtuoso will surmount all scruples of conscience, or encounter any danger to serve his purpose. Most of them are chiefly attached to some particular branch of knowledge ; but I remember one, who was passionately fond of every part of *virtù*. At one time, when he could find no

other way of carrying off a medal, he ran the risk of being choked by swallowing it ; and at another, broke his leg in scaling a garden-wall for a tulip-root. But nothing gave him so much trouble and difficulty, as the taking away pictures and ancient marbles ; which, being heavy and unwieldy, he often endangered his life to gratify his curiosity. He was once locked up all night in the Duke of Tuscany's gallery, where he took out an original painting of Raphael, and dexterously placed a copy of it in the frame. At Venice, he turned Roman Catholic, and became a Jesuit, in order to get admittance into a convent, from whence he stole a fine head of Ignatius Loyola ; and, at Constantinople, he had almost formed the resolution of qualifying himself for the Seraglio, that he might find means to carry off a picture of the Grand Signior's chief mistress.

The general dishonesty of connoisseurs is, indeed, so well known, that the strictest precaution is taken to guard against it. Medals are secured under lock and key, pictures screwed to the walls, and books chained to the selves ; yet cabinets, galleries, and libraries are continually plundered. Many of the maimed statutes at Rome, perhaps, owe their present ruinous condition to the depredations made on them by virtuosos ; the head of Henry the Fifth, in Westminster-Abbey was, in all probability, stolen by a connoisseur ; and I know one who has, at different times, pilfered a great part of Queen Catherine's bones, and hopes in a little while to be master of the whole skeleton. This gentleman has been detected in so many little thefts, that he has for several years past been refused admittance into the museums of the curious ; and he is lately gone abroad with a design upon the ancient Greek manuscripts discovered at Herculaneum.

It may seem surprising, that these gentlemen should have been hitherto suffered to escape unpunished for their repeated thefts ; and that a virtuoso, who robs you of an unique of inestimable value, should even glory in the action, while a poor dog, who picks your pocket of sixpence, shall be hanged for it. What a shocking disgrace would be brought upon taste, should we ever see the dying speech, confession, and behaviour of a connoisseur, related in the account of malefactors by the Ordinary of Newgate ! Such an accident would doubtless bring the study of *virtù* into still more contempt among the ignorant, when they found that it only brought a man to the gallows ; as the country fellow, when he saw an attorney stand in the pillory for forgery, shook his head and cried : ‘ Ay, this comes of your writing and reading.’ It were, perhaps, worthy the consideration of the legislature to devise some punishment for these offenders which should bear some analogy with their crimes ; and as common malefactors are delivered to the surgeons to be anatomized, I would propose that a connoisseur should be made into a mummy, and preserved in the hall of the Royal Society, for the terror and admiration of his brethren.

I shall conclude this paper with the relation of a circumstance which fell within my own knowledge when I was abroad, and in which I declined a glorious opportunity of signalizing myself as a connoisseur. While I was at Rome, a young physician of our party, who was eaten up with *virtù*, made a serious proposal to us of breaking into one of the churches by night, and taking away a famous piece of painting over the altar. As I had not quite taste enough to come at once into his scheme, I could not help objecting to him, that it was a robbery.

Poh, says he, it is a most exquisite picture. — Ay, but it is not only a robbery, but sacrilege. — Oh, it is a most charming piece! — Zounds, doctor, but if we should be taken, we shall all be broke upon the wheel. — Then, said he, we shall all die martyrs.

T

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No. 19. THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1754.

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*Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 2. 62.

How very ill our different tastes agree;  
This will have beef, and that a fricassee.

I HAVE selected the following letters from a great number, which I have lately been favoured with from unknown correspondents; and, as they both relate nearly to the same subject, I shall, without further preface, submit them to the public.

“SIR,

“When you was got into White’s, I was in hopes that you would not have confined yourself merely to the gaming-table, but have given us an account of the entertainment at their ordinaries. A bill of fare from thence would have been full as diverting to your readers as the laws of the game, or a list of their bets. These gentlemen, we are told, are no less adepts in the science of eating than of gaming; and as Hoyle has reduced the latter into a new and complete system, I could wish that their cook, (who

to be sure is a Frenchman,) would also oblige the world by a treatise on the art and mystery of sauces.

“Indeed, Mr. Town, it surprises me that you have so long neglected to make some reflections on the diet of this great city. Dr. Martin Lister, who was universally allowed to be a great connoisseur, and published several learned treatises upon cockle-shells, did not think it beneath him to comment on the works of Apicius Cælius, who had collected together many valuable receipts in cookery, as practised by the Romans. If you would preserve your papers from the indignity of covering breasts of veal, or wrapping up cutlets *à la Maintenon*, I would advise you to lard them now and then with the ragoûts of Heliogabalus, or a pàrèllèl between our modern soups and the Lacedæmonian black broth. Your works might then be universally read, from the mistress in the parlour down to the cookmaid and scullion.

“It is absolutely necessary for people of all tempers, complexions, persuasions, habits, and stations of life, however they may differ in other particulars, to concur in the grand article of eating. And as the humours of the body arise from the food we take in, the dispositions of the mind seem to bear an equal resemblance to our places of refreshment. You have already taken a review of our several coffee-houses; and I wish you would proceed to delineate the different characters that are to be found in our taverns and chop-houses. A friend of mine always judges of a man of taste and fashion, by asking who is his peruke-maker or his tailor? Upon the same principles, when I would form a just opinion of any man’s temper and inclinations, I always inquire, where does he dine?

“The difference between the taverns near St. James’s, and those about the ’Change, consists, not so much in the costliness as the substance of their viands. The round-bellied alderman, who breathes the foggy air of the city, requires a more solid diet than the high kickshaws of our meagre persons of quality. My Lord, or Sir John, after having whiled away an hour or two at the parliament-house, drive to the Star and Garter to regale on macaroni, or piddle with an ortolan; while the merchant, who has plodded all the morning in the Alley, sits down to a turtle-feast at the Crown or the King’s Arms, and crams himself with callipash and callipee. As the city taverns are appropriated to men of business, who drive bargains for thousands over their morning’s gill, the taverns about the court are generally filled with an insipid race of mortals, who have nothing to do. Among these you may see most of our young men of fashion, and young officers of the guards, who meet at these places to show the elegance of their taste by the expensiveness of their dinner; and many an ensign, with scarce any income but his commission, prides himself on keeping the best company, and often throws down more than a week’s pay for his reckoning; though at other times it obliges him, with several of his brethren upon half-pay, to dine with Duke Humphry in St. James’s park.

“The taverns about the purlieus of Covent Garden are dedicated to Venus, as well as Ceres and Liber; and you may frequently see the jolly messmates of both sexes go in and come out in couples, like the clean and unclean beasts in Noah’s ark. These houses are equally indebted for their support to the cook, and that worthy personage, whom they have dignified with the title of pimp. These gentlemen

contrive to play into each other's hands. The first, by his high soups and rich sauces, prepares the way for the occupation of the other ; who, having reduced the patient by a proper exercise of his art, returns him back again to go through the same regimen as before. We may therefore suppose that the culinary arts are no less studied here than at White's or Pontac's. True geniuses, in eating, will continually strike out new improvements ; but, I dare say, neither Braund nor Lebeck ever made up a more extraordinary dish than I once remember at the castle. Some bloods being in company with a celebrated *fille de joie*, one of them pulled off her shoe, and, in excess of gallantry, filled it with Champagne, and drank it off to her health. In this delicious draught he was immediately pledged by the rest, and then, to carry the compliment still further, he ordered the shoe itself to be dressed and served up for supper. The cook set himself seriously to work upon it ; he pulled the upper part, which was of damask, into fine shreds, and tossed it up in a ragout ; minced the sole ; cut the wooden heel into very thin slices, fried them in batter, and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company, you may be sure, testified their affection for the lady by eating very heartily of this exquisite *impromptu* ; and, as this transaction happened just after the French king had taken a cobbler's daughter for his mistress, Tom Pierce, who has the style as well as art of a French cook, in his bill politely called it, in honour of her name, *De soulier à la Murphy*.

" Taverns, Mr. Town, seem contrived for the promoting of luxury ; while the humbler chop-houses are designed only to satisfy the ordinary cravings of nature. Yet at these you may meet with a

variety of characters. At Dolly's and Horseman's, you commonly see the hearty lovers of a good beef-steak and gill ale; and at Betty's, and the chop-houses about the inns of court, a pretty maid is as inviting as the provisions. In these common refectories you may always find the jemmy attorney's clerk, the prim curate, the walking physician, the captain upon half-pay, the shabby valet de chambre upon board wages, and the foreign count or marquis in dishabille, who has refused to dine with a duke or an ambassador. At a little eating-house in a dark alley behind the 'Change, I once saw a grave citizen, worth a plum, order a twopenny mess of broth, with a boiled chop in it; and, when it was brought him, he scooped the crumbs out of a half-penny roll, and soaked it in the porridge for his present meal; then, carefully placing the chop between the upper and under crust, he wrapped it up in a checked handkerchief, and carried it off for the morrow's repast.

"I shall leave it to you, Sir, to make further reflections on this subject, and should be glad to dine with you at any tavern, dive with you into any cellar, take a beefsteak in Ivy-lane, a mutton-chop behind St. Clement's, or, if you choose it, an extempore sausage or black-pudding over the farthing fries at Moor-Fields.

"Your humble servant,

'Pye-Corner.' - - - -

"T. SAVOURY."

"MR. TOWN,

"By Jove, it is a shame, a burning shame, to see the honour of England, the glory of our nation, the greatest pillar of our life, roast beef, utterly banished from our tables. This evil, like many others,



has been growing upon us by degrees. It was begun by wickedly placing the beef upon a side-table, and screening it by a parcel of queue-tailed fellows in laced waistcoats. However, the odorous effluvia generally affected the smell of every true Briton in the room. The butler was fatigued with carving; the master of the house grew pale, and sickened at the sight of those juicy collops of fat and lean, that came swimming in gravy, and smoking most deliciously under our nostrils. Other methods, therefore, were to be pursued. The beef was still served up, but it was brought up cold. It was put upon a table in the darkest part of the room, and immured between four walls formed artificially by the servants with the hats of the company. When the jellies and slipslops were coming in, the beef was carried off in as secret a manner, as if it had gone through the ceremonies of concoction. But still, Sir, under all these disadvantages, we had a chance of getting a slice as it passed by. Now, alas! it is not suffered to come up stairs. I dare say, it is generally banished from the steward's table; nor do I suppose that the powdered footmen will touch it, for fear of daubing their ruffles. So that the dish that was served up to the royal tables, the dish that was the breakfast of Queen Elizabeth and her maids of honour, the dish that received the dignity of knighthood from King James the First, is now become the food only of scullions and stable-boys. In what words can I vent my resentment upon this occasion, especially when I reflect, that innovations seldom come alone? Toasted cheese is already buried in rammekins; plum-porridge has been long banished; I tremble for plum-pudding. May we not live to see a leg of pork detested as carrion? and a shoulder of mutton avoided as if it were

horse-flesh? Our only hopes are in the clergy and the Beefsteak Club. The former still preserve, and probably will preserve, the rectitude of their appetites; and will do justice to beef wherever they find it. The latter, who are composed of the most ingenious artists in the kingdom, meet every Saturday in a noble room at the top of Covent-Garden theatre, and never suffer any dish except beef-steaks to appear. These, indeed, are most glorious examples; but what, alas! are the weak endeavours of a few to oppose the daily inroads of fricassees and soup *maigres*! This, Mr. Town, is a national concern, as it may prove more destructive to beef than the distemper among the horned cattle. And should the modish aversion against rumps and sirloins continue, it will be absolutely necessary to enforce the love of beef by an act of parliament.

“Yours,

“GOLIAH ENGLISH.”

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No. 20. THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1754.

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*Non umbræ altorum nemorum, non mollia possunt  
Prata movere animum.*— VIRG. GEORG. iii. 520.

No rural charms her joyless mind can move,  
The verdant meadow or the lofty grove.

THE ladies of the present age are strangely altered from the unpolished females, who flourished in the days of romance. What modern Parthenissa

would not prefer a tall young fellow to the most beautiful dwarf in the universe, or a coach and six to a white palfrey? The fair damsels of old were chiefly to be found in woods and forests; but our present heroines are distinguished by an utter aversion to the country, and would as soon be confined by a giant in an enchanted castle, as immured with old maiden aunts in the family mansion-house. Nothing is more dreadful to our ladies of quality than the approach of summer; for what woman of spirit would choose to leave the town to wander in solitudes and deserts; or what pleasure can the long days give to our fine ladies, when the pretty creatures are conscious that they look best by candlelight? The general complaint against the country is want of amusement, or want of company; but these common inconveniences are trifles in comparison to the sufferings of the poor lady who wrote the following letter, which was communicated to me, with leave to make it public.

“DEAR LADY CHARLOTTE,

“I have been plagued, pestered, teased to death, and hurried out of my wits, ever since I have been in this odious country. O my dear, how I long to be in town again! Pope and the poets may talk what they will of their purling streams, shady groves, and flowery meads; but I had rather live all my days among the cheesemongers’ shops in Thames Street, than pass such another spring in this filthy country. Would you believe it? I have scarce touched a card since I have been here; and then there has been such ado with us about election matters, that I am ready to die with the vapours; such a rout with their hissing and halloo-

ing, my head is ready to split into a thousand pieces! If my Sir John must be in parliament, why cannot he do as your lord does, and be content with a borough, where he might come in without all this trouble, and take his seat in the house, though he has never been within a hundred miles of the place?

“Our house, my dear, has been a perfect inn, ever since we came down; and I have been obliged to trudge about as much as a fat landlady. Our doors are open to every dirty fellow in the country, that is worth forty shillings a year; all my best floors are spoiled by the hobnails of farmers stumping about them; every room is a pigsty, and the Chinese paper in the drawing-room stinks so abominably of punch and tobacco, that it would strike you down to come into it. If you knew what I have suffered, you would think I had the constitution of a washerwoman to go through it. We never sit down to a table without a dozen or more of boisterous two-legged creatures as rude as bears; and I have nothing to do but to heap up their plates, and drink to each of their healths. What is worse than all, one of the beasts got tipsy, and nothing would serve him but he must kiss me, which I was forced to submit to for fear of losing his vote and interest. Would you think it, dear Charlotte?—do not laugh at me—I stood god-mother in person to a huge lubberly boy at a country farmer’s, and they almost poisoned me with their hodge-podge they called caudle, made of sour ale and brown sugar. All this, and more, I have been obliged to comply with, that the country fellows might not say, ‘My lady is proud, and above them.’

“Besides, there is not a woman creature within

twenty miles of the place, that is fit company for my housekeeper; and yet I must be intimate with them all. Lady B\*\*, indeed, is very near us; but though we are very well acquainted in town, we must not be seen to speak to each other here, because her lord is in the opposition. Poor Thomas got a sad drubbing at her house, when I innocently sent him, at my first coming into the country, with a how d'ye to her ladyship. The greatest female acquaintance I have here, are Mrs. Mayoress, a tailor's wife, and Mrs. Alderman Gascoigne, who sells pins and needles on one side of the shop, while her husband works at his pestle and mortar on the other. These ordinary wretches are constant attendants on my tea-table; I am obliged to take them and their brats out an airing in my coach every evening; and am afterwards often doomed to sit down to whist and swabbers, or one and thirty bone-ace for farthings. Mrs. Mayoress is a very violent party woman; and she has two pug-dogs; one of which she calls Sir John, and the other Colonel, in compliment, you must know, to my husband and his brother candidate.

"We had a ball the other day; and I opened it with Sir Humphrey Chase, who danced in his boots, and hobbled along, for all the world, like the dancing bears, which I have seen in the streets at London. A terrible mistake happened about precedence, which, I fear, will lose Sir John a good many votes. An attorney's wife was very angry that her daughter, a little pert chit just from the boarding-school, was not called out to dance before Miss Norton, the brewer's daughter, when everybody knew, she said, that her girl was a gentlewoman bred and born.

"I wish, my dear, you were to see my dressing-

room; you would think it was a ribbon shop. Lettice and I have been busy all this week in making up knots and favours; and yesterday no milliner's prentice could work harder than I did, in tying them on to the sweaty hats of country bumpkins. And is it not very hard upon me? I must not even dress as I please; but am obliged to wear blue, though you know it does not suit my complexion, and makes me look as horrid as the witches in Macbeth.

"But, what is worse than all, Sir John tells me the election expenses have run so high that he must shorten my allowance of pin-money. He talks of turning off half his servants; nay, he has even hinted to me that I shall not come to town all the winter. Barbarous creature! — But if he dare serve me so, he shall positively lose his election next time, I will raise such a spirit of opposition in all the wives and daughters in the county against him.

"I am your affectionate friend, &c."

This lady's case is, indeed, very much to be pitied; but as Sir John has had the good luck to gain his point, after a strong opposition, he will doubtless be sensible of the great share his lady had in his success. For my own part, when I consider the vast influence which the fair sex must naturally have over my fellow-countrymen, I cannot help looking on their interesting themselves in these matters as a very serious affair. What success must a fine lady meet with on her canvass! No gentleman, to be sure, could be so rude or so cruel, as to refuse such a pretty beggar any thing she could ask; and an honest country farmer, who could withstand any other arguments, might be

coaxed and wheedled, or bribed with a smile, into voting against his conscience. Many instances have been found, during the late elections, of husbands who have been forced to poll as their wives would have them; and I know a young fellow who was brought over to give a vote against his inclination by his sweetheart, who refused to receive his addresses if he did not change his party.

It may not perhaps be too bold an assertion, that half the members in the present parliament owe their seats to the direct or indirect influence of the other sex. It would therefore be highly proper for the legislature to provide against this evil for the future; and I hope, before the next general election, to see among the votes the following resolution:—

RESOLVED,

That it is a high infringement of the liberties and privileges of the Commons of Great Britain, for any peeress, or any other lady, to concern themselves in the election of members to serve for the Commons in Parliament.

T

No. 21. THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1754.

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—*Studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis*  
*Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.*

PERS. SAT. V. 19.

A tale in sounding phrase I strive to tell,  
 With pompous trifles that my page may swell;  
 That wordy trappings the thin sense may cloke  
 And add imaginary weight to smoke.

TQUASSOUW, the son of Kqvussomo, was Konquer or chief captain over the sixteen nations of Caffraria. He was descended from N'oh and Hing-n'oh, who dropped from the moon; and his power extended over all the Kraals of the Hottentots.

This prince was remarkable for his prowess and activity; his speed was like the torrent that rushes down the precipice; and he would overtake the wild ass in her flight; his arrows brought down the eagle from the clouds; the lion fell before him, and his lance drank the blood of the rhinoceros. He fathomed the waters of the deep, and buffeted the billows in the tempest; he drew the rock-fish from their lurking-holes, and rifled the beds of coral. Trained from his infancy in the exercise of war, to wield the hassagaye with dexterity, and break the wild bulls to battle, he was a stranger to the soft dalliance of love; and beheld with indifference the thick-lipped damsels of Gongeman, and the flat-nosed beauties of Hauteniqua.

As Tquassouw was one day giving instructions



for spreading toils for the elk, and digging pitfalls for the elephant, he received information, that a tiger, prowling for prey, was committing ravages on the Kraals of the Chamtouers. He snatched up his bow of olive-wood, and bounded, like the roebuck on the mountains, to their assistance. He arrived just at the instant when the enraged animal was about to fasten on a virgin, and, aiming a poisoned arrow at his heart, laid him dead at her feet. The virgin threw herself on the ground, and covered her head with dust, to thank her deliverer; but when she rose, the prince was dazzled with her charms. He was struck with the glossy hue of her complexion, which shone like the jetty down on the black hogs of Hessaqua; he was ravished with the pressed gristle of her nose; and his eyes dwelt with admiration on the flaccid beauties of her breasts, which descended to her navel.

Knonmquaiha, for that was the virgin's name, was daughter to the Kouquequa, or leader of the Kraal, who bred her up with all the delicacy of her sex. She was fed with the entrails of goats, she sucked the eggs of the ostrich, and her drink was the milk of ewes. After gazing for some time upon her charms, the prince, in great transport, embraced the soles of her feet; then ripping up the beast he had just killed, took out the caul, and hung it about her neck, in token of his affection. He afterwards stripped the tiger of his skin, and sending it to the Kouquequa, her father, demanded the damsel in marriage.

The eve of the full moon was appointed for the celebration of the nuptials of Tquassouw and Knonmquaiha. When the day arrived, the magnificence in which the bridegroom was arrayed, amazed all Caffraria. Over his shoulders was cast a Krosse, or

mantle of wild-cat skins ; he cut sandals for his feet from the raw hide of an elephant ; he had hunted down a leopard, and of the spotted fur formed a superb cap for his head ; he girded his loins with the intestines, and the bladder of the beast he blew up and fastened to his hair.

Nor was Knonmquaiha less employed in adorning her person. She made a varnish of the fat of goats mixed with soot, with which she anointed her whole body, as she stood beneath the rays of the sun ; her locks were clotted with melted grease, and powdered with the yellow dust of buchu ; her face, which shone like polished ebony, was beautifully varied with spots of red earth, and appeared like the sable curtain of the night bespangled with stars ; she sprinkled her limbs with wood ashes, and perfumed them with the dung of the stinkbingsem. Her arms and legs were entwined with the shining entrails of a heifer ; from her neck there hung a pouch composed of the stomach of a kid ; the wings of an ostrich overshadowed the fleshy promontories behind ; and before she wore an apron formed of the shaggy ears of a lion.

The chiefs of the several Kraals, who were summoned to assist at their nuptials, formed a circle on the ground, sitting upon their heels, and bowing their heads between their knees in token of reverence. In the centre the illustrious prince, with his sable bride, reposed upon soft cushions of cow-dung. Then the Surri or chief priest approached them, and, in a deep voice, chanted the nuptial rites to the melodious grumbling of the gom-gom ; and at the same time, according to the manner of Caffraria, bedewed them plentifully with the urinary benediction. The bride and bridegroom rubbed in the precious stream with ecstacy ; while the briny drops

trickled from their bodies like the oozy surge from the rocks of Chirigriqua.

The Hottentots had seen the increase and wane of two moons since the happy union of Tquassouw and Knonmquailha, when the Kraals were surprised with the appearance of a most extraordinary personage that came from the savage people who rose from the sea, and had lately fixed themselves on the borders of Caffraria. His body was enwrapped with strange coverings, which concealed every part from sight, except his face and hands. Upon his skin the sun darted his scorching rays in vain, and the colour of it was pale and wan as the watery beams of the moon. His hair, which he could put on and take off at pleasure, was white as the blossoms of the almond-tree, and bushy as the fleece of the ram. His lips and cheeks resembled the red ochre, and his nose was sharpened like the beak of an eagle. His language, which was rough and inarticulate, was as the language of beasts; nor could Tquassouw discover his meaning, till a Hottentot, who at the first coming of these people had been taken prisoner, and had afterwards made his escape, interpreted between them. This interpreter informed the prince, that the stranger was sent from his fellow-countrymen to treat about the enlargement of their territories, and that he was called, among them, Mynheer Van Snickersnee.

Tquassouw, who was remarkable for his humanity, treated the savage with extraordinary benevolence. He spread a mantle of sheepskins, anointed with fat, for his bed; and for his food he boiled, in their own blood, the tripe of the fattest herds that grazed in the rich pastures of the Heykoms. The stranger, in return, instructed the prince in the manners of the savages, and often amused him with

sending fire from a hollow engine, which rent the air with thunder. Nor was he less studious to please the gentle Knonmquailha. He bound bracelets of polished metal about her arms, and encircled her neck with beads of glass; he filled the cocoa-shell with a delicious liquor, and gave it her to drink, which exhilarated her heart, and made her eyes sparkle with joy; he also taught her to kindle fire through a tube of clay with the dried leaves of Dacha, and to send forth rolls of odorous smoke from her mouth. After having sojourned in the Kraals for the space of half a moon, the stranger was dismissed with magnificent presents of the teeth of elephants; and a grant was made to his countrymen of the fertile meadows of Kochequa, and the forests of Stinkwood bounded by the Palamite River.

Tquassouw and Knonmquailha continued to live together in the most cordial affection; and the Surris every night invoked the great Gounja Ticquoa, who illuminates the moon, that he would give an heir to the race of N'oh and Hign'oh. The princess at length manifested the happy tokens of pregnancy; while her waist increased daily in circumference, and swelled like the gourd. When the time of her delivery approached, she was committed to the care of the wise women, who placed her on a couch of the reeking entrails of a cow newly slain, and, to facilitate the birth, gave her a portion of the milk of wild asses, and fomented her loins with the warm dung of elephants. When the throes of childbirth came on, a terrible hurricane howled along the coast, the air bellowed with thunder, and the face of the moon was obscured as with a veil. The Kraal echoed with shrieks and lamentations, and the wise women cried out, that the princess was delivered of a monster.

The offspring of her womb was white. They took the child and washed him with the juice of aloes; they exposed his limbs to the sun, anointed them with the fat, and rubbed them with the excrement of black bulls; but his skin still retained its detested hue, and the child was still white. The venerable Surris were assembled to deliberate on the cause of this prodigy; and they unanimously pronounced, that it was owing to the evil machinations of the demon Cham-ouna, who had practised on the virtue of the princess under the appearance of Mynheer Van Snickersnee.

The adulterous parent and her unnatural offspring were judged unworthy to live. They bowed a branch of an olive-tree in the forest of lions, on which the white monster was suspended by the heels; and ravenous beasts feasted on the issue of Knonmquaiha. The princess herself was sentenced to the severe punishment allotted to the heinous crime of adultery. The Kouquequas, who scarce twelve moons before had met to celebrate her nuptials, were now summoned to assist at her unhappy death. They were collected in a circle, each of them wielding a huge club of cripplewood. The beauteous criminal stood weeping in the midst of them, prepared to receive the first blow from the hand of her injured husband. Tquassouw in vain assayed to perform the sad office; thrice he uplifted his ponderous mace of iron, and thrice dropped it ineffectual on the ground. At length, from his reluctant arm, descended the fell stroke, which lighted on that nose whose flatness and expansion had first captivated his heart. The Kouquequas then rushing in with their clubs redoubled their blows on her body, till the pounded Knonmquaiha

lay as an heap of mud, which the retiring flood leaves on the strand.

Her battered limbs, now without form and distinction, were inclosed in the paunch of a rhinoceros, which was fastened to the point of a bearded arrow, and shot into the ocean. Tquassouw remained inconsolable for her loss; he frequently climbed the lofty cliffs of Chirigriqua, and cast his eyes on the watery expanse. One night, as he stood howling with the wolves to the moon, he descried the paunch that contained the precious relics of Knonmquailha, dancing on a wave and floating towards him. Thrice he cried out with a lamentable voice, Bo, Bo, Bo; then, springing from the cliff, he darted like the eagle sonsing on his prey. The paunch burst asunder beneath his weight; the green wave was discoloured with the gore, and Tquassouw was enveloped in the mass. He was heard of no more; and it was believed by the people, who remained ignorant of his catastrophe, that he was snatched up into the moon.

The fate of this unhappy pair is recorded among the nations of the Hottentots to this day; and their marriage rites have ever since concluded with a wish, 'That the husband may be happier than Tquassouw, and the wife more chaste than Knonmquailha.'

W

No. 22. THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1754.

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*Scilicet expectas, ut tradat mater honestos,  
Atque alios mores, quàm quos habet?—*

JUV. SAT. vi. 238.

The same their breeding, and so like each other,  
Miss is the very model of her mother.

“TO MR. TOWN.

“SIR,

“I REMEMBER in a match between two persons of different religions, it was stipulated in the marriage articles that the boys should be bred up in the persuasion of the father, and the girls in that of the mother. The consequence of this was that one part of the family was taught to look upon the other with a most pious contempt; and, in the end, it produced a separation. The sons following the example of their father, and, in order to avoid the least appearance of superstition and bigotry, turned out freethinkers; the lady of the house retired with her daughters to France, and, to preserve them from a communication with heretics, confined them in a nunnery.

“The like method seems to be observed in the general education of children; who, as soon as they leave the nursery, are resigned over to the care and direction of their respective parents, according to their sex; whence it often happens, that families are as much distinguished by their peculiar manners, as by a certain cast of features or complexion.

My young squire is put upon a little horse before he can well walk, and becomes, as his father was before him, the pupil and companion of the groom and the gamekeeper; and if miss's mamma should chance to be the daughter of a poor man of quality, though the wife of a substantial tradesman, the little lady is early instructed to value herself on her blood, and to despise her father's dirty connections with business.

"To this method of education it is owing, that the same vices and follies are delivered down from one generation to another. The modish excesses of these times are, in their nature, the same with those which were formerly in vogue, though they differ somewhat in their shape and appearance. The present race of bucks, bloods, and freethinkers, are but the spawn of the Mohocks and the Hell-Fire Club; and if our modern fine ladies have had their masquerades, their Vauxhalls, their Sunday tea-drinking at Ranelagh, and their morning chocolate in the Haymarket, they have only improved upon the Ring, the Spring Gardens, the New Exchange assignations, and the morning puppet-show, which employed the attention of their grandmothers. And as it is not apparent that the people of fashion are more wicked, so neither are they wiser than their predecessors.

"When I contemplate the manner in which the younger part of the polite world is brought up, I am apt to carry my reflections further than what merely concerns their own persons. Let our young men of fashion expose their ignorance abroad, rather than improve at our universities at home; let them trifle away their time in insipid amusements, and run loose about the town in one continued round of extravagance and debauchery; let



our young ladies be taught nothing but gallantry and whist, and be seen only at routs and assemblies;—if the consequence extend not beyond themselves. But as these are to be the fathers and mothers, the guardians and tutors, on whom the morals of our next race must depend; it becomes a public concern, lest the reign of vice and ignorance should be supported, as it were, by hereditary succession, and propagated to distant generations.

“The modern method of education is, indeed, so little calculated to promote virtue and learning, that it is almost impossible the children should be wiser or better than their parents. The country squire seldom fails of seeing his son as dull and awkward a looby as himself; while the debauched or foppish man of quality breeds up a rake or an empty coxcomb, who brings new diseases into the family, and fresh mortgages on the estate. If you would therefore favour us, Mr. Town, with a few remarks on this subject, you would do service to posterity; for the present, give me leave to illustrate what I have said, by the example of a very fashionable family.

“Lady Belle Modely was one of the finest women in the last reign, as the Colonel, her husband, was one of the smartest fellows. After they had astonished the world singly with the *eclat* of their actions, they came together; her ladyship was proud of fixing a man, who was thought to have intrigued with half the women of fashion; while the Colonel fell a sacrifice to her beauty, only because she was admired by everybody else. They lived together for some time in great splendour; but, as matrimony was a constraint upon their freedom, they at length parted by a private agreement. Lady Belle keeps the best company, is at the head of every party of pleasure, never misses a masquer-

ade, and has card-tables constantly at her own house on Sundays. The Colonel is one of the oldest members of the club at White's, runs horses at Newmarket, has an actress in keeping, and is protected from the impertinence of duns, by having purchased a seat in parliament at almost as great an expense as would have satisfied the demands of his creditors.

"They have two children; the one has been educated by the direction of his father, the other has been bred up under the eye of her mamma. The boy was, indeed, put to a grammar-school for a while; but Latin and Greek, or indeed any language except French, are of no service to a gentleman; and as the lad had discovered early marks of spirit, such as kicking down wheelbarrows, and setting old women on their heads, the Colonel swore Jack should be a soldier, and accordingly begged a pair of colours for him before he was fifteen. The Colonel, who had served only in the peaceful campaigns of Covent Garden, took great pains to instil into Jack all that prowess so remarkable in the modern heroes of the army. He enumerated his victories over bullies, his encounters with sharpers, his midnight skirmishes with constables, his storming of bagnios, his imprisonment in round-houses, and his honourable wounds in the service of prostitutes. The Captain could not fail of improving under so excellent a tutor, and soon became as eminent as his father. He is a blood of the first rate; Sherlock has instructed him in the use of the broadsword, and Broughton has taught him to box. He is a fine gentleman at assemblies, a sharper at the gaming-table, and a bully at the bagnios. He has not yet killed his man in the honourable way; but he has gallantly crippled several watchmen,

and most courageously run a waiter through the body. His scanty pay will not allow him to keep a mistress; but it is said, that he is privately married to a woman of the town.

“Such is the consequence of the son’s education; and by this our people of distinction may learn how much better it is to let a lad see the world, as the phrase is, than to lash him through a grammar-school, like a parish-boy, and confine him with dull pedants in a college cloister. Lady Belle has not been less careful of her daughter, Miss Harriet. Those who undertake the business of educating polite females, have laid it down as a rule to consider women merely as dolls; and therefore never attempt the cultivation of their principles, but employ their whole attention on adorning their persons. The romantic notions of honour and virtue, are only fit for poor awkward creatures who are to marry a shopkeeper or a parson; but they are of no use to a fine girl, who is designed to make a figure. Accordingly, Miss Harriet was committed to the care of Madame Gouvernante, who never suffered her to speak a word of English, and a French dancing-master, who taught her to hold up her head, and come into the room like a little lady. As she grew up, her mamma instructed her in the nicest points of ceremony and good-breeding; she explained to her the laws and regulations of dress, directed her in the choice of her brocades, told her what fashions best became her, and what colours best suited her complexion. These excellent rules were constantly enforced by examples drawn from her ladyship’s own practice; above all, she unravelled the various arts of gallantry and intrigue, recounted the stratagems she had herself employed in gaining new conquests, taught her when to ad-

vance and when to retreat, and how far she might venture to indulge herself in certain freedoms without endangering her reputation.

“Miss Harriet soon became the public admiration of all the pretty fellows, and was allowed to be a lady of the most elegant accomplishments. She was reckoned to play a better game at whist than Mrs. Sharply, and to bet with more spirit at brag than the bold Lady Atall. She was carried about to Tunbridge, Bath, Cheltenham, and every other place of diversion, by the mother; where she was exposed as at a public mart for beauty, and put up to the best bidder. But as Miss had some fortune at her own disposal, she had not the patience to wait the formal delays of marriage articles, jointures, settlements, and pin-money; and, just before the last act took place, eloped with a gentleman who had long been very intimate with her mamma, and recommended himself to Miss Harriet by a stature of six foot and a shoulder-knot.

“I am Sir,

O

“Your humble servant,” &c.

## No. 23. THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1754.

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— *Qui modò scurra*

*Aut si quid hâc re tritius videbatur,  
Idem inficeto est inficetior rure.*

CATULL.

The Fool of Pantomime, who ne'er spake word,  
Or worse than Fool, the Senator or Lord,  
In the dull country his dull trade pursuing,  
The blockhead underdoes his underdoing.

I HAVE lately received several letters from my cousin Village, concerning the entertainments of the country. He tells me, that they have concerts every evening in that part of the month in which the almanac promises it will be moonlight. In one little town, in particular, all the polite company of the place assemble every Sunday evening, after church, at the Three Compasses, which is kept by the clerk, to regale themselves with cakes and fine home-brewed in an arbour at the end of his cabbage-garden; to which they have given the genteel denomination of Little Ranelagh. I shall this day, present my reader with his last letter; and only take notice of the grand difference between the summer amusements in town and country. In London, while we are almost smothered in smoke and dust, gardens are open every evening to refresh us with the pure air of the country; while those, who have the finest walks and most beautiful prospects eternally before them, shut themselves up in theatres

and ballrooms, 'lock fair daylight out, and make themselves an artificial London.'

"DEAR COUSIN,

"Wherever the town goes, those who live by the town naturally follow. The facetious and entertaining gentry, who, during the winter, amused the world within the bills of mortality, are now dispersed into different parts of the country. We have had most of them here already. The Colossus, the Dwarf, the Female Samson, made some stay with us. We went for a week together to see Mr. Powell eat red-hot tobacco-pipes, and swallow fire and brimstone. The Hermaphrodite was obliged to leave the town, on a scandalous report that a lady used frequently to visit him in private. Mr. Church, for some time, charmed us with concertos and sonatas on the Jews-harp; and, at our last ball, we footed it to our usual melody of the tabor and pipe, accompanied with the cymbal and wooden spoons.

"I will not tire you with a particular detail of all our entertainments, but confine myself at present to those of the stage. About the middle of last month, there came among us one of those gentlemen, who are famous for the cure of every distemper, and especially those pronounced incurable by the faculty. The vulgar call him a mountebank; — but when I considered his impassioned speeches, and the extempore stage from which he uttered them, I was apt to compare him to Thespis and his cart. Again, when I beheld the doctor dealing out his drugs, and at the same time saw his merry-andrew play over his tricks, it put me in mind of a tragi-comedy; where the pathetic and the ludicrous are so intimately connected, and the whole piece is so merry

and so sad, that the audience is at a loss whether they shall laugh or cry.

“After the doctor had been here some time, there came down two or three emissaries from a strolling company, in order (according to the player’s phrase) to take the town; but the Mayor being a strict Presbyterian, absolutely refused to license their exhibitions. The players, you must know, finding this a good town, had taken a lease last summer of an old synagogue deserted by the Jews; and were, therefore, much alarmed at this disappointment; but when they were in the utmost despair, the ladies of the place joined in a petition to Mrs. Mayoress, who prevailed on her husband to wink at their performances. The company immediately opened their synagogue-theatre with the Merchant of Venice; and finding the doctor’s zany a droll fellow, they decoyed him into their service; and he has since performed the part of the Mock Doctor with universal applause. Upon his revolt, the doctor himself found it absolutely necessary to enter into the company; and having a talent for tragedy, has performed, with great success, the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*.

“The performers at our rustic theatre are far beyond those paltry strollers, who run about the country, and exhibit in a barn or a cow-house; for, as their bills declare, they are a company of comedians from the *Theatres Royal*; and, I assure you, they are as much applauded by our country critics, as any of your capital actors. The shops of our tradesmen have been almost deserted, and a crowd of weavers and hardwaremen have elbowed each other two hours before the opening of the doors, when the bills have informed us, in enormous red letters, that the part of *George Barnwell* was to be

performed by Mr. —, at the particular desire of several ladies of distinction. It is true, indeed, that our principal actors have, most of them, had their education in Covent Garden, or Drury Lane; but they have been employed in the business of the drama in a degree but just above a scene-shifter. A heroine, to whom your managers in town, in envy to her rising merit, scarce allotted the humble part of a confidante, now blubbers out *Andromache* or *Belvidera*; the attendants on a monarch strut monarchs themselves, mutes find their voices, and message-bearers rise into heroes. The humour of our best comedian consists in shrugs and grimaces; he jokes in a wry mouth, and repartees in a grin; in short, he practises on Congreve and Vanbrugh all those distortions, that gained him so much applause from the galleries, in the drubs which he was condemned to undergo in pantomimes. I was vastly diverted at seeing a fellow in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, whose chief action was a continual pressing together of the thumb and forefinger; which, had he lifted them to his nose, I should have thought he designed as an imitation of taking snuff; but I could easily account for the cause of this singular gesture, when I discovered that Sir Harry was no less a person than the dexterous Mr. Clippit, the candle-snuffer.

“You would laugh to see how strangely the parts of a play are cast. They played *Cato*; and their *Marcia* was such an old woman, that when *Juba* came on with his — ‘Hail! charming maid!’ — the fellow could not help laughing. Another night, I was surprised to hear an eager lover talk of rushing into his mistress’ arms, rioting on the nectar of her lips, and desiring, in the tragedy rapture, to ‘hug her thus, and thus forever;’ though he always



took care to stand at a most ceremonious distance ; but I was afterwards very much diverted at the cause of this extraordinary respect, when I was told that the lady laboured under the misfortune of an ulcer in her leg, which occasioned such a disagreeable stench, that the performers were obliged to keep her at arm's length. The entertainment was *Lethe* ; and the part of the Frenchman was performed by a South Briton ; who, as he could not pronounce a word of the French language, supplied its place by gabbling in his native Welsh.

“The decorations, or, in the theatrical dialect, the property of our company, are as extraordinary as the performers. *Othello* raves about a checked handkerchief ; the Ghost in *Hamlet* stalks in a postilion's leathern-jacket for a coat of mail ; and, in a new pantomime of their own, *Cupid* enters with a fiddle-case slung over his shoulders for a quiver. The apothecary of the town is free of the house, for lending them a pestle and mortar to serve as the bell in *Venice Preserved* ; and a barber-surgeon has the same privilege, for furnishing them with basins of blood to besmear the daggers in *Macbeth*. *Macbeth* himself carries a rolling-pin in his hand for a truncheon ; and, as the breaking of glasses would be very expensive, he dashes down a pewter pint pot at the sight of *Banquo's* ghost.

“A fray happened here the other night, which was no small diversion to the audience. It seems, there had been a great contest between two of these mimic heroes, who was the fittest to play *Richard the Third*. One of them was reckoned to have the better person, as he was very round-shouldered, and one of his legs was shorter than the other ; but his antagonist carried the part, because he started best in the tent-scene. However, when the curtain drew

up, they both rushed in upon the stage at once ; and bawling out together : ‘ Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths.’ They both went through the whole speech without stopping.

“ I am, dear cousin, yours,” &c.

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No. 24. THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1754.

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*Ille dabit populo, patribusque, equitique legendum.*

MART. EPIG. xii. 3. 15.

Books, that the knowledge of the world can show,  
Such as might please a lady or a bean.

WHEN I consider the absurd taste for literature, that once prevailed among our persons of distinction, I cannot but applaud the reformation which has been since brought about in this article by the polite world. A Duke of Newcastle made himself remarkable by a Treatise on Horsemanship ; a Rochester supplied the place of Ovid in the closets of men of pleasure ; and even the ladies of former ages sacrificed to love in novels and romances. I will not mention a Shaftesbury, as our present age has produced a Bolingbroke. We, of this generation, are wiser than to suffer our youth of quality to lose their precious time in studying the *belles lettres*, while our only care is to introduce them into the *beau-monde*. A modern peer, instead of laying down the theory of horsemanship, is perfect in the practice, and commences jockey himself ; and our

rakes of fashion are content with acting the scenes which Rochester described. Our ladies are, indeed, very well qualified to publish a recital of amours; and one, in particular, has already entertained the world with memoirs of her own intrigues, cuckoldoms and elopements.

I am very glad to find the present age so entirely free from pedantry. Some part of the polite world read, indeed, but they are so wise as to read only for amusement; or at least only to improve themselves in the more modern and fashionable sciences. A Treatise on Whist has more admirers than a System of Logic, and a new Atalantis would be more universally read than a Practice of Piety. A fine gentleman or lady would no more choose the mind of a pedant, than the person of a cook-maid or a porter. I cannot, therefore, but approve of the plan laid down by the writer of the following letter, and would recommend it to all persons of fashion to subscribe to his proposals.

“SIR,

“I have long observed, with infinite regret, the little care that is taken to supply persons of distinction with proper books for their instruction and amusement. It is no wonder that they should be so averse to study, when learning is rendered so disagreeable. Common creatures, indeed, as soon as they can spell, may be made to read a dull chapter in the Testament; after which, the Whole Duty of Man, or some other useless good book, may be put into their hands; but these can never instruct a man of the world to say fine things to a lady, or to swear with a good grace. Among a few dirty pedants the knowledge of Greek and Latin may be

cultivated; but, among fine gentlemen, these are justly discarded for French and Italian. Why should persons of quality trouble themselves about mathematics and philosophy, or throw away their time in scratching circles and triangles on a slate, and then rubbing them out again? All the Algebra requisite for them to know, is the combination of figures on the dice; nor could Euclid be of any use to them, except he had represented the most graceful attitudes in fencing, or drawn out the lines of a minuet.

“In order to remedy these inconveniences, and that the erudition of persons of fashion may be as different from the vulgar knowledge of the rest of mankind as their dress, I have formed a project for regulating their studies. An old crabbed philosopher once told a monarch, that there was no royal way of learning the mathematics:—First, then, as to the musty volumes which contain Greek, Latin, and the Sciences, since there is no genteel method of coming at the knowledge of them, I would banish them entirely from the polite world, and have them chained down in university libraries, the only places where they can be useful or entertaining. Having thus cleared the shelves of this learned lumber, we shall have room to fill them more elegantly. To this end, I have collected all such books as are proper to be perused by people of quality; and shall shortly make my scheme public by opening a handsome room under the title of the Polite Circulating Library. Many of my books are entirely new and original; all the modern novels, and most of the periodical papers fall so directly in with my plan, that they will be sure to find a place in my library; and if Mr. Town shows himself an encourager of my scheme, I shall expect to see peers and

peeresses take up the pen, and shine in *The Connoisseur*.

“ I intend in the beginning of the winter to publish my proposals at large, and, in the mean time, beg you to submit the following specimen of my books to the public :—

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS, ETC.

Revelation, a Romance.

The Complete Cook, by Solomon Gundy.

The Gentleman's Religion. By a Freethinker.

Dissertation on Parties. Or an Essay on Breaking of Eggs. Addressed to the Big and Little Endians.

A Defence of Alexander the Coppersmith against St. Paul. By the late Lord Bolingbroke.

The Practice of Bagnios : or the Modern Method of Sweating.

The Ladies' Dispensatory : containing the most approved Recipes for Tooth-Powders, Lip Salves, Beautifying Lotions, Almond Pastes, Ointments for Freckles, Pomatums, and Hysteric Waters ; according to the present Practice.

A Description of the World ; with the Latitudes of Vauxhall, Ranelagh, the Theatres, the Opera-House, &c., calculated for the Meridian of St. James's.

A Map of the Roads leading to Tyburn. By James Maclean, Esq., late Surveyor of the Highways.

Essay on Delicacy. By an Ensign of the Guards.

The Art of Dissembling. From the French.

A New Way to pay Old Debts. From an Original published at Berlin.

The Spirit of Laws. With Notes on the Game Act, the Jew Bill, and the Bill for preventing Marriages.

- Jargon *versus* Common Sense. By a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn.
- Universal Arithmetic ; containing Calculations for laying the Odds at Horseracing, Cocking, Card-playing, &c.
- Optics, or the Use of Opera-Glasses: with the Importance and Benefit of Near-Sightedness considered. To which is added, a Dissertation on the portable Pocket Looking-Glass.
- The Modern Gymnasium. By Broughton.
- Geometry made easy, and adapted to the meanest Capacity. By Nath. Hart, Dancing-Master to Grown Gentlemen.
- De Oratore, or the Art of Speaking on all Subjects, By Andrew Mac Broad, F. R. H. S. Fellow of the Robin Hood Society.
- A Dissertation on the Miracle of the Five Loaves. By the Baker, President of the same Society.
- Garriek upon Death ; with an Account of the several Distortions of the Face, and Writhings of the Body ; and particular Directions concerning Sighs, Groans, Ohs, Ahs, &c., for the Use of Young Actors.
- The Court Register ; containing an exact List of all Public Days, Routs, Assemblies, &c. where and when kept.
- The Englishman in Paris.
- The Englishman returned from Paris.
- The Whole Duty of Woman, disposed under the Articles of Visiting, Cards, Masquerades, Plays, Dress, &c.
- A Dissertation on the Waters of Tunbridge, Cheltenham, Scarborough, and Bath : showing their wonderful Efficacy in removing the Vapours ; with Directions how to assist their Operations by using the Exercise of Country-Dancing.

The Traveller's Guide, or Young Nobleman's Vade Mecum; containing an exact List of the most eminent Peruke-makers, Tailors, and Dancing-masters, &c. Being the Sum of a Gentleman's Experience during his Tour through France and Italy.

Honour, or the Fashionable Combat. — Hounslow Heath, or the *Dernier Ressort*. — The Suicide, or the *Coup de Grace*: — Tragedies.

The Virgin Unmasked. — Miss in her Teens. — The Debauchees. — She Would if she Could. — The Careless Husband. — The Wanton Wife. — The Innocent Adultery: — Comedies; as they are now acting with universal applause.

The True Patriot, a Farce.

Handeli, Geminiani, Degiardini, Chabrani, Pasquali, Pasqualini, Passerini, Baumgarteni, Guadagni, Frasi, Galli, item aliorum harmoniosissimorum Signororum et Signorarum Opera.

“Yours, &c.,

“JACOB ELZEVIR.”

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No. 25. THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1754.

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— *Vivimus ambitiosâ*  
*Paupertate*. —

JUV. SAT. iii. 182.

A laced, embroider'd, powder'd, beggar-crowd;  
Haughty, yet even poorer than they're proud.

A LITTLE Frenchman, commonly known in town by the name of Count, and whose figure has been

long stuck up in the windows of print-shops, was always remarkable for the meanness, and, at the same time, the foppery of his appearance. His shoes, though perhaps capped at the toe, had red heels to them; and his stockings, though often full of holes, were constantly rolled up over his knees. By good luck he was once master of half a guinea; and having a great longing for a feather to his hat, and a very pressing necessity for a pair of breeches, he debated with himself about the disposal of his money. However, his vanity got the better of his necessity; and the next time the Count appeared in the Mall, by the ornaments of his head, you would have imagined him a beau; and by the nether part of his dress, you would have taken him for a heathen philosopher.

The conduct of this Frenchman, however ridiculous, is copied by a multitude of people in this town. To the same little pride of desiring to appear finer than they can afford, are owing the many rusty suits of black, the ties that seem taken from the basket of a shoeboy, and the smart waistcoats edged with a narrow cord, which serves as an apology for lace. I know a man of this cast, who has but one coat; but by now and then turning the cuffs, and changing the cape, it passes for two. He uses the same artifice with his peruke, which is naturally a kind of flowing bob; but, by the occasional addition of two tails, it sometimes appears as a major. Of this sort of men are composed the numerous fraternity of the shabby-genteel, who are the chief support of the clothiers in Monmouth Street, and the barbers in Middle Row.

Women are naturally so fond of ornament, that it is no wonder we should meet with so many second-hand gentry in that sex. Hence arise the red-armed



belles that appear in the park every Sunday ; hence it is, that sacks and *pete-en-l'airs* may be seen at Moorfields and Whitechapel ; and that those, who are ambitious to shine in diamonds, glitter in paste and Scotch pebbles. When I see the wives and daughters of tradesmen and mechanics make such attempts at finery, I cannot help pitying their poor fathers and husbands ; and at the same time am apt to consider their dress as a robbery on the shop. Thus, when I observe the tawdry gentility of a tallow-chandler's daughter, I look upon her as hung round with long sixes, short eights, and rushlights ; and when I contemplate the awkward pride of dress in a butcher's wife, I suppose her carrying about her sirloins of beef, fillets of veal, and shoulders of mutton. I was vastly diverted with a discovery I made a few days since. Going upon some business to a tradesman's house, I surprised, in a very extraordinary dishabille, two females, whom I had been frequently used to see strangely dizened out in the Mall. These fine ladies, it seems, were no other than my honest friend's daughters ; and one, who always dresses the family dinner, was genteely employed in winding up the jack, while the other was up to the elbows in soapsuds.

A desire of grandeur and magnificence is often absurd in those who can support it ; but when it takes hold of those who can scarce furnish themselves with necessaries, their poverty, instead of demanding our pity, becomes an object of ridicule. Many families among those who are called middling people, are not content without living elegantly as well as comfortably, and often involve themselves in very comical distresses. When they aim at appearing grand in the eye of the world, they grow proportionably mean and sordid in private. I went

the other day to dine with an old friend; and as he used to keep a remarkably good table, I was surprised that I could scarce make a meal with him. After dinner he rung the bell, and ordered the chariot to be got ready at six; and then turning to me, with an air of superiority, asked if he should set me down. Here the riddle was out; and I found that his equipage had eat up his table, and that he was obliged to starve his family to feed his horses.

I am acquainted with another house, where the master keeps an account against himself. This account is exactly stated in a large leger-book. What he saves from his ordinary expenses he places under the title of Debtor, and what he runs out is ranged under Creditor. I had lately an opportunity of turning over this curious account, and could not help smiling at many of the articles. Among the rest, I remember the following, with which I shall present the reader.

#### DEBTOR.

Dined abroad all this week — My wife ill — Saw no company — Saved seven dinners, etc.

Kept Lent, and saved in table charges the expense of four weeks.

Bated from the baker's bill half a crown.

Saved in apparel, by my family continuing to wear mourning three months longer than was requisite for the death of an aunt.

Received 1*l.* 10*s.* of the undertaker, in lieu of a scarf, hatband, and gloves.

#### CREDITOR.

Went to the play with my wife and daughters —

Sat in the boxes, instead of the gallery, as usual.

—*Mem.* To go no more to plays this year.

Invited Sir Charles Courtly and Major Standard to dinner.—Treated with claret, and two courses, in order to appear handsome. *Mem.* To be denied to everybody before dinner-time for these next three weeks.

Sunday—my wife had a rout—Lost at whist, thirty guineas—Card-money received, fifty shillings.—*N. B.* My wife must be ill again.

Gave at church to a brief for a terrible fire, sixpence.—Charity begins at home.

I should be sorry to have this method of balancing accounts become general. True economy does not merely consist in not exceeding our income, but in such a judicious management of it, as renders our whole appearance equal and consistent. We should laugh at a nobleman, who, to support the expense of running horses, should abridge his set to a pair; and, that his jockeys might come in first for the plate, be content to have his family dragged to his country-seat, like servant-maids in the caravan. There are many well-meaning people, who have the pride of living in a polite quarter of the town, though they are distressed even to pay the taxes; and nothing is more common than to see one particular room in a house furnished like a palace, while the rest have scarcely the necessary accommodations of an inn. Such a conduct appears to me equally ridiculous with that of the Frenchman, who, according to the jest, for the sake of wearing ruffles, is contented to go without a shirt.

This endeavour to appear grander than our circumstances will allow, is nowhere so contemptible as among those men of pleasure about town, who

have not fortunes in any proportion to their spirit. Men of quality have wisely contrived, that their sins should be expensive; for which reason those, who, with equal taste, have less money, are obliged to be economists in their sins, and are put to many little shifts to appear tolerably profligate and debauched. They get a knowledge of the names and faces of the most noted women upon town, and pretend an intimate acquaintance with them; though they know none of that order of ladies above the drabble-tailed prostitutes who walk the Strand. They talk very familiarly of the King's-Arms, and are in raptures with Mrs. Allan's claret, though they always dine snugly at a chop-house, and spend their evening at an ale-house or cider-cellar. The most ridiculous character I know of this sort is a young fellow, the son of a rich tobacco-nist in the city, who, because it is the fashion, has taken a girl into keeping. He knows the world better than to set her up a chariot, or let her have money at her own disposal. He regulates her expenses with the nicest economy, employs every morning in setting down what is laid out upon her, and very seriously takes an account of rolls and butter, two pence — for ribbon, one shilling and fourpence — pins, a half penny, &c., &c. Thus does he reconcile his extravagance and frugality to each other; and is as penurious and exact as an usurer, that he may be as genteel and wicked as a lord.

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## No. 26. THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1754.

*Hic dies verè mihi festus atras**Eximet curas.—*

HOR. CAR. iii. 14. 13.

Of all the days are in the week,

I dearly love but one day;

And that's the day that comes between

A Saturday and Monday.

OLD BALLAD.

A GENTLEMAN of my acquaintance lately laid before me an estimate of the consumption of bread and cheese, cakes, ale, &c., in all the little towns near London, every Sunday. It is incredible how many thousand buns are devoured in that one day at Chelsea and Paddington, and how much beer is swallowed at Islington and Mile End. Upon the whole I was vastly entertained with a review of this estimate; and could not help approving the observation of Tom Brown, 'that the Sabbath is a very fine institution, since the very breaking it is the support of half the villages about our metropolis.'

Our common people are very observant of that part of the commandment which enjoins them to do no manner of work on that day; and which they also seem to understand as a license to devote it to pleasure. They take this opportunity of thrusting their heads into the pillory at Georgia, being sworn at Highgate, and rolling down Flamstead Hill, in the park at Greenwich. As they all aim at going into the country, nothing can be a greater misfortune to the meaner part of the inhabitants of

London and Westminster, than a rainy Sunday; and how many honest people would be baulked of a ride once a week, if the legislature was to limit the hired one-horse chaises working on that day to a certain number, as well as the hackney coaches?

The substantial tradesman is wheeled down to his snug box; which has nothing rural about it except the ivy that overruns the front, and is placed as near to the roadside as possible, where the pleasure of seeing carriages pass under his window, amply compensates for his being almost smothered with dust. The few smart 'prentices, who are able to sit a horse, may be seen spurring their broken-winded hacks up the hills; and the good-natured husband, together with his mate, is dragged along the road to the envy and admiration of the foot passenger, who, to complete the Sunday picture, trudges patiently with a child in one arm, while his beloved doxy leans on the other, and waddles at his side sweltering beneath the unusual weight of a hoop-petticoat.

It is not to be supposed that the country has in itself any peculiar attractive charms to those who think themselves out of the world, if they are not within the sound of Bow bell. To most of our cockneys it serves only as an excuse for eating and drinking; and they get out of town merely because they have nothing to do at home. A brickkiln smells as sweet to them as a farm yard; they would pass by a barn or a haystack without notice; but they rejoice at the sight of every hedge ale-house that promises good home-brewed. As the rest of a cit's life is regular and uniform, his Sunday diversions have as little variety; and if he was to take a journal of them, we might suppose that it would run much in the following manner.

SUNDAY — Overslept myself — Did not rise till nine — Was a full hour in pulling on my new double-channelled pumps — Could get no breakfast, my wife being busy in dressing herself for church.

At ten — Family at church — Self walked to Mother Red Cap's — Smoked half a pipe, and drank a pint of the Alderman's. *N. B.* The beer was not so good as at the Adam and Eve at Pancras.

Dined at one — Pudding not boiled enough, suet musty — Wife was to drive me in a one-horse chair to see Mother Wells at Enfield Wash, but it looked likely to rain — Took a nap, and posted seven pages from my day-book till five. *Mem.* Colonel Promise has lost his election, and is turned out of his place. — To arrest him to-morrow.

At six — Mrs. Deputy to drink tea with my wife — I hate their slipslops — Called on my neighbour the common councilman, and took a walk with him to Islington.

From seven to eight — Smoked a pipe at the Castle, ate a heart-cake, and drank two pints of cider. *N. B.* To drink cider often, because neighbour tells me it is good for the stone and gravel.

At nine — Got to town again, very much fatigued with the journey — Pulled off my claret-coloured coat and blue satin waistcoat — Went to club, smoked three pipes, came home at twelve, and slept very soundly, till the 'prentice called me to go and take out a writ against Colonel Promise.

As to persons of quality, like Lady Loverule in the farce, they cannot see why one day should be more holy than another; therefore Sunday wears the same face with them as the rest of the week. Accordingly, for some part of this summer,

Ranelagh was opened on Sunday evenings; and I cannot help wondering that the custom did not continue. It must have been very convenient to pass away the time there, till the hour of meeting at the card-table; and it was certainly more decent to fix assignments there, than at church.

Going to church may, indeed, be reckoned among our Sunday amusements, as it is made a mere matter of diversion among many well-meaning people, who are induced to appear in a place of worship from the same motives that they frequent other public places. To some it answers all the purposes of a rout or assembly, to see and to be seen by their acquaintance; and from their bows, nods, courtesies, and loud conversation, one might conclude that they imagined themselves in a drawing-room. To others it affords the cheap opportunity of showing their taste for dress. Not a few, I believe, are drawn together in our cathedrals and larger churches by the influence of the music rather than the prayers; and are kept awake by a jig from the organ-loft, though they are lulled to sleep by the harangue from the pulpit. A well-disposed Christian will go a mile from his own house to the Temple Church, not because a Sherlock is to preach, but to hear a solo from Stanley.

But though going to church may be deemed a kind of amusement, yet, upon modern principles, it appears such a very odd one, that I am at a loss to account for the reasons which induced our ancestors to give into that method of passing their Sunday. At least, it is so wholly incompatible with the polite system of life, that a person of fashion, as affairs are now managed, finds it absolutely impossible to comply with this practice. Then again, the service always begins at such unfashionable hours, that in



the morning a man must huddle on his clothes, like a boy to run to school, and in an afternoon must inevitably go without his dinner. In order to remove all these objections, and that some ritual may be established in this kingdom, agreeable to our inclinations, and consistent with our practice, the following scheme has been lately sent me, in order to submit it to the serious consideration of the public.

*Imprimis*, It is humbly proposed that Christianity be entirely abolished by Act of Parliament, and that no other religion be imposed on us in its stead ; but as the age grows daily more and more enlightened, we may at last be quite delivered from the influence of superstition and bigotry.

Secondly, That in order to prevent our ever relapsing into pious errors, and that the common people may not lose their holiday, every Sunday be set apart to commemorate our victory over all religion ; that the churches be turned into free-thinking meeting-houses, and discourses read in them to confute the doctrine of a future state, the immortality of the soul, and other absurd notions, which some people now regard as objects of belief.

Thirdly, That a ritual be compiled exactly opposite to our present liturgy ; and that, instead of reading portions of Scripture, the first and second lessons shall consist of a section of the Posthumous Works of Lord Bolingbroke, or a few pages from the writings of Spinoza, Chubb, Maundeville, Hobbes, Collins, Tindal, &c., from which writers the preachers shall also take their text.

Fourthly, That the usual feasts and fasts, viz : Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, Trinity Sunday, &c., be still preserved ; but that on those days discourses

be delivered suitable to the occasion, containing a refutation of the Nativity, the Resurrection, the Trinity, &c.

Fifthly, That instead of the vile melody of a clerk bawling out two staves of Sternhold and Hopkins, or a cathedral choir singing anthems from the psalter, some of the most fashionable cantatas, opera airs, songs, or catches, be performed by the best voices for the entertainment of the company.

Lastly, That the whole service be conducted with such taste and elegance, as may render these freethinking meeting-houses as agreeable as the theatres; and that they may be even more judiciously calculated for the propagation of atheism and infidelity, than the Robin Hood Society, or the Oratory in Clare Market.

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No. 27. THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1754.

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• *Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipon.*

Words full of sound, but quite devoid of sense.

It is a heavy tax upon authors, that they should always be expected to write sense. Some few, indeed, who are rich in sentiment, pay this tax very cheerfully; but the generality endeavour one way or another to elude it. For this purpose some have moulded their pieces into the form of wings, axes, eggs, and altars; while others have laced down the

side of a copy of verses with the letters of their mistresses' name, and called it an acrostic ; not to mention the curious inventions of rebuses and anagrams. For the same reasons, the modern song-writers for our public gardens, who are our principal love-poets at present, entertain us with sonnets and madrigals in Crambo. Authors who promise wit, pay us off with puns and quibbles ; and, with our writers of comedy, long swords, short jerkins, and tables with carpets over them, pass for incident and humour.

But no artifice of this sort has been so often and so successfully practised as the immoderate use of uncouth terms and expressions. Words that mean nothing, provided they sound big, and fill the ear, are the best succedaneum for sense. Nothing so effectually answers Mr. Bayes's endeavour to elevate and surprise ; and the reader, though he sees nothing but straws float on the surface, candidly supposes that there are pearls and diamonds at the bottom. Several dull authors, by availing themselves of this secret, have passed for very deep writers ; and ar-rant nonsense has as often laid snugly beneath hard words, as a shallow pate beneath the solemn appearance of a full-bottomed periwig.

Those, who are employed in what they call abstract speculations, most commonly have recourse to this method. Their dissertations are naturally expected to illustrate and explain ; but this is sometimes a task above their abilities ; and when they have led the reader into a maze, from which they cannot deliver him, they very wisely bewilder him the more. This is the case with those profound writers, who have treated concerning the essence of matter, who talk very gravely of cuppeity, tableity, tallow-candleity, and twenty other things with as

much sound and as little signification. Of these, we may very well say with the poet,

Such labour'd nothings in so strange a style,  
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

POPE.

No mode of expression throws such an impenetrable mist over a work, as an unnecessary profusion of technical terms. This will appear very plainly to those who will turn over a few pages of any modern collection of voyages. Descriptions of a storm make some of the finest and most striking passages in the best poets; and it is for these in particular, that Longinus admires the *Odyssey*. The real circumstances of a storm are in themselves, without the aid of poetical ornaments, very affecting; yet, whoever reads an account of them in any of our writers of voyages, will be so puzzled and perplexed with starboard, and larboard, the main-mast and mizzenmast, and a multitude of sea terms, that he will not be the least moved at the distress of the ship's crew. The absurdity of this did not escape Swift, who has ridiculed it by a mock description of the same kind in his *Gulliver*. Those who treat military subjects, are equally ridiculous; they overwhelm you with counterscarps, palisades, bastions, etc., and so fortify their no-meaning with hard words, that it is absolutely impossible to beat them out of their intrenchments. Such writers, who abound in technical terms, always put me in mind of Ignoramus in the play, who courts his mistress out of the law-dictionary, runs over a long catalogue of the messuages, lands, tenements, barns, outhouses, etc., of which he will put her in possession, if she will join issue with him, and manifests his passion in the same manner that he would draw up a lease.

This affectation is never more offensive, than when it gets into the pulpit. The greater part of almost every audience that sits under our preachers, are ignorant and illiterate, and should therefore have every thing delivered to them in as plain, simple, and intelligible a manner as possible. Hard words, if they have any meanings, can only serve to make them stare; and they can never be edified by what they do not understand. Young clergymen just come from the university, are proud of showing the world, that they have been reading the Fathers, and are fond of entering on the most abstruse points of divinity. But they would employ their time more to their own credit, as well as the improvement of their hearers, if they would rather endeavour to explain and enforce the precepts of the Apostles and Evangelists, than retail the confused hypotheses of crabbed metaphysicians.

As to essays, and all other pieces that come under the denomination of familiar writings, one would imagine that they must necessarily be written in the easy language of nature and common sense. No writer can flatter himself, that his productions will be an agreeable part of the equipage of the tea-table, who writes almost too abstrusely for the study, and involves his thoughts in hard words and affected latinisms. Yet, this has been reckoned by many, the standard style for these loose detached pieces. Addison was proud that he could boast of having drawn learning out of schools and colleges into clubs and coffee-houses, as Socrates was said to draw morality from the clouds to dwell among men; but these people, as Lord Bolingbroke pretends to say of the same Socrates, mount the clouds themselves. This new-fangled manner of delivering our sentiments is called writing sound sense; and, if I find

this mode seems likely to prevail, I shall certainly think it expedient to give into it, and very suddenly oblige the world with a Connoisseur so sensible, that it will be impossible to understand it.

But hard words and uncouth ways of expressing ourselves, never appear with so ill a grace, as in our common conversation. — In writing, we expect some degree of exactness and precision; but if even there they seem harsh and disagreeable, when they obstruct the freedom of our familiar chat, they either make us laugh, or put us out of patience. It was imagined by the ancients, that things were called by one name among mortals, and by another among the gods. In like manner, some gentlemen, who would be accounted fine spoken persons, disdain to mention the most trivial matters in the same terms with the rest of the world; and scarce inquire how you do, or bid you good morrow, in any phrase that is intelligible. It always puts me in pain to find a lady give into this practice. If she makes no blunder, it sits very ungracefully upon her; but it is ten to one that the rough uncouth syllables that form these words, are too harsh and big for the pretty creature's mouth; and then she maims them and breaks them to her use so whimsically, that one can scarce tell whether she is talking French or English. I shall make no more reflections on this subject at present, but conclude my paper with a short story.

A merry fellow, who was formerly of the university, going through Cambridge on a journey, took it into his head to call on his old tutor. As it is no great wonder that pedantry should be found in a college, the tutor used to lard his conversation with numberless hard words and forced derivations from the Latin. His pupil who had a mind to banter

the old gentleman on his darling foible, when he visited him, entered his chambers with a huge dictionary under his arm. The first compliments were scarce over, before the tutor bolted out a word big enough for the mouth of Garagantua. Here the pupil begged that he would stop a little; and, after turning over his dictionary, desired him to proceed. The learned gentleman went on, and the pupil seemed to listen with great attention, till another word came out as hard as the former, at which he again interrupted him, and again had recourse to his dictionary. This appears to me the only way of conversing with persons of so pompous an elocution; unless we convert the orators themselves into lexicons to interpret their own phrases, by troubling them to reduce the meaning of their fine speeches into plain English.

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No. 28. THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1754.

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—*Sequitur atris ignibus absens ;*  
*Omnibus umbra locis adero : dabis, improbe, pœnas.*

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 384.

Thou to thy crime shall feel the vengeance due:  
 With hell's black fires forever I'll pursue;  
 In every place my injured shade shall rise,  
 And conscience still present me to thy eyes.

TOM DARE-DEVIL, who was so much superior to the rest of our Bucks that he gained the appellation of Stag, finished a course of continual debaucheries,

and was carried off last week by a phrenetic fever. I happened to be present at his last moments; and the remembrance of him still dwells so strongly on my mind, that I see him, I hear him, in all the agonies of despair, starting, trembling, and uttering the most horrid execrations. His conscience at the approach of death had conjured up before him ‘ten thousand devils with their red-hot spits,’ who assumed the shapes of all those whom he had injured, and ‘came hissing on’ to retaliate their wrongs. ‘Save me, save me,’ he would cry, ‘from that bleeding form — he was my friend — but I run him through the heart in a quarrel about a whore — Take away that old fellow — he would have carried us to the round-house — I knocked him down with his own staff, — but I did not think the poor dog would have died by it.’ When the nurse offered him a draught to take: ‘Why,’ said he, ‘will you ply me with champagne? — ’tis a damnable liquor, and I’ll drink no more of it.’ In one of his lucid intervals he grasped my hand vehemently, and bursting into tears: ‘Would to God,’ said he, ‘I had died twenty years ago.’ At length his unwilling soul parted from the body; and the last words we heard from him were a faint ejaculation to his Maker, whom he had blasphemed all his life. His shocking exit made me reflect on that fine passage in the Scriptures, ‘Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his.’

The behaviour of this unhappy wretch afforded a dreadful instance of the truth of that maxim, *There is no hell like a troubled conscience.* ‘There needs, indeed, no ghost to tell us this;’ but it were to be wished, that the conscience of every living reprobate could work on his imagination in the same manner, and raise up such horrid apparitions to torment him.



Where is the wretch so hardened, who would not be dismayed at these terrors? Or who could persevere in a course of wickedness, when every fresh offence would create a new fury to haunt him for his crimes?

Let us, for instance, take a view of the most glaring circumstances in the life of that arch-infidel, Tom Dare-Devil; and let us at the same time conceive, if possible, what pangs he must have felt, had every flagitious act been attended with the same phantoms that distracted him on his death-bed. Fir-t, then, let us contemplate him as a paricide; for so he may be called, who by repeated disobedience broke the heart of a most affectionate father. Could filial ingratitude receive a sharper punishment, than in the midst of his debaucheries to have his father continually before his eyes, expostulating with him on his unnatural behaviour? 'O my son,' might he have heard him say, 'was it for this that thy mother, who died in giving thee life, begged me with her last breath to be kind to the boy? Was it for this that the country rung with joy for my being blessed with an heir? — O my child, whom can I now call my heir? That estate, which I was so solicitous to improve for thy sake, is dissipated among jockeys, gamblers, pimps, and prostitutes. — If you should ever have a son, may his ingratitude never make you think of me.'

Tom, indeed, took care never to have any vexation from children; he had too great a spirit to bear the shackles of matrimony, and lived in a state of celibacy among bagnios. Sometimes he made inroads on private life, and disturbed the peace of families by debauching the wives and daughters of his acquaintance. Among other gallant exploits, he decoyed up to town the daughter of a country gen-

tleman, where he ruined her, and then left her to linger under an infamous disease. At length the fruits of his amour appeared in a child, which soon perished with its unhappy parent in a public hospital. By the same magic of the fancy let us raise up this poor girl with the infant in her arms, while he is wantoning among his doxies, and lording it like a bashaw over the vassals of his lust. What remorse must this villain have felt, could he have imagined her to have addressed him in the following terms! — ‘Behold in the loathsome carcase of this babe the image of thyself; foul, rotten, and corrupt. How could I suffer so contemptible a creature to draw me from the comfortable protection of my parents? — It was just, indeed, that I should fall a victim to my folly; but was this diseased infant quickened only to proclaim my dishonour and thy infamy? — Why hadst thou yet the power left to propagate misery even to the innocent?’

Tom had often signalized himself as a duellist; his conscience, as we have already mentioned, upbraided him at his dying moments with the murder of a particular friend. He had once ill luck at cards; and, being irritated with his losses, and suspecting foul play on the part of his antagonist, he took him by the nose, which consequently produced a challenge. He is hastening to the field of battle, — but he fancies himself followed by the manes of his friend, whom, on the same unhallowed ground he had lately sacrificed to that idol honour. He hears him call — ‘Turn, madman, turn, and look on me. — You may remember with what reluctance I met you — You forced me to the combat — and I was even pleased, that the victory was yours. You deprived me of life in an idle quarrel about a creature, whom at your return from

the murder of your friend, you detected in the arms of another. — It was honour, that induced you to wound the bosom of one you loved ; — The same honour now calls you to give a fellow, whom you despise, an opportunity to retaliate the injury done to me. — What folly is it to put your life into the hands of a scoundrel, who, you suspect, has already robbed you of your fortune ? — But go on, and let your death rid the world of a monster, who is desperate enough to put his own life on the hazard, and wicked enough to attempt that of another.' — It happened, however, that Tom had no occasion for such a monitor, as the person whom he went to meet proved as great a coward as he was a cheat ; and our hero, after waiting a full hour in his pumps, and parrying with the air, had no other revenge for the loss of his money, than the satisfaction of posting him for a scoundrel.

Though the hero of our story was cut off in the prime of his life, yet he may be said, like Nestor, to have outlived three generations. All the young fellows of spirit were proud to be enrolled in the list of his companions ; but, as their constitutions were more puny than his, three sets of them had dropped into the grave, and left him at the head of the fourth. He would often boast of the many promising geniuses, who had fallen in the vain attempt of keeping pace with him in the various scenes of debauchery. In this light we may consider him as an accessory to so many wanton murders. By the operation of his conscience, at every tavern door he might have met with an acquaintance to bar his passage ; and, in the midst of his jollity, like Macbeth, he might have dashed down his glass, and imagined that he saw a departed friend filling the vacant chair.

From the nature of the facts which have already been recorded of Tom Dare-Devil, the reader will easily conclude that he must have been an atheist. No creature, who believed in a Supreme Being, could have acted so vilely towards his fellow-creatures. Tom was a president of an abominable club, who met together every Sunday night to utter the most horrid blasphemies. The members of this most scandalous society must have heard of the manner of their great tutor's death. — Let us imagine, therefore, that they could figure to themselves his ghost appearing to them, warning them of their errors, and exhorting them to repent. They might conceive him setting forth, in the most pathetic manner, the consequences of their folly, and declaring to them, how convinced he now was of the certainty of those doctrines, which they daily ridiculed. Such an apparition would, indeed, have an effect upon common sinners; but in all probability a thorough-paced infidel would not be reclaimed, even 'though one rose from the dead.'

What I have here supposed might have been the case of one particular reprobate, is in the power of every person to put in practice for himself. Nothing is a surer instance of the goodness of the Creator, than that delicate inward feeling, so strongly impressed on every reasonable creature. This internal sense, if duly attended to, and diligently cherished, and kept alive, would check the sinner in his career, and make him look back with horror on his crimes. An ancient is commended for wishing, 'that he had a window in his breast, that every one might see into it;' but it is certainly of more consequence to keep ourselves free from the reproach of our own hearts, than from the evil opinions of others. We should, therefore, consider conscience as a mirror, in

which every one may see himself reflected, and in which every action is represented in its proper colours.

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No. 29. THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1754.

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*Gaudent scribentes, et se venerantur.—*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 2. 107.

From self each scribbler adoration draws,  
And gathers incense from his own applause.

THAT there is a vanity inherent in every author must be confessed, whatever pains they may take to conceal it from the rest of mankind. For my own part, I readily acknowledge, that I am always wonderfully delighted with my own productions. I snatch up the favourite sheets wet from the press, and devour every syllable; not the least particle escapes my notice; and I dwell with admiration on the beauties of an expressive ‘and’ or emphatical ‘the.’ If every reader was to pay the same attention to my works, or peruse them with half the satisfaction, Mr. Town might be fairly pronounced the greatest author of the age. But I am afraid I shall scarce find another, who will so heartily join in the good opinion I have conceived of myself; and many a choice sentiment, many a culled expression, which I have repeated to myself over and over again with ecstasy, has by others, perhaps, been as hastily hurried over as any common article in a newspaper.

An author, who is ever big with the idea of his own importance, will gather matter for self-flattery from the most trivial circumstances. On the mornings of publication, I have sometimes made it my business to go round the coffee-houses, in order to receive whatever incense of praise I could collect from the approbation of my readers. My heart, you may imagine, has bounded with joy when I have heard the room echo with calling for *The Connoisseur*; but how has it sunk again, when I have found the same tokens of esteem shown to a brother writer! I could have hugged any honest fellow that has chuckled over my performances, and pointed out my good things; but I have been no less chagrined, when I have seen a coxcomb coolly take up my paper, squint over the first page, and throw it down again with all the indifference imaginable; though, indeed, I have never failed within myself to pronounce of such a person, that he is dull, ignorant, and illiterate. I once happened to be seated in the next box to two noted critics, who were looking over the file of my papers, and seemed particularly pleased with several parts of them. I immediately conceived a very high opinion of their taste and judgment; I remarked with singular satisfaction the effect which my wit and humour had on their countenances; and as they turned over the pages, I imagined I could point out the very passages which provoked them frequently to smile, and sometimes to burst into a loud laugh. As soon as they were gone, I seized the file; when lo! to my great mortification, I found they had been reading, not my own admirable works, but the lucubrations of a brother essayist.

My vanity has often prompted me to wish that I could accompany my papers wheresoever they are

circulated. I flatter myself I should then be introduced to the politest men of quality, and admitted into the closets of our finest ladies. This consideration would doubtless make me vain of myself; but my pride would be soon checked by reflecting further, that were I obliged to follow my papers afterwards through all their travels and mutations, I should certainly undergo the shame of seeing many of them prostituted to the vilest purposes. If in one place I might be pleased to find them the entertainment of the tea-table, in another I should be no less vexed to see them degraded to the base office of sticking up candles. Such is the fatality attending these loose sheets, that though at their first publication they may be thought as precious as the Sibyl's leaves, the next moment they may be thrown aside as no better than a last year's almanac.

Ever since my first appearance in a sheet and half, I have felt great uneasiness on account of the rude treatment which my works have been subject to in their present form. I turned off my printer for a very heinous affront offered to my delicacy, having detected some foul proofs of my first numbers lodged in a very unseemly place; and I almost came to an open rupture with my publisher, because his wife had converted a supernumerary half-sheet into a thread-paper. A lady whose sense and beauty I had always admired, forfeited my esteem at once, by cutting out a pattern for a cap from one of my papers; and a young fellow, who had spoken very handsomely of one of my essays, entirely lost the good opinion I had conceived of him, by defiling the blank margin with a filthy list of foul shirts and dirty stockings. The repeated abuses of illiterate bakers, pastry-cooks, and chan-

dlers, I know I am condemned to suffer in common with other mortal writers. It was ever their privilege to prey indiscriminately on all authors, good or bad; and as politicians, wits, freethinkers, and divines, may have their dust mingled in the same piece of ground, so may their works be jumbled together in the lining of the same trunk or bandbox.

One instance may indeed be brought in, which I am used to hail as a lucky omen, the damages that my papers appear to have sustained in their outward form and complexion. With what raptures have I traced the progress of my fame, while I have contemplated my numbers in the public coffee-houses, strung upon a file, and swelling gradually into a little volume! By the appearance which they make, when thus collected, I have often judged of the reception they have singly met with from their readers; I have considered every speck of dirt as a mark of reputation, and have assumed to myself applause from the spilling of coffee, or the print of a greasy thumb. In a word, I look upon each paper, when torn, and sullied by frequent handling, as an old soldier battered in the service, and covered with honourable scars.

I was led into this train of thought by an accident which happened to me the other evening, as I was walking in some fields near the town. As I went along, my curiosity tempted me to examine the materials of which several paper kites were made up; from whence I had sufficient room to moralize on the ill fate of authors. On one, I discovered several pages of a sermon expanded over the surface; on another, the wings fluttered with love songs; and a satire on the ministry furnished another with ballast for the tail. I at length happened to cast my eye on one taller than the rest,



and beheld several of my own darling productions pasted over it. My indignation was presently raised, that I should become the plaything of children; and I was even ashamed, that the great name of Town, which stared me full in the front, should be exposed, like the compositions of Dr. Rock, on the wall, to every idle gazer. However, by a curious turn of thought, I converted, what at first seemed a disgrace, into a compliment to my vanity. As the kite rose into the air, I drew a flattering parallel between the height of its flight and the soaring of my own reputation; I imagined myself lifted up on the wings of fame, and, like Horace's swan, towering above mortality; I fancied myself borne like a blazing star among the clouds, to the admiration of the gazing multitude.

— *Via est, quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.*

VIRG. GEORG. ii. 8.

And up he rises like a vapour;  
Supported high on wings of paper,  
He singing flies and flying sings,  
While from below all Grub Street rings.

SWIFT.

While I was indulging this fantastic contemplation of my own excellence, I never considered by how slight a thread my chimerical importance was supported. The twine broke; and the kite, together with my airy dreams of immortality, dropped to the ground.

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No. 30. THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1754.

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*Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant,  
Multa caro lateri ingeminant, et pectore vastos  
Dant sonitus: erratque aures et tempora circum  
Crebra manus: duro crepitant sub vulnere malæ.*

VIRG. ÆN. V. 433.

Thumps following thumps, and blows succeeding blows,  
Swell the black eye, and crush the bleeding nose:  
Beneath the ponderous fist the jawbone cracks,  
And the cheeks ring with their redoubled thwacks.

At a time when Peace spreads her downy wings over contending nations, and when armies, like the harmless militia, are drawn into the field only to be reviewed, all Europe must undoubtedly be alarmed to hear of the bloody battle which has been lately fought in England. It is a justice due to posterity to preserve a faithful account of this memorable event; I shall therefore set it down, as I find it recorded in those authentic registers of heroic actions, the newspapers, without deviating a tittle from the expressive terms in which this extraordinary combat is related.

• Harlston in Norfolk, July 30. Yesterday in the afternoon Slack and Pettit met and fought. At the first set-to, Pettit seized Slack by the throat, and held him up against the rails, and grained him so much as to make him extremely black; this continued for half a minute, before Slack could break Pettit's hold; after which, for near ten minutes,

Pettit kept fighting and driving hard at Slack, when at length Slack closed with his antagonist, and gave him a very severe fall, after that a second and third; but between these falls Pettit threw Slack twice off the stage, and indeed Pettit so much dreaded Slack's falls, that he ran directly at his hams and tumbled him down, and by that means gave Slack an opportunity of making the falls very easy. When they had been fighting eighteen minutes, the odds ran against Slack a guinea to a shilling; whereas, on first setting out, it was three or four to one on his head; but after this time Slack shortened Pettit so, as to disable him from running and throwing him down in the manner he had done before, but obliged him to stand to close fighting. Slack then closed one of his eyes, and beat him very much about the face. At twenty minutes Pettit grew weaker, Slack stronger; this was occasioned by Slack's straight way of fighting. At twenty-two minutes, the best judges allowed Slack to have the advantage over Pettit very considerably, as he was then recovering his wind, which was owing to game; when they had boxed twenty-four minutes, Pettit threw Slack again over the rails. This indeed Slack suffered him to do, as by that means he fixed a blow under Pettit's ribs, that hurt him much. Whilst Slack was again getting upon the stage, it was not half a minute before he was remounted, Pettit had so much the fear of his antagonist before his eyes, that he walked off without so much as civilly taking leave of the spectators, or saying any thing to any person. This the cockers call roguing of it; for it is generally thought that Pettit ran away full strong. The whole time of their fighting was twenty-five minutes; and this morning the battle was given to Slack, who drew

the first ten guineas out of the box. Thus ended this dreadful combat.'

Every man, who has the honour of the British fist at heart, must look with admiration on the bottom, the wind, the game, of this invincible champion, Slack. How must they applaud his address in fighting straight; and with what detestation must they look upon his dastardly antagonist, who could so shamefully rogue it! Captain Godfrey, the sublime historian of these hardy heroes, would have exclaimed on this occasion: 'Hail, mighty Slack, thou pride of the butchers! Let the shambles echo with thy praise, and let marrowbones and cleavers proclaim thy glorious triumph. What was that half-bred bruiser, Milo, who is celebrated by the ancients for knocking down an ox, to cut out the hide into thongs for his cestus? Every petty slaughterman of Clare-Market can perform greater feats; but thou, with resistless arm, hast not only knocked down oxen, but made the sturdy race of barbers, cobblers, and watermen fall before thee.'

I cannot but lament the cruelty of that law which has shut up our amphitheatres; and I look upon the professors of the noble art of boxing, as a kind of disbanded army, for whom we have made no provision. The mechanics who, at the call of glory, left their mean occupations, are now obliged to have recourse to them again; and coachmen and barbers resume the whip and the razor, instead of giving black eyes and cross-buttocks. I know a veteran that has often won the whole house, who is reduced, like Belisarius, to spread his palm in begging for a half-penny. Some have been forced to exercise their art in knocking down passengers in dark alleys and corners; while others have learned to open their fists and ply their fingers in picking pockets.

Buckhorse, whose knuckles had been used to indent many a bruise, now clenches them only to grasp a link; and Broughton employs the muscles of his brawny arm in squeezing a lemon or drawing a cork. His amphitheatre itself is converted into a Methodist meeting-house; and perhaps, as laymen there are admitted into the pulpit, those very fists, which so lately dealt such hearty bangs upon the stage, are now with equal vehemence thumping the cushion.

The dexterous use of the fist is a truly British exercise; and the sturdy English have been as much renowned for their boxing as their beef; both which are by no means suited to the watery stomachs and weak sinews of their enemies, the French. To this nutriment and this art is owing that long-established maxim, that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen. A Frenchman, who piddles on a fricassee of frogs, can no more encounter with an Englishman, who feeds upon beef, than the frog in the fable could swell her little body to the size of an ox; and from hence we may conclude, on the principles of philosophy, that the elastic spring, which darts from the knuckles of an Englishman, falls into the heels of a Frenchman. One of my correspondents has already remonstrated against the degeneracy of the present times in our shameful neglect of that support of our national strength, old English roast beef. Indeed, we can never hope that any of our modern heroes would attempt to fix a blow under the ribs, when they are afraid of plunging a knife into a sirloin; and I will venture to prophesy, that when the times come, that sirloins are no more brought upon the table, we shall not be able to produce one Englishman who can knock down an ox.

Our present race of spindle-shanked beaux had rather close with an orange wench at the play-house, than engage in a bye-battle at Tottenham-Court. It is therefore no wonder that they should object to this manly practice, for which they are so ill fitted. How can we imagine that they could stand against the buffets of a bruiser, when they might almost be patted down with the fan of a lady? An attempt was once made by Broughton to bring this study into vogue, by establishing a school for boxing in which he was himself to be the lecturer. He invited the young gentlemen of the army, and all other men of spirit, to engage under his directions; and promised to arm their feeble wrists with muffers, so that nothing might be apprehended by the softest head or tenderest skin. A few, indeed, were hardy enough to try a fall with him; but most of our young fellows gave up the gauntlet for scented gloves; and loathing the mutton fists of vulgar carmen and porters, they rather chose to hang their hands in a sling, to make them white and delicate as a lady's. I cannot but regret, that this design was not generally encouraged, as it might perhaps have abolished almost the only use that is at present made of the sword; and men of honour, instead of tilting at each other, might have had satisfaction in a tight set-to, behind Montague-house.

The amusement of boxing, I must confess, is more immediately calculated for the vulgar, who can have no relish for the more refined pleasures of whist and the hazard table. Men of fashion have found out a more genteel employment for their hands, in shuffling a pack of cards and shaking the dice; and, indeed, it will appear, upon a strict review, that most of our fashionable diversions are

nothing else but different branches of gaming. What lady would be able to boast a rout at her house, consisting of three or four hundred persons, if they were not to be drawn together by the charms of playing a rubber? and the prohibition of our jubilee masquerades is hardly to be regretted, as they wanted the most essential part of their entertainments, the E O table. To this polite spirit of gaming, which has diffused itself through all the fashionable world, is owing the vast encouragement that is given to the turf; and horseraces are esteemed only as they afford occasion for making a bet. The same spirit, likewise, draws the knowing ones together in a cockpit; and cocks are rescued from the dunghill, and armed with gaffles, to furnish a new species of gaming. For this reason, among others, I cannot but regret the loss of our elegant amusements in Oxford Road and Tottenham Court. A great part of the spectators used to be deeply interested in what was doing on the stage, and were as earnest to make an advantage of the issue of the battle, as the champions themselves to draw the largest sum from the box. The amphitheatre was at once a school for boxing and gaming. Many thousands have depended upon a match; the odds have often risen at a black eye; a large bet has been occasioned by a cross-buttock; and while the house has resounded with the lusty bangs of the combatants, it has at the same time echoed with the cries of five to one, six to one, ten to one.

The loss of this branch of gaming is a public calamity; and I doubt not but the gentlemen at White's and all others whom it concerns, will use their utmost endeavours to restore it. The many plates given all over the kingdom have undoubtedly improved our breed of horses; and if the diversion

of boxing was to meet with equal encouragement, we should certainly have a more stout and hardy race of bruisers. It might perhaps become a fashion for gentlemen, who were fond of the sport, to keep champions in training, put them in sweats, diet them, and breed up the human species with the same care as they do cocks and horses. In course of time this branch of gaming, like all others, would doubtless be reduced to a science; and Broughton, in imitation of that great genius, Hoyle, might oblige the public with a Treatise on the Fist, and calculations for laying the odds at any match of boxing.

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No. 31. THURSDAY. AUGUST 29, 1754.

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*Neu, pueri, neu tanta animis assuescite bella.*

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 832.

No more, ye bloods, encounter with each other,  
But each fine gentleman embrace his brother.

“ TO MR. TOWN.

“ SIR,

“ YOU must have observed a paragraph in the newspapers dated from Dublin, which informs us, ‘the spirit of duelling is now become so common, that scarce a day passes without one or more being fought in or near that metropolis.’ I am very much alarmed, lest this madness should cross the seas; to say the truth, I almost begin to think it



necessary that the frequent importation of Irishmen into this kingdom should, for some time, be prohibited; and an embargo laid on those ships that are freighted with contraband duellists. It is your duty, Mr. Town, at least, to do all in your power to prevent the influence which the conduct of these heroic gentlemen who cannot suffer their swords to sleep quietly in their scabbards, may have on our young fellows; I must therefore beg of you to put together a few thoughts on this occasion; and, though the subject has been often treated before, I cannot but imagine that there is sufficient room left for you to expatiate on it. It is usual among the bishops, when they find any particular vice prevail, to send orders to the clergy of their respective dioceses to preach against it. In like manner it is your duty, as censor-general, to attack the reigning follies; and it is surely as easy for you to throw them into a new light, as it is for the clergy to preach different sermons on the same text.

“ You will undoubtedly agree with me, that gaming is one of the principal causes of duels, and that many a young fellow has owed his death to cards and dice. As the gaming-houses are often filled with rogues in lace, and sharpers in embroidery, an honest but rash adventurer often loses his temper with his money, and begins to suspect that the cards are packed or the dice loaded; and then very wisely risks his life, because he finds it impossible to recover his cash. Upon this account, I am never witness to deep play, but it raises very serious reflections in me. When I have seen a young nobleman offer a large stake, I have considered him as setting his life upon a card, or, like King Richard, ‘laying it upon a cast, and standing the hazard of the die.’ I have even imagined, that I heard

bullets rattle in the dice-box, and that I saw challenges written upon every card on the table.

“The ladies also are frequently the cause of duels; though it must be owned, in justice to the better part of the sex, that where one is fought on account of a modest woman, ten are occasioned by prostitutes. The stout knights-errant, who entertain a passion for the faithless Dulcineas of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, find frequent opportunities of manifesting their prowess. They not only encounter with bullies and bravos, but sometimes meet with other enamoratos as fond and as mad as themselves. I am personally acquainted with two gentlemen of this turn, who held out pistols at each other across a bed at one of these ladies’ lodgings, and tossed up which should fire first. The pistol, however, luckily missed fire, and gave them time to think better of it; so they very amicably shook hands, laid down their pistols, and went to bed to the lady together. These females are not content, it seems, with the conquests commonly made by the fair, but often pass a more cruel sentence on their captives. Their lovers not only suffer those metaphorical deaths, which all their tribe must endure, but are often really killed in serious truth and sober sadness. They are not only shot through the heart by an accidental glance of the eyes, but often have a brace of balls lodged in their heads; and are not only ‘stabbed through the liver,’ as *Mercutio* has it, ‘by the blind bow-boy’s butt-shaft,’ but they may perhaps be engaged in a duel with a rival, in which they are run through the body.

“A foreign Count was once challenged by one of these hot-headed gentlemen; and I shall conclude my letter by recommending his method to our modern duellists. The place of battle appointed was

the Count's house ; and when the furious challenger came in, breathing nothing but revenge, he was surprised to find the Count sitting very composedly with a candle and a barrel at his side. 'This, Sir,' said the Count, 'is a barrel of gunpowder ; and if you please, we will take our chance, who shall set fire to it, you or I.' The gentleman, amazed at so extraordinary a proposal, made no answer ; upon which the Count lighted a match, and waving it over the mouth of the barrel, cried out, 'Get out of the room, Sir, or I will set fire to the powder this instant.' This abated our challenger's wrath so considerably, that the Count was rid of him in a moment, and he was glad to leave the room without any satisfaction. — I shall expect something from you on this subject, and am,

"Sir, your humble servant,

"EPHRAIM MAKEPEACE."

I shall not refuse, in compliance with the request of my correspondent, to give my animadversions on this subject ; but as I am not inclined to measure swords on this occasion with any of my predecessors or contemporaries, I shall take a different course, and appear in the cause as an advocate for duelling. The vices and follies of the fashionable world are so connected with each other, that they almost form a regular system ; and the practice of them all is absolutely necessary to complete the character of a fine gentleman. A fine gentleman, in the modern sense of the word, is one that whores, games, and wears a sword. Running after loose women is, indeed, in some measure common to this exalted part of mankind with the vulgar ; but to live in bagnios, to be kept in repair by Rock or Ward by the quarter, to be in a continual course of pill and electuary,

and to make a business of fornication, is the peculiar privilege of a fine gentleman. Gaming is, also, an essential requisite to this character, and is, indeed, capable of itself to create a person a gentleman, who has no other pretensions to that title. The greatest scoundrels, provided they were gamesters, have always been permitted to associate with people of fashion; and, perhaps, they hold their title to the best company by the same tenure, that the knaves keep their rank among the honours in a pack of cards. But the grand distinguishing mark of a fine gentleman is the wearing a sword. Gentility displays itself in a well-fancied sword-knot, and honour lies sheathed in the scabbard. All who bear arms have a claim to this character; even our common soldiers, like the knights of old, are dubbed gentlemen on the shoulder; with this only difference, that, instead of the sword, the ceremony is performed by a brown musket.

Upon these and many other weighty considerations, I have resolved not to disturb the tranquillity of the polite world, by railing at their darling vices. A censor may endeavour to new cock a hat, to raise the stays, or write down the short petticoat, at his pleasure. Persons of quality will vary fashions of themselves, but will always adhere steadily to their vices. I have, besides, received several letters from surgeons and younger brothers, desiring me to promote, as far as lies in my power, the modern way of life, and especially the practice of duelling. The former open their case in the most pathetic terms, and assure me that if it was not for duels, and the amorous rencounters of fine gentlemen with the other sex, their professions would scarce support them. As to the young gentlemen, they inveigh bitterly against the unequal distribution of property by the laws of Eng-

land, and offer me very considerable bribes, if I will espouse the cause of duels and debauchery ; without which they scarce have any tolerable chance of coming in for the family estate.

Swift somewhere observes, that these differences very rarely happen among men of sense, and he does not see any great harm, if two worthless fellows send each other out of the world. I shall, therefore, humbly propose, the more effectually to keep up this spirit, that duels may be included in the License Act among our other public diversions, with a restraining clause, taking away all power from the justices to prohibit these entertainments. I would also propose, for the better accommodation of the public, that scaffolds be erected behind Montague House, or in any other convenient place, as there are now at Tyburn ; and that, whenever any two gentlemen quarrel, they shall insert their challenge in the daily papers, after the following manner, in imitation of the late champions at Broughton's Amphitheatre.

I, John Mac-Duel, having been affronted by Richard Flash, hereby challenge him to meet me behind Montague House on the      day of      to go through all the exercise of the smallsword ; to advance, retire, parry, and thrust in carte, tierce, and seagoon, and to take my life, or lose his own.

JOHN MAC-DUEL.

I, Richard Flash, who have spitted many such dastardly fellows on my sword like larks, promise to meet John Mac-Duel, and doubt not, by running him through the body, to give him gentlemanlike satisfaction.

RICHARD FLASH.

By this scheme, the public would have an opportunity of being present at these fashionable amusements, and might revive that lost species of gaming, so much lamented in our last paper, by laying bets on the issue of the combat.

It should also be provided, that if either or both are killed, the body or bodies be delivered to the surgeons to be anatomized, and placed in their hall; unless the younger brother or next heir shall give them an equivalent.

It should also be provided by the above-mentioned act, that no person be qualified to fight a duel who is not worth 500*l.* per ann. For as it is unsportsmanlike to admit dunghill cocks into the pit, so it would render this inestimable privilege less valuable, if every mean wretch had a right of being run through the body, who could do the public no service by his death.

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No. 32. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1754.

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*Emunctæ naris.*—

HOR. SAT. i. 4. 8.

A plain blunt fellow, who, like scented beaux,  
With vile pulvilio ne'er begrimed his nose.

“TO MR. TOWN.

“SIR,

“I KNOW not whether you yourself are addicted to a filthy practice, which is frequent among all

ranks of people, though detestable even among the lowest. The practice I mean is that of snufftaking; which I cannot help regarding as a national plague, that, like another epidemical distemper, has taken hold of our noses. You authors may perhaps claim it as a privilege, since snuff is supposed by you to whet the invention, and every one is not possessed of Bays's admirable receipt, the 'spirit of brains;' — but give me leave to tell you, that snuff should no more be administered in public, than Major's medicinal composition at four-pence a pinch, or any other dose of physic. I know not why people should be allowed to annoy their friends and acquaintance by smearing their noses with dirty powder, any more than in using an eye-water, or rubbing their teeth with a dentrifice.

"If a stranger to this nasty custom was to observe almost every one 'drawing out his pouncet-box, and ever and anon giving it to his nose,' he would be led to conclude that we were no better than a nation of Hottentots; and that every one was obliged to cram his nostrils with a quantity of scented dirt to fence them from the disagreeable effluvia of the rest of the company. Indeed, it might not be absurd in such a stranger to imagine that the person he conversed with took snuff, for the same reason that another might press his nostrils together between his finger and thumb, to exclude an ill smell.

"It is customary among those polite people, the Dutch, to carry with them everywhere their short dingy pipes, and smoke and spit about a room even in the presence of ladies. This piece of good breeding, however ridiculous it may seem, is surely not more offensive to good-manners than the practice of snufftaking. A very Dutchman would think

it odd, that a people who pretend to politeness, should be continually snuffing up a parcel of tobacco-dust ; nor can I help laughing, when I see a man every minute stealing out a dirty muckender, then sneaking it in again, as much ashamed of his pocket companion, as he would be to carry a dishclout about him.

“ It is, indeed, impossible to go into any large company without being disturbed by this abominable practice. The church and the playhouse continually echo with this music of the nose, and in every corner you may hear them in concert snuffing, sneezing, hawking, and grunting like a drove of hogs. The most pathetic speech in a tragedy has been interrupted by the blowing of noses in the front and side-boxes ; and I have known a whole congregation suddenly raised from their knees in the middle of a prayer by the violent coughing of an old lady, who has been almost choked by a pinch of snuff in giving vent to an ejaculation. A celebrated actor has spoiled his voice by this absurd treatment of his nose, which has made his articulation as dull and drowsy as the hum of a bagpipe ; and the parson of our parish is often forced to break off in the middle of a period, to snort behind his white handkerchief.

“ Is it not a wonder, Mr. Town, that snuff, which is certainly an enemy to dress, should yet gain admittance among those who have no other merit than their clothes ? I am not to be told, that your men of fashion take snuff only to display a white hand perhaps, or the brilliancy of a diamond ring ; and, I am confident, that numbers would never have defiled themselves with the use of snuff, had they not been seduced by the charms of a fashionable box. The man of taste takes his *Strasburg verita-*



*ble tabac* from a right Paris paper-box; and the pretty fellow uses an enamelled box, lined in the inside with polished metal, that, by often opening it, he may have the opportunity of stealing a glance at his own sweet person, reflected in the lid of it.

“Though I abhor snufftaking myself, and would as soon be smothered in a cloud raised by smoking tobacco, as I would willingly suffer the least atom of it to tickle my nose, yet am I exposed to many disgusting inconveniences from the use of it by others. Sometimes I am choked by drawing in with my breath some of the finest particles together with the air; and I am frequently set a sneezing by the odorous effluvia arising from the boxes that surround me. But it is not only my sense of smelling that is offended; you will stare when I tell you, that I am forced to taste, and even to eat and drink this abominable snuff. If I drink tea with a certain lady, I generally perceive what escapes from her fingers swimming at the top of my cup; but it is always attributed to the foulness of the milk or dross of the sugar. I never dine at a particular friend’s house, but I am sure to have as much rappee as pepper with my turnips; nor can I drink my table-beer out of the same mug with him, for fear of coughing, from his snuff, if not the liquor, going the wrong way. Such eternal snufftakers as my friend, should, I think, at meal times, have a screen flapping down over the nose and mouth, under which they might convey their food, as you may have seen at the masquerade; or at least they should be separated from the rest of the company, and placed by themselves at the side-table, like the children.

“This practice of snufftaking, however inexcusable in the men, is still more abominable in the other sex. Neatness and cleanliness ought to be always

cultivated among the women ; but how can any female appear tolerably clean, who so industriously bedaubs herself with snuff? I have, with pain, observed the snow-white surface of a handkerchief or apron sullied with the scatterings from the snuff-box ; and whenever I see a lady thus besmeared with Scotch or Havannah, I consider her as no cleaner than the kitchen wench scouring her brasses, and begrimed with brickdust and fuller's earth. Housewifely accomplishments are, at present, seldom required in a well-bred woman ; or else I should little expect to find a wife in the least notable, who keeps up such a constant correspondence between her fingers and nose ; nor, indeed, would any one think her hands at all fit to be employed in making a pudding.

“ It should be remembered by the younger part of your fair readers, Mr. Town, that snuff is an implacable enemy to the complexion, which in time is sure to take a tinge from it ; they should therefore be as cautious of acquiring a sallow hue from this bane of a fair skin, as of being tanned or freckled by exposing their delicate faces to the scorching rays of the sun. Besides, as the nose has been always reckoned a principal ornament of the face, they should be as careful to preserve the beauty of it as of any other feature, and not suffer it to be undermined or bloated by so pernicious an application of snufftaking. For my own part, I should as soon admire a celebrated toast with no nose at all, as to see it prostituted to so vile a purpose. They should also consider, that the nose is situated very near the lips ; and what relish can a lover find in the honey of the latter, if at the same time he is obliged to come into close contact with the dirt and rubbish of the former? Rather than snufftaking

should prevail among the ladies, I could wish it were the fashion for them to wear rings in their noses, like the savage nations; nay, I would even carry it still further, and oblige those pretty females, who could be still slaves to snuff, to have their nostrils bored through as well as their ears, and instead of jewels, to bear rolls of pigtail bobbing over their upper lips.

“We cannot otherwise account for this fashion among the women, so unnatural to their sex, than that they want employment for their hands. It was formerly no disgrace for a young lady to be seen in the best company busied with her work; but a girl nowadays would as soon be surprised in twirling a spinning-wheel, as in handling a thread paper. The fan or the snuffbox are now the only implements they dare to use in public; yet, surely, it would be much more becoming to have the forefinger pricked and scarified with the point of a needle, than to see it embrowned with squeezing together a filthy pinch of snuff.

“I am, Sir,

“Your humble servant, &c.”

## No. 33. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1754.

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*At tu sub urbe possides famem mundam,  
Et turre ab altâ prospicis meras laurus:—  
Pictamque portas otiosus ad Villam  
Olus, ora, pullis, poma, cuscum, mustum.  
Rus hoc vocari debet, an domus longè?*

MART. EPIG. iii. 58. 45.

A little country-box you boast,  
So neat, 't is cover'd all with dust;  
And nought about it to be seen,  
Except a nettle-bed, that 's green;  
Your Villa! rural but the name in;  
So desert, it would breed a famine.  
Hither on Sundays you repair,  
While heaps of viands load the chair,  
With poultry brought from Leaden Hall,  
And cabbage from the huxter's stall.  
'T is not the country you must own;  
'T is only London out of town.

“TO MR. TOWN.

“SIR,

“I REMEMBER to have seen a little French novel, giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excursion into the country. He imagines himself about to undertake a long voyage to some strange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city, as the most distant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is set on shore, he is amazed to find the people talk the same language, wear the same dress, and use the same customs with himself. He, who had

spent all his life within the sight of Point-Neuf, looked upon every one who lived out of Paris as a foreigner; and though the utmost extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much surprised, as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the *Terra Incognita*.

“Most of our late novels are, with some little variation of circumstances, borrowed from the French; but if we should endeavour to adapt the novel I have been speaking of to a citizen of London, the humour of the whole piece would evaporate, and the fiction become unnatural and improbable. A London tradesman is as well acquainted with Turnham Green or Kentish Town, as Fleet Street or Cheapside, and talks as familiarly of Richmond or Hampton Court as of the 'Change or the Custom-house. In your late paper, on the amusements of Sunday, you have set forth in what manner our citizens pass that day, which most of them devote to the country; but I wish you had been more particular in your description of those elegant rural mansions, which at once show the opulence and the taste of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

“In these dusty retreats, where the want of London smoke is supplied by the smoke of Virginia tobacco, our chief citizens are accustomed to pass the end and the beginning of every week. Their boxes, as they are modestly called, are generally built in a row, to resemble as much as possible the streets in London. Those edifices which stand single, and at a distance from the road, have always a summer-house at the end of a small garden; which being erected upon a wall adjoining to the highway, commands a view of every carriage, and gives the owner an opportunity of displaying his best wig to

every one that passes by. A little artificial fountain, spouting water sometimes to the amazing height of four feet, and in which frogs supply the want of fishes, is one of the most exquisite ornaments in these gardens. There are besides, if the spot of ground allows sufficient space for them, very curious statues of Harlequin, Scaramouch, Pierrot, and Columbine, which serve to remind their wives and daughters of what they have seen at the playhouse.

"I went last Sunday, in compliance with a most pressing invitation from a friend, to spend the whole day with him at one of these little seats, which he had fitted up for his retirement once a week from business. It is pleasantly situated about three miles from London, on the side of a public road, from which it is separated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge consisting of two narrow planks, leading to the house. The hedge on the other side the road cuts off all prospect whatsoever, except from the garrets, from whence, indeed, you have a beautiful vista of two men hanging in chains on Kennington common, with a distant view of St. Paul's cupola enveloped in a cloud of smoke. I set out on my visit betimes in the morning, accompanied by my friend's bookkeeper, who was my guide, and carried over with him the London Evening Post, his mistress's hoop, and a dozen of pipes, which they are afraid to trust in the chair. When I came to the end of my walk, I found my friend sitting at the door, in a black velvet cap, smoking his morning pipe. He welcomed me into the country; and after having made me observe the turnpike on my left and the Golden Wheatsheaf on my right, he conducted me into his house, where I was received by his lady, who made a thousand apologies for being caught in such a dishabille.

“The hall, for so I was taught to call it, had its white wall almost hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one side was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Mansion House, with several lesser views of the public buildings and halls; on the other was the Death of the Stag, by the happy pencil of Mr. Henry Overton, finely coloured; close by the parlor door, there hung a pair of stag’s horns, over which there was laid across a red roquelaure and an amber-headed cane. When I had declared all this to be mighty pretty, I was shown into the parlour, and was presently asked, who that was over the chimney-piece. I pronounced it to be a very striking likeness of my friend, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed periwig, a laced cravat, with the fringed ends appearing through a buttonhole, a black livery-gown, a snuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimmed with gold, one hand stuck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding out a letter with the superscription — To Mr. — Common-councilman of Farringdon Ward Without. My eyes were then directed to another figure in a scarlet gown, whom I was informed was my friend’s wife’s great great uncle, and had been sheriff and knighted in the reign of King James the First. Madam herself filled up a panel on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess, smelling to a nosegay, and stroking a ram with gilt horns.

“I was then invited by my friend to see what he was pleased to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each side with lilies and coxcombs, supported by some old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden, he made

me take notice of a little square building surrounded with filleroy, which he told me an alderman of great taste had turned into a temple, by erecting some battlements and spires of painted wood on the front of it; but concluded with a hint that I might retire to it upon occasion.

“After dinner, when my friend had finished his pipe, he proposed taking a walk, that we might enjoy a little of the country; so I was obliged to trudge along the footpath by the road-side, while my friend went puffing and blowing, with his hat in his hand, and his wig half off his head. At last, I told him it was time for me to return home, when he insisted on going with me as far as the half-way house to drink a decanter of stingo before we parted. We here fell into company with a brother liveryman of the same ward, and I left them both together in a high dispute about Canning; but not before my friend had made me promise to repeat my visit to his country-house the next Sunday.

“As the riches of a country are visible in the number of its inhabitants and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to say, that the present state of England is very flourishing and prosperous; and if the taste for building increases with our opulence for the next century, we shall be able to boast of finer country-seats belonging to our shopkeepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the most pompous descriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country-seats belonging to Pliny, Hortensius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were patricians of great rank and fortune; there can therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their villas. But who has ever read of a Chinese-bridge belonging to an Attic tallow-chandler or a Roman pastry-cook? or could any of



their shoemakers or tailors boast a villa with its tin cascades, paper statues, and Gothic roothouses? Upon the above principles we may expect that posterity will perhaps see a cheesemonger's *Apiarium* at Brentford, a poulterer's *Theriotrophium* at Chiswick, and an *Ornithon* in a fishmonger's garden at Putney.

“As a patriot and an Englishman I cannot but wish that each successive century should increase the opulence of Great Britain; but I should be sorry, that this abundance of wealth should induce our good citizens to turn their thoughts too much upon the country. At present, we are deprived of our most eminent tradesmen two days out of six. It is true, the shopkeeper and the travelling part of his family, consisting generally of himself, his wife, and his two eldest daughters, are seldom sufficiently equipped to take leave of London, till about three o'clock on Saturday in the afternoon; but the whole morning of that day is consumed in papering up cold chickens, bottling brandy-punch, sorting clean shifts, and nightcaps for the children, pinning baskets, and cording trunks; as again is the whole forenoon of the Monday following, in unpinning, uncording, locking up foul linen, and replacing empty bottles in the cellar. I am afraid, therefore, if the villas of our future tradesmen should become so very elegant, that the shopkeepers will scarce ever be visible behind their counters above once in a month.

“Yours, &c.

“G. K.”

No. 34. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1754.

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—*Reprehendere coner,  
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 1. 81.

Whene'er he bellows, who but smiles at Quin,  
And laugh when Garrick skips like Harlequin?

THE French have distinguished the artifices made use of on the stage to deceive the audience, by the expression of *jeu de théâtre*, which we may translate 'the juggle of the theatre.' When these little arts are exercised merely to assist nature, and set her off to the best advantage, none can be so critically nice as to object to them; but when tragedy by these means is lifted into rant, and comedy distorted into buffoonery, though the deceit may succeed with the multitude, men of sense will always be offended at it. This conduct, whether of the poet or the player, resembles in some sort the poor contrivance of the ancients, who mounted their heroes upon stilts, and expressed the manners of their characters by the grotesque figures of their masks.

As the playhouses are now opened, I cannot better introduce the remarks which I may sometimes take occasion to make on the theatrical world, than by throwing together a few reflections on this 'juggle of the theatre;' which at present I shall consider chiefly as it relates to the actors. And I hope to merit the thanks of those gentlemen, who,

while they are solicitous to acquire new beauties, should at the same time endeavour to unlearn their faults and imperfections.

We are indebted to the present times for a judicious reformation of the stage, in point of acting; and, by the by, I could wish that the same good consequences had been produced with respect to our poets. If a perfect tragedy may be considered as the most difficult production of human wit, the same thing must hold in proportion with respect to an exact representation of it; for if it is necessary for the writer to work up his imagination to such a pitch as to fancy himself in the circumstances of the character he draws, what less must the actor do, who must look as the person represented would look, speak as he would speak, and be in every point the very man? The generation of players that immediately preceded the present, prided themselves on what they called fine speaking; the emotions of the soul were disregarded for a distinct delivery; and with them, as Mr. Johnson has observed of some tragic writers,

Declamation roar'd, while passion slept.

And, indeed, to this uninteresting taste for acting, we may partly attribute that enervate way of writing so much in vogue among the Frenchified playwrights of those times; since nothing would be so well suited to the mouths of those actors, as golden lines, round periods, florid descriptions, and a dispassionate amplification of sentiment.

The false majesty with which our mimic heroes of the stage had been used to express themselves, was for a long time as distinguished a mark of tragedy as the plumed hat and full-bottomed periwig; and we may remember, for example, when

every line of Othello, a character remarkable for variety of passions, was drawn out in the same pompous manner. But as I mean to promote the art, rather than reprove the artists, I shall dwell on this no longer; for methinks I hear a veteran performer calling out to me in the voice of honest Jack Falstaff, 'No more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.'

It is sufficient to remark, that as the dignity of the buskin would be degraded by talking in a strain too low and familiar, the manner of elocution in a tragedy should not, on the other hand, be more remote from our natural way of expressing ourselves than blank verse, which is the only proper measure for tragedy, is from prose. Our present set of actors have, in general, discarded the dead insipid pomp applauded in their predecessors, and have wisely endeavoured to join with the poet in exciting pity and terror. But as many writers have mistaken rant for passion, and fustian for sublime, so our players have perhaps too much given into unnatural startings, roarings, and whinings. For this reason our late writers, to accommodate their pieces to the present taste, having placed their chief pathos in exclamations and broken sentences, have endeavoured to alarm us with Ahs and Ohs, and pierce our souls with interjections. Upon the whole, it must be acknowledged that the stage is considerably improved in the art of speaking. Every passion is now distinguished by its proper tone of voice; I shall therefore only add, that when I hear a player laboriously placing an unnatural stress upon particular words, and panting with emphasis, I cannot help comparing him to the paver, who, at every thump of his rammer, cries 'hem.'

I have observed that the tragedians of the last

age studied fine speaking; in consequence of which all their action consisted in little more than strutting with one leg before the other, and waving one or both arms in a continual see-saw. Our present actors have perhaps run into a contrary extreme; their gestures sometimes resemble those afflicted with St. Vitus's dance; their whole frame appears to be convulsed; and I have seen a player in the last act so miserably distressed that a deaf spectator would be apt to imagine he was complaining of the cholic or the toothache. This has also given rise to that unnatural custom of throwing the body into various strange attitudes. There is not a passion necessary to be expressed, but has produced dispositions of the limbs not to be found in any of the paintings or sculptures of the best masters. A graceful gesture and easy deportment is, indeed, worthy the care of every performer; but when I observe him writhing his body into more unnatural contortions than a tumbler at Sadler's Wells, I cannot help being disgusted to see him 'imitate humanity so abominably.' Our pantomime authors have already begun to reduce our comedies into grotesque scenes; and if this taste for attitude should continue to be popular, I would recommend it to those ingenious gentlemen, to adapt our best tragedies to the same use, and entertain us with the like jealousy of Othello in dumb show, or the tricks of Harlequin Hamlet.

Before I dismiss this article, it may be expected that I should say something concerning the behaviour proper for our ladies. We must allow them on all occasions to roll the eye, stretch up the neck, heave the chest, and with a thousand little tricks set off their person, if not their part, to the most advantage. The pomp of the old stage has not yet been altogether reformed, either with re-

spect to our heroines or our heroes. A weeping princess, though perhaps she is hurried on the stage with grief and despair, cannot decently make her entrance without being led in between two mourning damsels in black; and a heroine must always be accompanied by one or more pages, to smooth her train when ruffled by passion. The hero now seldom sweats beneath the weight of a nodding plume of swan feathers, or has his face half hid with an enormous bush of white horse-hair; I could also wish, if possible, that the manager was saved the unnecessary expense of three yards of velvet for the trains of his Amazons; and that the chambermaids, as well as the militia of the theatres, were dismissed, and the pages, together with the dirty lords in waiting, blotted out of the mute *Dramatis Personæ*.

The mention of these particulars naturally reminds me how far the juggle of the theatre is concerned in the affair of dress. Many will agree with me, that almost the only distress of the last act in the *Fair Penitent* arises from the pitiful appearance of Calista in weeds, with every thing hung in black baize about her; and the players are afraid we should lose sight of Hamlet's pretended madness, if the black stocking discovering a white one underneath, was not rolled half-way down the leg. A propriety in dress is absolutely necessary to keep up the general deception; and a performer properly habited, who by his whole deportment enters deeply into the circumstances of the character he represents, makes us for a while fancy every thing before us real; but when by some ill-judged piece of art, he departs from the simplicity of imitation, and 'oversteps the modesty of nature,' he calls us back to the theatre, and excites passions very different from those he aims at.

I cannot better illustrate what has been said on this last subject, than by giving instances of two artifices of this kind; one of which is employed, as I conceive, to raise pity, and the other terror.

When the Romeo of Drury Lane comes to die at Juliet's monument, we are surprised to see him enter in a suit of black. This, I suppose, is intended as a stroke of the pathetic; but not to dwell on the poverty of the artifice, it is in this place a manifest violation of the poet's meaning. Romeo is supposed to come post from Mantua—'Get me post-horses, I will hence to-night'—so that if our Roscius must be so very exact in dressing the character, he should appear at the tomb in a riding frock and boots. But a mourning coat will excite pity, 'and let the devil wear black,' says our Hamlet-Romeo, 'for I'll have a suit of sables.'—The same player, after having acted that noble scene in the second act of Macbeth, in so fine a manner that one would almost imagine both the poet and player must have been murderers to represent one so well, goes out to execute the supposed murder. After a short space he returns as from the fact; but though the expression in his face is still remarkably excellent, one cannot but smile to observe that he has been employing himself behind the scenes in putting his wig awry, and untying one of the ties to it. This doubtless is designed to raise terror; but to every discerning spectator it must appear most absurdly ridiculous; for who can forbear laughing, when he finds that the player would have us imagine that the same deed which has thrown all that horror and confusion into his countenance, has also untwisted one of the tails of his periwig?

## No. 35. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1754.

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*Facundi calices quem non fecere disertum!*

HOR. EPIST. i. 5. 19.

The fool sucks wisdom, as he porter sups;  
And cobblers grow fine speakers in their cups.

As I am willing to do every thing in my power to celebrate so illustrious a body as the Robin Hood Society, I have taken the first opportunity of laying the following letter before the public.

“TO MR. TOWN.

“SIR,

“THAT part of your last paper, in which you considered the art of speaking as far as it regards theatrical performances, gives me reason to hope, that you will not overlook the merits of the Robin Hood Society, where that art is practised in its greatest perfection. You would do well to recommend it to the gentlemen of the theatre to attend those weekly meetings for their improvement as soon as possible; and I dare say you will join with me in giving the same advice to the younger part of our clergy and our lawyers, as well as our members of parliament. The stage, the pulpit, the bar, and the senate-house cannot furnish us with such glorious examples of the power of oratory, as are to be met with in this society; where the most important questions in every branch of knowledge are discussed, and where the disputants are all of



them equally versed in religion, law, politics, and the drama.

“The institution of this school of eloquence far exceeds any thing that the ancients could boast. Every sect, that was known among the Grecians and Romans, has its votaries here also. I have seen a tailor a Stoic, a shoemaker a Platonist, and a cook an Epicurean. They affect to entertain a profound veneration for Socrates, often preferring him to any of the apostles; though instead of declaring with this wise philosopher, that they know nothing, the members of the Robin Hood Society profess to know every thing.

“For my own part, I confess myself so charmed with their proceedings, that I constantly attend them; and when I see all their members assembled with each his pewter mug before him, I cannot help preferring this social meeting to any ancient symposium whatever; and when I further observe them first take a swig, and then speak with such amazing force of argument, I am apt to conclude that truth, instead of being hid in a well, as was said by an old philosopher, must lie at the bottom of a tankard of porter.

“There is no grace or excellence in oratory, but is displayed in the Robin Hood Society to the greatest advantage. Demosthenes being asked what was the first quality in an orator, replied — action; what the second, — action; what the third, — action. Upon this principle one of the members, for whom I have a vast respect, is the greatest orator that ever lived. He never troubles himself about the order or substance of what he delivers, but waves his hand, tosses his head, abounds in several new and beautiful gestures, and from the beginning of his speech to the end of it, takes no care but to set it off with

action. Tully tells us, that it is the business of an orator 'to prove, delight, and convince.' Proof and conviction our Society is always sure to give us; for else how could it ever come to pass that so many young men should have learned from these disquisitions that there is no God, that the soul is mortal, that religion is a jest, and many other truths, which they would otherwise never have discovered. The nature of their questions is also for the most part so entertaining, that the disputes about them cannot fail of giving delight; and there is a peculiarity in the oratory of the place, which greatly conduces to that end. The speakers do not always think themselves obliged to drive in the dull direct road to the point, but indulge themselves in a larger scope, that allows room for novelty and entertainment. When the question has been concerning the veracity of the Bible, I have known a gentleman get up, and beginning with William the Conqueror, give the audience an abstract of as many reigns, as his five minutes would allow him to dispatch. I lately remember the question to have been, 'Whether a bridge from Blackfriars to Southwark would be of public benefit;' when a facetious gentleman employed himself in demonstrating the great utility of the bridge of the nose, and the bridge of a fiddle. In a word, our orators are at once serious and comical; and they make gravity and mirth almost constantly attend each other, like their own Robin Hood and Little John. The solidity, and at the same time the smartness of their speeches, are equally remarkable. They pun with a grave face, and make quibbles and conundrums with the air of a philosopher. The writings of different authors have been compared to wines; but the orations delivered here can be resembled to nothing so prop-

erly as the liquors of the Society; for while they are at once so weighty and so sharp, they seem to be an equal mixture of porter and lemonade.

“It would be endless to enumerate the advantages resulting from this society. The wonderful improvement it has already made in our mechanics is very evident; it calls off our tradesmen from the practice of honesty in their common dealings, and sets them upon inquiries concerning right and wrong, and the moral fitness of things. The Spectator has told us of the rhetoric of a toyman; but you, Mr. Town, might acquaint posterity of the eloquence of bakers, barbers, carpenters, and blacksmiths; you may every day hear discourses on religion from the shopboard, and researches into philosophy from behind the counter. When you took notice of the want of learning in our people of quality, you ought in justice to have acknowledged the amazing erudition of our tradesmen. The plebeians of Rome were mere brutes to our common people; and I am of opinion, that the public room under that in which this weekly meeting is held, instead of being furnished with the busts of our English poets, should be adorned with the heads of the learned shoemakers, tallow-chandlers, bakers, &c., that constitute this excellent society.

“We may venture to say, that the Royal Society and the Robin Hood are the two greatest ornaments of this nation; and as the former now and then gives us an account of their transactions, it were to be wished, that the fellows of the latter would also from time to time oblige us with a history of their proceedings. We should then see by what means so many proselytes have been made from bigotry and superstition; by what degrees a young disputant from a raw Christian ripens into a deist, from a

deist into a freethinker, and from a freethinker, by a very short step, into an atheist. We should also know the effect that the disputations at this weekly meeting have upon our lives and conversations; and from thence judge how much a design of this nature deserves public encouragement. I have here flung together a short account of some of the former members, and upon a review of it cannot but lament that it seems to be the peculiar fate of great orators, such as Demosthenes and Tully for example, to come to an unhappy end.

Mat. Prig, a merchant's clerk, was converted from Christianity by the arguments which were brought against revelation.

"Aaron Ben Saddai was converted from the Jewish faith by the arguments brought against Moses and the patriarchs.

"Will. Positive was a strong fatalist, and at the same time a vehement advocate for man's freewill. At last, he gave a proof of his free agency by shooting himself through the head.

"Jack Wildfire was convinced of the innocence of fornication, used to declaim against the absurd institution of matrimony, and at twenty-six died a bachelor in the Lock Hospital.

"Solomon Square stood up for the religion of nature, and the immutable rule of right and wrong, in preference to the laws of the community. However, he was unfortunately detected in an attempt to carry off a silver tankard from the bar of the house, and was sent to propagate morality in foreign parts.

"Bob Booty was a strict Hobbian, and maintained, that men were in a natural state of war with each other. He at last died a martyr to these principles, and now hangs on a gibbet on Hounslow Heath.

“John Dismal, after having argued one night against the being of a God, and the immortality of the soul, went home, and was found the next morning hanging in his garters.

“Thomas Broadcloth, citizen and mercer, was very much admired for his speeches upon trade. After he had been in business for two years, he became bankrupt, and was indicted for felony in secreting his effects.

“Richard Goosequill, attorney at law, was remarkable for his patriotism and the love of his country. He was convicted of bribery and corruption in a late election, in which he was employed as an agent.

“Jeremy Crispin, cordwainer, used constantly to attend the club for edification, though he was forced from time to time to pawn his own and his wife’s clothes to raise the weekly sixpence for his admittance. In the space of three years, he had been a papist, a Quaker, an Anabaptist, a Jew, an Arian, a Socinian, a Mahometan, a Methodist, a Deist, and an Atheist. His wife and four children have been sent to the workhouse. He is at present confined in Bedlam, and calls himself the President of the Robin Hood Society.

“I am, Sir,

O

“Your humble servant, &c.”

## No. 36. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1754.

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*Non sic incerto mutantur flamine Syrtēs,  
Nec folia Hyberno jam tremefacta Noto.*

PROPERT.

Our dress, still varying, nor to forms confined,  
Shifts like the sands, the sport of every wind.

I HAVE somewhere seen a print, representing a man and woman of every nation in the world, dressed according to the mode of their respective countries. I could not help reflecting at the time that the fashions, which prevail in England for the space of a century, would enable any of our printers to fill a picture with as great a variety of habits; and that an Englishman or Englishwoman, in one part of the piece, would be no more like an Englishman or Englishwoman in the other, than a Frenchman resembles a Chinese. Very extraordinary revolutions have already happened in the habits of this kingdom; and as dress is subject to unaccountable changes, posterity may perhaps see, without surprise, our ladies strut about in breeches, while our men waddle in hoop petticoats.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, it was the fashion for the ladies to conceal and wrap up as much of their bodies as they could; their necks were encompassed with a broad ruff, which likewise spread itself over their bosoms; and their sleeves were continued down and fastened close to their wrists, while only their feet were allowed to just peep from beneath the modest fardingale; so that nothing was

exposed to the impertinent eye of man but their faces. Our modern ladies have run into the contrary extreme, and appear like so many rope dancers; they have discarded as much of their clothes as, with any tolerable decency, can be thrown off, and may be said, like the Indian, to be all face; the neck and bosom are laid bare, and disentangled from the invidious veil of a handkerchief; the stays are sunk half-way down the waist, and the petticoat has risen in the same proportion from the ankle. Nor is the lover only captivated by the naked charms which meet his sight before; but our ladies, like the Parthians, have also learned the art of wounding from behind, and attract our attention no less by laying their shoulders open to the view; which, as a young physician of my acquaintance once observed, makes them look as if they were prepared to receive a blister. A naked lady is no longer the admiration only of a masquerade; every public assembly will furnish us with Iphigenias undressed for the sacrifice; and if the next summer should happen to be a hot one, our ladies will, perhaps, improve on the thin vesture of the Spartan virgins, and appear abroad in nothing but a gauze shade and lawn petticoat. If the men should take the hint from the other sex, and begin to strip in their turn, I tremble to think what may be the consequence; for, if they go on in proportion with the women, we may soon expect to see our fine gentlemen, like the Highlanders, without breeches.

It would be endless to trace the strange revolutions that have happened in every part of the female dress within these few years. The hoop has been known to expand and contract itself from the size of a butter churn to the circumference of three hogsheads; at one time, it was sloped from the waist

in a pyramidical form ; at another, it was bent upwards like an inverted bow, by which the two angles, when squeezed up on each side, came in contact with the ears. At present, it is nearly of an oval form, and scarce measures from end to end above twice the length of the wearer. The hoop has, indeed, lost much of its credit in the female world, and has suffered much from the innovation of short sacks and negligées ; which, it must be confessed, are equally becoming to the lady of pleasure and the lady of quality ; for as the men will agree, that next to no clothes at all, nothing is more ravishing than an easy dishabille, our ladies for that reason, perhaps, come into public places as if they were just got out of bed, or as if they were ready to go into it. This, while it is the fashion, must be agreeable ; but I must own, that I could sooner approve of their encircling themselves in so many ells of whalebone, than to see them affect to appear with their clothes huddled on so loosely and indecently. This manner of dressing, or rather not dressing, was brought from Paris ; but I would have my fair readers consider, that as this loose method of dress is calculated to hide any defects in the body, it is very impolitic to suffer all that symmetry and elegant turn of shape they are mistresses of, to be smothered under it ; since these habits can be of no more service to their persons, than paint, that other Paris commodity, can add to the natural red and white of their complexion, though perhaps it may heighten the sallow visages of the French.

But of all the branches of female dress, no one has undergone more alterations than that of the head. The long lappets, the horseshoe cap, the Brussels head, and the prudish mob pinned under the chin, have all of them had their day. The



present mode has rooted out all these superfluous excrescences, and in the room of a slip of cambric or lace has planted a whimsical sprig of spangles or artificial flowerets. We may remember, when, for a while, the hair was tortured into ringlets behind ; at present, it is braided into a queue, like those formerly worn by the men, and still retaining the original name of *Ramillies*, which, if it were not reverted upwards, would make us imagine that our fine ladies were afflicted with the *plica polonica*.

If the caps have passed through many metamorphoses, no less a change has been brought about in the other coverings contrived for the head. The diminutive high-crowned hat, the bonnet, the hive, and the milkmaid's chip hat, were rescued for a time from old women and servant girls, to adorn heads of the first fashion. Nor was the method of cocking hats less fluctuating, till they were at length settled to the present mode ; by which it is ordered that every hat, whether of straw or silk, whether of the chambermaid or mistress, must have their flaps turned up perpendicularly both before and behind. If the end of a fine lady's dress was not rather ornamental than useful, we should think it a little odd, that hats, which seem naturally intended to screen their faces from the heat or severity of the weather, should be moulded into a shape that prevents their answering either of these purposes ; but we must, indeed, allow it to be highly ornamental, as the present hats worn by the women are more bold and impudent than the broad-brimmed staring Kevanhullers, worn a few years ago by the men. These hats are also decorated with two waving pendants of ribbon, hanging down from the brim on the left side. I am not so much offended

at the flaming air which these streamers carry with them, as I am afraid lest it should spoil the charming eyes of my pretty countrywomen, which are constantly provoked to cast a glance at them; and I have myself often observed an obliging ogle or ravishing leer intercepted by these mediums; so that, when a lady has intended to charm her lover, she has shocked him with a hideous squint.

The ladies have long been severely rallied on their too great attention to finery; but, to own the truth, dress seems at present to be as much the study of the male part of the world as the female. We have gentlemen, who 'will lie a whole night,' as Benedick says, 'carving the fashion of a new doublet.' They have their toilets too, as well as the ladies, set out with washes, perfumes, and cosmetics; and will spend the whole morning in scenting their linen, dressing their hair, and arching their eyebrows. Their heads, as well as the ladies, have undergone various mutations, and have worn as many different kind of wigs as the block at their barber's. About fifty years ago, they buried their heads in a bush of hair; and the beaux, as Swift says, 'lay hid beneath the penthouse of a full-bottomed periwig.' But as they then showed nothing but the nose, mouth, and eyes, the fine gentlemen of our time not only oblige us with their full faces, but have drawn back the side curls quite to the tip of the ear.

As France appears to be the wardrobe of the world, I shall conclude my paper with a piece of secret history, which gives us some insight into the origin of deriving all our fashions from thence.—The celebrated Lord Foppington, among his other amours, had once an intrigue with a milliner of Covent Garden, who after some time brought a

lovely girl into the world, and called her after his lordship's surname, Fashion. The milliner brought up the child in her own house to the age of fifteen, at which time she grew very pressing with Lord Foppington to make some provision for his daughter. My lord, who was never much pleased with this consequence of his amours, that he might be rid of the girl forever, put her into the hands of a friend, who was going abroad, to place her in a nunnery ; but the girl, who had very little of the vestal in her disposition, contrived to escape from her conductor, and flew to Paris. There her beauty and sprightliness soon procured her many friends ; and she opened a genteel shop in her mother's business. She soon made herself remarkable for contriving the most elegant headdresses, and cutting out ruffles with the most ravishing slope ; her fancy was, besides, so inexhaustible, that she almost every day produced a great variety of new and beautiful patterns. She had many adorers, and at last married his Most Christian Majesty's tailor. This alliance brought the dress of all Paris under their jurisdiction ; and the young lady, out of a natural love to her native country, proposed the extending their care to the fine gentlemen and ladies of London. In pursuance of this, Monsieur, her husband, two or three times in the year, transmits a suit of clothes, entirely *à la Paris*, as a pattern to Messieurs Reginier and Lynch of Leicester Fields and Pall Mall, while his wife sends over a little wooden Mademoiselle to her relations in Tavistock Street.

T

No. 37. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1754.

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—*Eja ! sudabis satis,  
Si cum illo incæptas homine : ea eloquentia est !*

TER. PHOR. ACT. IV. SC. 3. 23.

By my troth you will sweat for it, if you once begin with this man: he has such amazing eloquence!

A CORRESPONDENT writes to me, that after having considered the art of speaking in the theatre, as also celebrated the practice of it in the Robin Hood Society, my remarks will not be complete, except I take notice of the extraordinary eloquence of the Clare-market Orator. He desires me to remember, that this universal genius has, from time to time, declared from his rostrum, with a thundering elocution, — ‘that there is but one orator in the world, and He is the man — that Sir Robert Walpole, and all the great men in the kingdom, have been his scholars — and that bishops have come to his oratory to learn to preach.’

I have, indeed, observed with a good deal of concern, that the orator has of late discontinued to oblige the public with his Sunday evening lectures as usual. Instead of seeing his Oratory Chapel shut up, I was in hopes that every parish church in the kingdom would be opened on the same principles. How much more salutary were his tenets, setting forth the sufficiency of reason, than the cold doctrine of our clergy preaching up the necessity of faith! how superior was his form of prayer to

our whole liturgy, and how much better adapted to particular occasions! — ‘A Prayer for a Sinking Bridge! — Prayer for the White Rose! — Prayer for Jackson’s Journal! — Prayer for the Heads on Temple Bar!’ — In these pious addresses, he would first invoke the Supreme Being in the most solemn manner; then suddenly slide into the familiar, and pray, — ‘that we might not hear the croaking of Dutch nightingales in the king’s chambers;’ — or on another occasion, ‘that our clergy might not study Shakspeare more than the gospel, and that they might be rather employed on the evangelists, than As you like it, or Much Ado about Nothing.

I cannot but likewise lament the loss of the entertainments which his advertisements used to give us every Saturday in the newspapers. The terms in which they were commonly expressed were clear and elegant, and furnished the reader with an admirable idea of the Doctor’s manner from the pulpit. For instance, when he told you his text was from Isaiah, and quoted these words ‘— Strt! 10 Jun! No Hnvr! Down with the Rmp!’ — we might form a tolerable judgment of the great reverence he paid the Bible; and when he called his Assembly — ‘The Oratory — P. Charles’s Chapel’ — we might guess at his loyalty and patriotism. These were the advantages which we derived from his Chapel; and if the Oratory remains shut, I shall begin to fear that things will continue in their present shocking state; and that the scheme lately proposed in one of my papers for abolishing Christianity will not take effect; at which I am more particularly concerned, as it will hinder the advancement of this great man. For, if such a revolution should happen in the church, the orator’s principles

would be found so entirely fundamental, that he would probably then hold some honourable station equal to our present Archbishop of Canterbury.

The public, for these reasons, will doubtless join with me in a petition that this illustrious divine would again resume his station in the pulpit; at least, I could wish that some able theologist, who has been long practised in deciding on the most abstruse points of religion in the Robin Hood Society, may be deputed in the absence of the orator to officiate as his curate; I would also recommend it to the members of the above-mentioned Society to attend these lectures regularly; from whence they may gather stronger arguments for their disputations, than from reading Collins, Chubb, Tindale, Bolingbroke, or any other orthodox freethinker whatever. Upon the whole, I cannot conclude without observing that such is the ingratitude of the age, that the singular merits of our Orator are not sufficiently regarded. He is, indeed, deservedly caressed by the butchers of Clare Market; but had our Orator been born at Athens or Rome, he would certainly have been deified as the God of butchers, have been worshipped, like Osiris, under the figure of a calf, or have had a statue erected to him in the Forum or Market-place among the shambles.

Thus much I thought myself bound to say in praise of the Orator and Oratory, as he has some time ago done me the honour of a letter, which I am very glad of this opportunity to communicate to my readers. The private epistles of Tully are very unequal to his orations; but the following letter is in the very style and spirit of our Orator's animated discourses from the pulpit. I shall therefore present it to the public exactly as I received it, without presuming to alter or suppress the least syllable.

“TO MR. BALDWIN AND MR. TOWN.

“1754, July 26.

“The liberty of the press, as you practise it, and your author, Mr. Town, i. e. Mr. Nobody, for he dares not publish his name and abode, nor confront one he abuses, is the greatest of grievances; it is the liberty of lying and slandering, and destroying reputations, to make your paper sell; reputation is dearer than life, and your and your scribbler's blood shall answer your scandal:—You have published the Scoundrel's Dictionary, put his name and your own into it; he and you have often bespattered the Orator and Oratory in Clare Market—the Oratory is not in Clare Market, which is in a different parish; so that you and he lie:\* and butchers are [seldom *blotted out*] never there;—You both lie, too, in saying that it is calculated [intended] for atheism and infidelity, — its religion is — the ‘obligation of man to resemble the attributes of God to his power, by the practice of universal right reason; believing Christianity of Christ called reason the wisdom of God.—This is the reverse of atheism and infidelity—and blasphemy.’——”

The writer of the following, who signs himself a Member of the Robin Hood Society, threatens me, that in case I do not print his letter immediately, the question, ‘whether Mr. Town be a greater

\* This reminds me of a similar defence made by Ward, the doggerel-writer, whose genius for poetry was exactly of a piece with that of our Orator for prose compositions. Jacob, in his account of Ward, happened to say, ‘that of late years he had kept a public house in the city.’ This, Mr. Ward highly resented; and in a book, called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared it to be a Lie, protesting ‘that his public house was not in the city, but in Moorfields.’

fool or a scoundrel,' shall be debated at their next meeting.

“ TO MR. TOWN.

“ SIR,

“ I would have you to know that the person as sent you the account of our Club did not do right. He represents us all as a pack of tradesmen and mechanics, and would have you think as how there are no gentlemen among us. But that is not the case ; I am a gentleman, and we have a great many topping people besides. Though Mr. President is but a baker, and we have a shoemaker and some other handicraftsmen, that come to talk ; yet I can assure you they know as much of religion and the good of their country, and other such matters, as any of we gentlemen. But, as I said, we have a good many topping folks beside myself ; for there is not a night but we have several young lawyers and counsellors, and doctors, and surgeons, and captains, and poets, and players, and a great many Irishmen and Scotchmen, very fine speakers, who follow no business ; besides several foreigners, who are all of them great men in their own country. And we have one squire, who lives at t'other end of the town, and always comes in his chariot.

“ And so as I said, we have a good many tip-top people, as can talk as well as any of your play-folks or parsons ; and as for my part, everybody knows that I am a lord's gentleman, and never was the man that wore a livery in my life. I have been of the Club more or less, off and on, for these six years, and never let a question pass me, Mr. President knows it ; and though I say it that should not say it, I can talk, and so can any of our Club, as well as the best of you poets can write. And so



as I said, I expect you will put it in your paper, that we have a great many gentlemen in our Club besides myself.

“Your humble servant,  
T “JAMES WAIT.”

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No. 38. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1754.

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—*Equos ut qui mercantur.*

HOR. SAT. i. 2. 86.

To have and hold for better and for worse,  
We buy a wife, just as we buy a horse.

AT a certain coffee-house, near the Temple, the bar is kept by a pretty coquet; a piece of furniture almost as necessary for a coffee-room in that situation as the newspapers. This lady, you may be sure, has many admirers, who are now and then glad of an opportunity to relieve themselves from the severe study of the law by a soft conversation with this fair one, and repeating on the occasion all the tender things they can remember from plays, or whatever else orgeat or capillaire can inspire. Among the many pretenders to her favour, there is one faithful swain who has long entertained a serious passion for her. This tender-hearted gentleman, who is grown so lean with living upon love that one would imagine ‘the blasts of January would blow him through and through,’ comes every evening, and sits whole hours by the bar, gazing at his mistress, and taking in large draughts of love

and hyson tea. Never was swain in such cruel circumstances. He is forced to bear with patience all the haughty insolence of the goddess of bread and butter; who, as she knows him in her power, keeps him at a distance, though she behaves with the pertest familiarity to the other coxcombs, who are continually buzzing about her. At eleven, he sneaks off pale and discontented; but cannot forbear coming again the next evening, though he knows how vilely he shall be used by his mistress, and that he is laughed at even by the waiters.

If all true lovers were obliged, like this unhappy gentleman, to carry on their courtships in public, we should be witness to many scenes equally ridiculous. Their awkward desire of pleasing influences every trivial gesture; and when once love has got possession of a man's heart, it shows itself down to the tips of his fingers. The conversation of a languishing inamorato is made up chiefly of dumb signs, such as sighs, ogles, or glances; but if he offers to break his passion to his mistress, there is such a stammering, faltering, and half-wording the matter, that the language of love, so much talked of by poets, is in truth no language at all. Whoever should break in upon a gentleman and lady, while so critical a conversation is going forward, would not forbear laughing at such an extraordinary *tête-à-tête*, and would perhaps cry out with Ranger, that 'nothing looks so silly as a pair of your true lovers.'

Since true and sincere love is sure to make its votaries thus ridiculous, we cannot sufficiently commend our present people of quality, who have made such laudable attempts to deliver themselves and posterity from its bondage. In a fashionable wedding, the man or woman are neither of them con-

sidered as reasonable creatures, who come together in order to 'comfort, love, cherish, honour, or obey,' according to their respective duties, but are regarded merely as instruments of joining one estate to another. Acre marries acre; and to increase and multiply their fortunes, is, in genteel matches, the chief consideration of man and wife. The courtship is carried on by the counsel of each party; and they pay their addresses by billets-doux upon parchment. The great convenience of expelling love from matrimony is very evident. Married persons of quality are never troubled with each other's company abroad, or fatigued with dull matrimonial discourses at home; my lord keeps his girl, my lady has her gallant; and they both enjoy all the fashionable privileges of wedlock without the inconveniences. This would never be the case if there was the least spark of love subsisting between them; but they must be reduced to the same situation with those wretches, who, as they have nothing to settle on each other but themselves, are obliged to make up the deficiencies of fortune by affection. But while these miserable, fond, doating, unfashionable couples are obliged to content themselves with love and a cottage, people of quality enjoy the comforts of indifference and a coach and six.

The late Marriage Act is excellently adapted to promote this prudential proceeding with respect to wedlock. It will in time inevitably abolish the old system of founding matrimony on affection; and marrying for love will be given up for the sake of marrying according to act of parliament. There is now no danger of a handsome worthy young fellow of small fortune running away with an heiress; for it is not sufficient to insinuate himself into the lady's

favour by a voluble tongue and a good person, unless he can also subdue the considerate parents or guardians by the merits of his rent-roll. As this act promotes the method of disposing of children by way of bargain and sale, it consequently puts an end to that ridiculous courtship, arising from simple love. In order therefore to confirm, as far as possible, the happy consequences of this act, I have been long endeavouring to hit on some expedient, by which all the circumstances preparatory to wedlock may be carried on in a proper manner. A Smithfield bargain being so common in metaphor, I had once some thoughts of proposing to realize it, and had almost completed a plan, by which all the young persons, like servant-girls at a statute fair in the country, were to be brought to market, and disposed of in one part of Smithfield, while the sheep and horses were on sale in another.

In the midst of these serious considerations, I received a scheme of this nature from my good friend, Mr. Keith, whose chapel the late Marriage Act has rendered useless on its original principles. This revered gentleman, seeing that all husbands and wives are henceforward to be put to sale, proposes shortly to open his chapel on a more new and fashionable plan. As the ingenious Messieurs Henson and Bever have lately opened in different quarters of the town repositories for all horses to be sold by auction, Mr. Keith intends setting up a repository for all young males and females to be disposed of in marriage. From these studs, as the Doctor himself expresses it, a lady of beauty may be coupled to a man of fortune, and an old gentleman, who has a colt's tooth remaining, may match himself with a tight young filly.

The Doctor makes no doubt, but his chapel will

turn out even more to his advantage on this new plan than on its first institution, provided he can secure his scheme to himself, and reap the benefits of it without interlopers from the fleet. To prevent his design being pirated, he intends petitioning the parliament, that as he has been so great a sufferer by the Marriage Act, the sole right of opening a repository of this sort may be vested in him, and that his place of residence in May Fair may still continue the grand mart for marriages. Of the first day of sale proper notice will be given in the public papers; and in the mean time I am desired to communicate the following specimen to my readers.

Catalogue of Males and Females, to be disposed of in Marriage to the best Bidder, at Mr. Keith's Repository in May Fair.

A lady of quality, very high blood; related by the mother's side to a peer of France; her dam came from one of the oldest families in Wales, and her great great great grandsire was brought over with William the Conqueror. Fit to go in a coach and six, and proper for any rich tradesman, who is desirous to mend the breed. Her lowest price, to prevent trouble, is 500*l.* per ann. pin-money, and a proportionable jointure.

A Young Lady of 100,000*l.* fortune — to be bid for by none under the degree of peers, or a commoner of at least treble the income.

A homely thing, that can read, write, cast accounts, and make an excellent pudding. — This lot to be bid for by none but shopkeepers or country parsons.

Three Maiden Ladies — aged — to be bid for by none but stout young fellows of six foot, sound wind and limb, and without blemish.

Four Widows, young and rich — to be bid for by none but things of mettle and high blood.

The Daughter of a country squire — the father of this lady came to town to sell a yoke of oxen at Smithfield, and a load of hay in the Haymarket. Whoever buys them shall have the lady into the bargain.

A Methodist Lady, relict of a knight deceased within this twelvemonth — would be a good bargain to any handsome young gentleman, who would comfort her in the spirit.

A very pretty Young Woman, but a good deal in debt — would be glad to marry a Member of Parliament, or a Jew.

A handsome Housekeeper, just come out of the country — would do for any private gentleman. She has been used to go in a one-horse chair, and is fit for a citizen's service on a Sunday.

A tall Irishman, warranted sound, lately in possession of a lady dowager. The reason of his being sold is, that the owner, who is married, has no further use for him.

A Blood of the first rate, very wild, and has run loose all his life, but is now broke, and will prove very tractable.

A Hackney Writer, troubled with the farey, broken-winded, and very poor — would be glad to be released from his present master, a bookseller, and bear the less grievous yoke of matrimony. Whoever will take him into feeding shall have his Pegasus into the bargain.

A young Ward, now in the training at Eton School. — The guardian is willing to part with him to any lady for a round sum of money. — If not sold, he will be sent into the country, and matched with his guardian's daughter.

Five Templars — all Irish — No one to bid for these lots, of less than 10,000*l.* fortune.

Wanted — four dozen of young fellows, and one dozen of young women willing to marry to advantage — to go to Nova Scotia.

W

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No. 39. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1754.

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—*Sepulchri*  
*Mitte supervacuos honores.*

HOR. CAR. ii. 20. 23.

These but the trappings and the signs of woe.

SHAKSPEARE.

As I was passing the other night through a narrow little lane in the skirts of the city, I was stopped by a grand procession of a hearse and three mourning coaches drawn by six horses, accompanied with a great number of flambeaux and attendants in black. I naturally concluded that all this parade was employed to pay the last honours to some eminent person, whose consequence in life required that his ashes should receive all the respect which his friends and relations could pay them; but I could not help smiling when, upon inquiry, I was told that the corpse, on whom all this expense had been lavished, was no other than Tom Taster the cheese-monger, who had lain in state all the week at his house in Thames Street, and was going to be deposited with his ancestors in White-Chapel burying ground. This illustrious personage was the son

of a butcher in White Chapel, and died, indeed, but in indifferent circumstances; his widow, however, for the honour of her family, was resolved, at all events, to bury him handsomely.

I have already taken notice of that ridiculous affectation among the middling sort of people, which induces them to make a figure beyond their circumstances; nor is this vanity less absurd which extends to the dust, and by which the dead are made accessory in robbing the living. I have frequently known a greater sum expended at the funeral of a tradesman than would have kept his whole family for a twelvemonth; and it has more than once happened, that the next heir has been flung into jail for not being able to pay the undertaker's bill.

This absurd notion of being handsomely buried, has given rise to the most contradictory customs that could possibly be contrived for the advantage of death hunters. As funerals are at present conducted, all distinction is lost among us; and there is no more difference between the duke and the dancing-master in the manner of their burial, than is to be found between their dust in the grave. It is easy to account for the introduction of the hearse and mourning-coach in our funeral ceremonies; though their propriety is entirely destroyed by the promiscuous use of them. Our ancient and noble families may be supposed to have particular family-vaults near their mansion-houses in the country, and in which their progenitors have been deposited for ages. It is therefore very natural that persons of distinction, who had been used to be conveyed to their country-seats by a set of horses, should be also transported to their graves by the same number; and be attended with the same magnificence



at their deaths, which they had been accustomed to in their lives. The spirit of affecting the manners of the great has made others vie with people of quality in the pomp of their burials; a tradesman, who has trudged on foot all his life, shall be carried after death, scarce a hundred yards from his house, with the equipage and retinue of a lord; and the plodding cit, whose ambition never soared beyond the occasional one-horse chair, must be dragged to his long home by six horses. Such an ill-timed ostentation of grandeur appears to me no less ridiculous than the vanity of the highwayman, who sold his body to the surgeons, that he might hire a mourning-coach, and go to the gallows like a gentleman.

There is another custom, which was doubtless first introduced by the great, but has been since adopted by others, who have not the least title to it. The herald's office was originally instituted for the distinction and preservation of gentility; and nobody is allowed to bear a coat of arms, but what belongs to the family, and who is entitled to that honourable badge. From this consideration, we may account for the practice of hanging the hearse round with escutcheons, on which the arms of the deceased were blazoned, and which served to denote whose ashes it conveyed. For the same purpose an achievement was afterwards fixed over the door of the late habitation of the deceased. This ensign of death may fairly be indulged, where the persons are ennobled by their birth or station, and where it serves to remind the passer-by of any great or good actions performed by the deceased, or to inspire the living with an emulation of their virtues. But why, forsooth, cannot an obscure or insignificant creature go out of the world, without

advertising it by the achievement? For my part, I generally consider it as a bill on an empty house, which serves the widow to acquaint us, that the former tenant is gone, and that another occupier is wanted in his room. Many families have, indeed, been very much perplexed in making out their right to this mark of gentility, and great profit has arisen to the herald's office by the purchase of arms for this purpose. Many 'a worthy tradesman of plebeian extraction has been made a gentleman after his decease by the courtesy of his undertaker; and I once knew a keeper of a tavern, who, not being able to give an account of his wife's genealogy, put up his sign, the King's Arms, for an achievement at her death.

It was the custom, in the time of the plague, to fix a mark on those houses, in which any one had died. This probably may have given rise to the general fashion of hanging up an achievement. However this be, it is now designed as a polite token, that a death has happened in the family; and might reasonably be understood as a warning to keep people from intruding on their grief. No such thing is, indeed, intended by it; I am, therefor, of opinion, that it ought everywhere to be taken down after the first week. Whatever outward signs of mourning may be preserved, no regard is ever paid to them within; the same visitings, the same card-playings, are carried on as before, and so little respect is shown to the achievement, that if it happens, as it often does, to intersect one of the windows in the grand apartment, it is occasionally removed, whenever the lady dowager has a rout or drum-major.

This naturally leads me to consider how much 'the customary suits of solemn black,' and the other

'trappings and signs of woe,' are become a mere farce and matter of form only. When a person of distinction goes out of the world, not only the relations, but the whole household, must be clothed in sable. The kitchen-wench scours her dishes in crape, and the helper in the stable rubs down his horses in black leather breeches. Every thing must put on a dismal appearance; even the coach must be covered and lined with black. This last particular, it is reasonable to imagine, is intended, like a death's head on a toilet, to put the owner constantly in mind, that the pomp of the world, and all gay pursuits, are but vain and perishable. Yet, what is more common than for these vehicles to wait at the doors of the theatres, the opera-house, and other public places of diversion? Those who are carried in them, are as little affected by their dismal appearance, as the horses that draw them; and I once saw, with great surprise, a harlequin, a scaramouch, a shepherdess, and a black satin devil, get into a mourning coach to go to a jubilee masquerade.

If I should not be thought to lay too much stress on the lesser formalities observed in mourning, I might mention the admirable method of qualifying the melancholy hue of the mourning-ring, by enlivening it with the brilliancy of a diamond. I knew a young lady, who wore on the same finger, a ring set round with death's heads and cross marrow-bones for the loss of her father, and another, prettily embellished with burning hearts pierced through with darts, in respect to her lover. But what I most of all admire, is the ingenious contrivance by which persons spread the tidings of the death of their relations to the most distant parts, by means of black-edged paper and black sealing-wax. If it were possible to inspect the several letters that bear about

them these external tokens of grief, I believe we should hardly ever find the contents of the same gloomy complexion; a merry tale, or an amorous *billet-doux*, would be much oftener found to be conveyed under these dismal passports, than doleful lamentations or reflections on mortality; and, indeed, these mock signs of woe are so little attended to, that a person opens one of these letters with no more concern, than is felt by the postman who brings it.

We cannot suppose, that black-edged paper was ever intended to be defiled by vulgar hands; but was contrived, like gilt paper, for the use of the polite world only. But, alas! we must always be aping the manners of our betters. My agent sends me letters about business upon gilt paper; and a stationer near the Change tells me, that he not only sells a great quantity of mourning paper to the citizens, but that he has lately blacked the edges of the shopbooks for several tradesmen. My readers must have seen an elegant kind of paper, imported from France, for the use of our fine ladies and gentlemen. An acquaintance of mine has contrived a new sort of mourning paper on the same plan; and as the margin of the other is prettily adorned with flowers, true lovers-knots, little Cupids, and amorous posies in red ink; he intends that the margin of his paper shall be dismally stamped in black ink with the figures of tombstones, hour-glasses, bones, skulls, and other emblems of death, to be used by persons of quality, when in mourning.

T

No. 40. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1754.

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*Periculose plenum opus aleæ.*

HOR. CAR. ii. 1. 6.

Cursed be the wretch, enslaved to such a vice,  
Who ventures life and soul upon the dice.

“ TO MR. TOWN.

“ SIR,

“ YOUR frequent ridicule of the several branches of gaming has given me great pleasure ; I could only wish that you had completed the design by drawing at large the portrait of a gamester. This, since you omitted it, I have ventured to undertake ; and while your papers on this subject serve as a counter-treatise to that of Hoyle on Whist, Hazard, &c., my rough draft of the professors of those arts may tend to illustrate the work, and stand as properly in the frontispiece as the Knave of Clubs at the door of a cardmaker.

“ The whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under two divisions : Every man, who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a dupe or a sharper, two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects,

Who will as tenderly be led by th' nose,  
As asses are.

SHAKSPEARE.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards or

dice, but because it is the fashion ; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers he could object drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

“ There are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven’s the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen ; and perhaps, when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoils of others, whom he can draw in the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

“ Here we may take a survey of the character of a sharper ; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellences. You will perhaps be startled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellences of a sharper ; but a gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands ; and is not to be discomposed, though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability ; he must be submissive but

not servile; he must be master of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

“These must be the chief accomplishments of our hero; but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main spring, that moves the whole machine. Every gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty, we look at a fine woman with pleasure; but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five and twenty. A thorough gamester renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Amesece, and owns no mistress of his heart except the Queen of Trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a gamester towards the destruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts are only to instruct and assist him in the most dexterous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his own conscience; and his liberal deportment and affected openness, is only to recommend and conceal the blackest villainy.

“It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen its vices, let us consider its miseries. The covetous man, who has not sufficient courage or inclination to increase his for-

tune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up his thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask; and like Monsieur St. Croix, coadjutor to that famous *empoisonneuse*, Madame Brinvillier, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poisons. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago, at White's. I am uncertain, whether the wretches are still alive; but if they are, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

“But supposing that the sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what state of mind must that man be whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the disingenuousness of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice? What sensations must he suppress when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair; and when he must act the Stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle? How unhappy must he be even in that situation, from which he hopes to reap most benefit; I mean, amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility? Their lordships are not always in a humour for play; they choose to laugh; they choose to joke; in the mean while our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice, to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother Thicket's employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind



and rain till the Reading coach passes through Smallberry Green, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

"The sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not forever present themselves. The false die cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards perpetually be placed upon the table. It is then our gamester is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

"Our hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, achieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at midnight, and forgotten before sunrise.

"These two portraits of a sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to show different likenesses in the same man, put me in mind of an old print which I remember at Oxford, of Count Guiscard. At first sight he was exhibited in a full-bottomed wig, a hat and feather, embroidered clothes, diamond buttons, and the full court-dress of those days; but by pulling a string the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count Guiscard appeared to be a devil.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"M. N."

No. 41. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1754.

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*Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,  
Multa tulit fœcitque puer.*— HOR. ARS POET. 412.

Gownsmen with jockeys hold an equal place,  
Learn'd in the turf, and students of the race.

“MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

“DEAR COUSIN,

“THE following letter, occasioned by the late races at Newmarket, and written by a fellow-commoner of King's College, Cambridge, to a friend in London, fell into my hands by accident. The writer, if we may judge by his style and manner, is really, according to the modern pharse, a genius. As I look upon his epistle to be a very curious original, I cannot help demanding for it a place in your paper, as well as for the remarks which I have taken the liberty to subjoin to it.

‘TO JOHN WILDFIRE, ESQ.

‘To be left at Mrs. Douglas's, Covent Garden,  
London.

‘DEAR JACK!

‘I was in hopes I should have met you at Newmarket races; but, to say the truth, if your luck had turned out so bad as mine, you did better to stay away. Dick Riot, Tom Lowngeit, and I went together to Newmarket the first day of the meeting.

I was mounted on my little bay mare, that cost me thirty guineas in the North. I never crossed a better tit in my life; and if her eyes stand, as I dare say they will, she will turn out as tight a little thing as any in England. Then she is as fleet as the wind. Why, I raced with Dick and Tom all the way from Cambridge to Newmarket; Dick rode his roan gelding, and Tom his chestnut mare, which you know have both speed, but I beat them hollow. I cannot help telling you that I was dressed in my blue riding-frock, with plate buttons, with a leather belt round my waist, my jemmy turn-down boots, made by Tull, my brown scratch bob, and my hat with the narrow silver-lace, cocked in the true sporting taste; so that, altogether, I don't believe there was a more knowing figure upon the course. I was very flush too, Jack; for Michaelmas-day happening damned luckily just about the time of the races, I had received fifty guineas for my quarterage. As soon as I came upon the course, I met with some jolly bucks from London. I never saw them before; however, we were soon acquainted, and I took up the odds; but I was damnably let in, for I lost thirty pieces slap the first day. The day or two after I had no remarkable luck one way or the other; but at last I laid all the cash I had left upon Lord March's Smart, who lost you know; but between you and me, I have a great notion Tom Marshall rode booty. However, I had a mind to push my luck as far as I could; so I sold my poor little mare for twelve pieces, went to the coffee-house and left them all behind me at the gaming-table; and I should not have been able to have got back to Cambridge that night, if Bob Whip of Trinity had not taken me up into his phaeton. We have had a

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round of dinners at our rooms since; and I have been drunk every day to drive away care. However, I hope to recruit again soon; Frank Classie, of Pembroke, has promised to make me out a long catalogue of Greek books; so I will write directly to old Square-toes, send him the list, tell him I have taken them up, and drawn on him for money to pay the bookseller's bill. Then I shall be rich again, Jack; and perhaps you may see me at the Shakspeare by the middle of next week; till when, I am,

‘Dear Jack, yours,

‘T. FLAREIT.’

I have often lamented the narrow plan of our university education, and always observe, with pleasure, any attempts to enlarge and improve it. In this light, I cannot help looking on Newmarket as a judicious supplement to the university of Cambridge, and would recommend it to the young students to repair duly thither twice a year. By these means they may connect the knowledge of polite life with study, and come from college as deeply versed in the genteel mysteries of gaming, as in Greek, Latin, and the mathematics. Attending these solemnities must, indeed, be of great service to every rank of students. Those who are intended for the church have an opportunity of tempering the severity of their character, by a happy mixture of the jockey and clergyman. I have known several, who, by uniting these opposite qualifications, and meeting with a patron of their own disposition, have rode themselves into a living in a good sporting country; and I doubt not, if the excursions of gownsmen to Newmarket meet with the encouragement they deserve, but we shall shortly see the

Beacon Course crowded with ordained sportsmen in short cassocks. As to the fellow-commoners, I do not see how they can pass their time more profitably. The sole intention of their residence at the university is, with most of them, to while away a couple of years which they cannot conveniently dispose of otherwise. Their rank exempts them from the common drudgery of lectures and exercises; and the golden tuft that adorns their velvet caps is at once a badge of honour and an apology for ignorance. But as some of those gentlemen, though they never will be scholars, may turn out excellent jockeys, it is but justice to let them carry some kind of knowledge away with them; and as they can never shine as adepts in Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, or critics on Homer and Virgil, we should suffer them to make a figure as arbiters of the course, and followers of Aaron and Driver.

I am the more earnest on this occasion, because I look upon races as a diversion peculiarly adapted to a university, and founded upon classical principles. Every author who has mentioned the ancient games, includes the race, and describes it with great dignity. This game was always celebrated with great pomp, and all the people of fashion of those days were present at it. In the twenty-third Iliad in particular, there is not only a dispute at the race, but a bet proposed in as express terms as at Newmarket. The wager offered, indeed, is a goblet, which is not entirely in the manner of our modern sportsmen, who rather choose to melt down their plate into the current specie, and bring their sideboards to the course in their purses. I am aware, also, that the races celebrated by the ancients were chariot-races; but even in these our young students of the university have great emulation to

excel. There are among them many very good coachmen, who often make excursions in those noble vehicles, with great propriety called phaetons, and drive with as much fury along the road, as the charioteers in the ancient game flew towards the goal. In a word, if we have not such noble odes on this occasion as were produced of old, it is not for want of a Theron but a Pindar.

The advices which I have at several times received of the influence of the races at Newmarket on the university, give me great pleasure. It has not only improved the behaviour of the students, but enlarged their plan of study. They are now very deeply read in Bracken's Farriery and the Complete Jockey, know exactly how many stone they weigh, and are pretty competent judges of the odds. I went some time ago to visit a fellow-commoner, and when I arrived at his chambers, found the door open, but my friend was not at home. The room was adorned with Seymour's prints of horses neatly framed and glazed; a hat and whip hung on one hook, a pair of boots on another, and on the table lay a formidable quarto, with the Sportman's Calendar, by Reginald Heber, Esq. I had the curiosity to examine the book; and as the college is remarkable for the study of philosophy, I expected to see Newton's Principia, or perhaps Sanderson's Algebra; but, on opening it, this huge volume proved to be a pompous edition of Gibson's Treatise on the Diseases of Horses.

These indeed are noble studies, will preserve our youth from pedantry, and make them men of the world. Men of genius, who are pleased with the theory of any art, will not be contented till they arrive at the practice. I am told, that the young gentlemen often try the speed of the Cambridge

nags on the Beacon Course, and that several hacks are at present in training. I have often wondered, that the gentlemen who form the club at Newmarket, never reflected on their neighbourhood to Cambridge, nor established, in honour of it, an university plate, to be run for by Cambridge hacks, rode by young gentlemen of the university. A hint of this kind will certainly be sufficient to have this laudable design put in practice the very next meeting; and I cannot help reflecting, on this occasion, what an unspeakable satisfaction it must be to those persons of quality who are constantly at Newmarket, to see their sons cherish the same noble principles with themselves, and act in imitation of their example.

Go on, brave youths! till, in some future age,  
Whips shall become the senatorial badge;  
Till England see her jockey senators  
Meet all at Westminster in boots and spurs;  
See the whole house, with mutual frenzy mad,  
Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad;  
Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,  
And guide with equal reins a steed and state.

WARTON'S NEWMARKET.

No. 42. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1754.

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—*Sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.*

HOR. ARS POET. 69.

What energy and grace adorns our tongue!  
Sweet as the Roman, as the Grecian strong.

A FRIEND of mine lately gave me an account of a set of gentlemen, who meet together once a week under the name of the English Club. The title with which they dignify their society arises from the chief end of their meeting, which is to cultivate their mother tongue. They employ half the time of their assembling in hearing some of our best classics read to them, which generally furnishes them with conversation for the rest of the evening. They have instituted annual festivals in honour of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, &c., on each of which an oration, interspersed with encomiums on the English language, is spoken in praise of the author, who, in the phrase of the almanac, gives the red letter to the day. They have established a fund, from which handsome rewards are allotted to those who shall supply the place of any exotic terms, that have been smuggled into our language, by home-spun British words equally significant and expressive. An order is also made against importing any contraband phrases into the club, by which heavy fines are laid on those who shall have any modish barbarism found upon them; whether they be foreign words, ancient or modern, or any cant terms



coined by the town for the service of the current year.

The whole account which I received from my friend gave me great satisfaction, and I never remember any society that met together on such commendable principles. Their proceedings, it must however be confessed, are somewhat unfashionable; for the English tongue is become as little the general care as English beef, or English honesty. Young gentlemen are obliged to drudge at school for nine or ten years, in order to scrape together as much Greek and Latin, as they can forget during their tour abroad; and have commonly at the same time a private master to give them French enough to land them with some reputation at Calais. This is, to be sure, very prudent as well as genteel. Yet some people are perverse enough to imagine, that to teach boys a foreign language, living or dead, without, at the same time grounding them in their mother tongue, is a very preposterous plan of education. The Romans, though they studied at Athens, directed their studies to the benefit of their own country, and though they read Greek, wrote in Latin. There are at this day in France academies established for the support and preservation of the French language; and, perhaps, if to the present professorships of Hebrew and Greek, there should be added a professorship of the English language, it would be no disgrace to our learned universities.

When we consider that our language is preferable to most if not all others now in being, it seems something extraordinary, that any attention should be paid to a foreign tongue that is refused to our own, when we are likely to get so little by the change. But when we reflect further on the re-

markable purity, to which some late authors have brought it, we are still more concerned at the present neglect of it. This shameful neglect, I take to be owing chiefly to these two reasons; the false pride of those who are esteemed men of learning, and the ridiculous affectation of our fine gentlemen, and pretenders to wit.

In complaisance to our fine gentlemen, who are themselves the allowed standards of politeness, I shall begin with them first. Their conversation exactly answers the description, which Benedick gives of Claudio's: 'Their words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes.' These dishes, too, are all French; and I do not know, whether their conversation does not a good deal depend on their bill of fare; and whether the thin meagre diet, on which our fine gentlemen subsist, does not, in some measure, take away the power of that bold articulation, necessary to give utterance to manly British accents; whence their conversation becomes so 'fantastical a banquet,' and every sentence they deliver is almost as heterogeneous a mixture as a salmagundy. A fashionable coxcomb, now, never complains of the vapours, but tells you that he is very much *ennuyé*;—he does not affect to be genteel, but *degagé*;—nor is he taken with an elegant simplicity in a beautiful countenance, but breaks out in raptures on a *je ne sçai quoi*, and a certain *naïveté*. In a word, his head as well as his heels, is entirely French; and he is a thorough *petit maître* in his language as well as behaviour. But notwithstanding all this, I do not know whether the conversation of our pretenders to wit is not still more barbarous. When they talk of humbug, &c., they seem to be jabbering in the uncouth dialect of the Huns, or the rude gabble of the Hottentots; or

if their words are at all allied to the language of this country, it probably comes nearest to the strange cant said to be in use among housebreakers and highwaymen; and if their jargon will bear any explanation, the curious are most likely to meet with it in a polite vocabulary, lately published under the title of the Scoundrel's Dictionary.

Many, who are accounted men of learning, if they do not join with fops and coxcombs to corrupt our language, at least do very little to promote it, and are sometimes very indifferently acquainted with it. There are many persons of both our universities, who can decipher an old Greek manuscript, and construe Lycophron extempore, who scarce know the idiom of their own language, and are at a loss how to dispatch a familiar letter with tolerable facility. These gentlemen seem to think, that learning consists merely in being versed in languages not generally understood. But it should be considered, that the same genius, which animated the ancients, has dispensed, at least, some portion of its heat to later ages, and particularly to the English. Those, who are really charmed with Homer and Sophocles, will hardly read Shakspeare and Milton without emotion; and if I was inclined to carry on the parallel, I could, perhaps, mention as many great names as Athens ever produced. The knowledge of Greek, Latin, &c., is certainly very valuable; but this may be attained without the loss of their mother tongue; for these reverend gentlemen should know, that languages are not like preferments in the church, too many of which cannot be held together.

This great neglect of our own tongue, is one of the principal reasons that we are so seldom favoured with any publications from either of our universities, which we might expect very often, considering

the great number of learned men who reside there. The press being thus deserted by those who might naturally be expected to support it, falls to the care of a set of illiterate hirelings, in whose hands it is no wonder if the language is every day mangled, and should at last be utterly destroyed. Writing is well known to be at present as much a trade as any handicraft whatever; and every man, who can vamp up any thing for present sale, though void of sense or syntax, is listed by the bookseller as an author. But allowing all our present writers to be men of parts and learning, as there are doubtless some who may be reckoned so, is it probable that they should exert their abilities to the utmost, when they do not write for fame, like the ancients, but as a means of subsistence? If Herodotus and Livy had sold their histories at so much a sheet, and all the other Greek and Latin classics had written in the same circumstances with many modern authors, they would hardly have merited all that applause they so justly receive at present. The plays of Sophocles and Euripides might, perhaps, not have been much better than modern tragedies; Virgil might have got a dinner by half a dozen town eclogues; and Horace have wrote birthday odes, or now and then a lampoon on the company of the Baia.

A false modesty is another great cause of the few publications by men of eminence and learning. However equal to the task, they have not sufficient confidence to venture to the press, but are rather guilty of wilful injustice to themselves and to the public. They are also ashamed of appearing among the common herd of authors. But the press, though it is often abused, should by no means be accounted scandalous or dishonourable. Though a learned and ingenious writer might not choose to be mus-

tered in the same roll with ———— or Mr. Town, yet we have a Hooke, a Browne, an Aken-side, and many others, in whose company it will be an honour to appear. I would not willingly suppose that they are afraid to hazard the characters they now maintain, of being men of learning and abilities; for while we only take these things for granted, their reputations are but weakly established. To rescue our native language from the hands of ignorants and mercenaries, is a task worthy of those who are accounted ornaments of our seats of learning; and it is surely more than common ingratitude in those, who eat the bread of literature, to refuse their utmost endeavours to support it.

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No. 43. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1754.

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*Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,  
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura.*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 1. 197.

Pit, box, and gallery, I with joy survey,  
And more observe the audience than the play.

A FEW years ago an ingenious player gave notice in the bills for his benefit night, that the prologue should be spoken by the pit, which he contrived to have represented on the stage. Another time he drew in the whole house to act as chorus to a new farce; and I remember that, in the last rebellion, the loyal acclamations of ‘God save the King,’ might

have been heard from Drury Lane to Charing Cross. Upon these and many other occasions the audience has been known to enter into the immediate business of the drama; and, to say the truth, I never go into the theatre, without looking on the spectators as playing a part almost as much as the actors themselves. All the company, from the stage-box to the upper gallery, know their cues very well, and perform their parts with great spirit. I begun the season with a few animadversions on the chief faults to which our performers are liable. To-day, I shall beg leave to say a word or two to the audience, as my reflections on the theatre would otherwise be incomplete. On this occasion, I expect the thanks of the managers; and would recommend it to them to put my thirty-fourth number into a frame and glass, and hang it up in the Green-room for the benefit of the players; and to dispose three or four thousand of the present number into the several parts of the house, as Bayes dispersed papers to insinuate the plot of his piece into the boxes.

The first part of the audience, that demands our attention, is so nearly allied to the actors, that they always appear on the same level with them; but while the performer endeavours to carry on the business of the play, these gentlemen behind the scenes serve only to hinder and disturb it. There is no part of the house, from which a play can be seen to so little advantage as from the stage; yet this situation is very convenient on many other considerations, of more consequence to a fine gentleman. It looks particular; it is the best place to show a handsome person or an elegant suit of clothes; a bow from the stage to a beauty in the box is most likely to attract our notice; and a pretty fellow may perhaps, with tolerable management, get the credit

of an intrigue with some of the actresses. But notwithstanding all these advantages accruing to our fine gentlemen, I could heartily wish they would leave a clear stage to the performers; or at least that none should be admitted behind the scenes, but such as would submit to be of some use there. As these gentlemen are ready dressed, they might help to swell the retinue of a monarch, join the engagement in a tragedy-battle, or do any other little office that might occur in the play, which requires but little sense and no memory. But if they have not any genius for acting, and are still desirous of retaining their posts by the side-scenes, they should be obliged to take a musket, bayonet, pouch, and the rest of the accoutrements, and stand on guard quietly and decently with the soldiers.

The boxes are often filled with persons, who do not come to the theatre out of any regard to Shakspeare or Garrick, but like the fine lady in *Lethe*, 'because everybody is there.' As these people cannot be expected to mind the play themselves, we can only desire them not to call off the attention of others; nor interrupt the dialogue on the stage by a louder conversation of their own. The silent courtship of the eyes, ogles, nods, glances, court'sies from one box to another, may be allowed them the same as at church; but nothing more, except at coronations, funeral processions, and pantomimes. Here I cannot help recommending it to the gentlemen, who draw the pen from under their right ears about seven o'clock, clap on a bag-wig and sword, and drop into the boxes at the end of the third act, to take their half-crown's worth with as much decency as possible; as well as the bloods, who reel from the taverns about Covent Garden near that time, and tumble drunk into the boxes. Before I

quit this part of the house, I must take notice of that division of the upper-boxes, properly distinguished by the name of the flesh market. There is frequently as much art used to make the flesh exhibited here look wholesome, and, as Tim says in the farce, 'all over red and white like the inside of a shoulder of mutton,' as there is by the butchers to make their veal look white; and it is as often rank carrion and flyblown. If these ladies would appear in any other quarter of the house, I would only beg of them, and those who come to market, to drive their bargains with as little noise as possible; but I have lately observed, with some concern, that these women begin to appear in the lower boxes, to the destruction of all order, and great confusion of all modest ladies. It is to be hoped that some of their friends will advise them not to pretend to appear there any more than at court; for it is as absurd to endeavour the removal of their market into the front and side boxes, as it would be in the butchers of St. James's market to attempt fixing the shambles in St. James's square.

I must now desire the reader to descend with me, among laced hats and capuchins, into the pit. The pit is the grand court of criticism; and in the centre of it is collected that awful body, distinguished by the title of The Town. Hence are issued the irrevocable decrees; and here final sentence is pronounced on plays and players. This court has often been very severe in its decisions, and has been known to declare many old plays barbarously murdered, and most of our modern ones *felo de se*; but it must not be dissembled, that many a cause of great consequence has been denied a fair hearing. Parties and private cabals have often been formed to thwart the progress of merit, or to espouse igno-



rance and dulness ; for it is not wonderful, that the parliament of criticism, like all others, should be liable to corruption. In this assembly, Mr. Town was first nominated critic and censor-general ; but considering the notorious bribery now prevailing, I think proper to declare, in imitation of Tom in the *Conscious Lovers*, that I never took a single order for my vote in all my life.

Those who pay their two shillings at the door of the middle gallery, seem to frequent the theatre purely for the sake of seeing the play ; though these peaceful regions are sometimes disturbed by the incursions of rattling ladies of pleasure, sometimes contain persons of fashion in disguise, and sometimes critics in ambush. The greatest fault I have to object to those who fill this quarter of the theatre, is their frequent and injudicious interruption of the business of the play by their applause. I have seen a bad actor clapped two minutes together for ranting, or perhaps shrugging his shoulders, and making wry faces ; and I have seen the natural course of the passions checked in a good one, by these ill-judged testimonies of their approbation. It is recorded of *Betterton*, to his honour, that he thought a deep silence through the whole house, and a strict attention to his playing, the strongest and surest signs of his being well received.

The inhabitants of the upper-gallery demand our notice as well as the rest of the theatre. The trunk-maker of immortal memory was the most celebrated hero of these regions ; but since he is departed, and no able-bodied critic appointed in his room, I cannot help giving the same caution to the upper-gallery, as to the gentry a pair of stairs lower. Some of the under comedians will perhaps be displeased at this order, who are proud of these applauses, and

rejoice to hear the lusty bangs from the oaken towels of their friends against the wainscot of the upper-gallery ; but I think they should not be allowed to shatter the panels without amending our taste ; since their thwacks, however vehement, are seldom laid on with sufficient judgment to ratify our applause. It were better, therefore, if all the present twelve-penny critics of this town, who preside over our diversions in the upper-gallery, would content themselves with the inferior duties of their office ; viz : to take care that the play begins at the proper time, that the music between the acts is of a due length, and that the candles are snuffed in tune.

After these brief admonitions concerning our behaviour at the play, which are intended as a kind of *vade mecum* for the frequenters of the theatre, I cannot conclude my paper more properly than with an extract from the Tale of a Tub, showing the judicious distribution of our playhouses into boxes, pit, and galleries.

‘I confess, that there is something very refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first; the pit is sunk below the stage, that whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be lead or gold, may fall plump into the jaws of certain critics, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies ; because that large portion of wit, laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity, to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonery, by

nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not with much foresight contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.'

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No. 44. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1754.

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—*Des nominis hujus honorem.*

HOR. SAT. i. 4. 44.

Let every Wapping wife to Lady swell,  
And each St. Giles's Miss be Ma'emoiselle. '

I LATELY took a survey of the female world, as censor-general; and, upon a strict review, was very much surprised to find that there is scarce one woman to be met with, except among the lowest of the vulgar. The sex consists almost entirely of ladies. Every Joan is lifted into a lady; and the maid and the mistress are equally dignified with this polite title. The stage-coaches are constantly filled with ladies—at Bartholomew fair there is always a hop for the ladies—and if the ladies in the drawing-room are employed at whist, their last night's cards are made use of in a rubber by the ladies in the steward's room; while the other ladies of the family are staking their halfpence at put or all-fours, in the kitchen. In a word, whenever there is occasion to speak of the female world, honourable mention is always made of them by the

respectful appellation of 'the ladies;' as the young and the old, the black and the brown, the homely and the handsome, are all complaisantly included under the general title of 'the fair.'

Since therefore the ladies of Great Britain make up so numerous a body, I should be loath to disoblige so considerable a sisterhood, and shall devote this paper entirely to their service. I propose, at present, to marshal them into their respective ranks; and, upon a review, I find that they may be justly distributed under these five divisions; viz: married ladies, maiden or young ladies, ladies of quality, fine ladies, and lastly, without affront to the good company, ladies of pleasure.

I shall begin with the married ladies, as this order will be found to be far the most numerous, and includes all the married women in town or country above the degree of a char-woman or the trundler of a wheelbarrow. The plain old English word, wife, has long been discarded in our conversation, as being only fit for the broad mouths of the vulgar. A well-bred ear is startled at the very sound of wife, as at a coarse and indelicate expression; and I appeal to any fashionable couple, whether they would not be as much ashamed to be mentioned together as man and wife, as they would be to appear together at court in a fardingale and trunk-breeches. From Hyde-Park Corner to Temple-Bar, this monster of a wife has not been heard of since the antiquated times of dame and your worship; and in the city every good housewife is, at least, a lady of the other end of the town. In the country, you might as well dispute the pretensions of every fox-hunter to the title of esquire, as of his helpmate to that of lady; and in every corporation town, whoever matches with a burgess, becomes a lady by

right of charter. My cousin Village, from whom I have all my rural intelligence, informs me that, upon the strictest inquiry, there is but one wife in the town where he now lives, and that is the parson's wife, who is never mentioned by the country ladies but as a dowdy, and an old-fashioned creature. Such is the great privilege of matrimony, that every female is ennobled by changing her surname; for as every unmarried woman is a miss, every married one, by the same courtesy, is a lady.

The next order of dignified females is composed of maiden or young ladies; which terms are synonymous, and are indifferently applied to females of the age of fourteen or threescore. We must not, therefore, be surprised to hear of maiden ladies, who are known to have had several children, or to meet with young ladies, that look like old dowagers. At the house of an acquaintance where I lately visited, I was told that we were to expect Mrs. Jackson and the two Miss Wrinkles. But what was my surprise! when I saw, on their arrival, a blooming female of twenty-five accosted under the first denomination, and the two nymphs, as I expected, come tottering into the room, the youngest of them, to all appearance, on the verge of threescore. I could not help wishing, on this occasion, that some middle term was invented between Miss and Mrs., to be adopted, at a certain age, by all females not inclined to matrimony; for surely nothing can be more ridiculous, than to hear a grayhaired lady, past her grand climacteric, mentioned in terms that convey the idea of youth and beauty, or perhaps of a bib and hanging-sleeves. This indiscriminate appellation unavoidably creates much confusion. I know an eminent tradesman who lost a very good

customer for innocently writing Mrs. ——— at the head of her bill ; and I was lately at a ball, where, trusting to a friend for a partner, I was obliged to do penance with an old withered beldam, who hobbled through several country dances with me, though she was ancient enough to have been my grandmother. Excluding these young ladies of fifty and sixty, this order of females is very numerous ; for there is scarce a girl in town or country, superior to a milkmaid or cinder-wench, but is comprehended in it. The daughters are indisputably young ladies, though their papas may be tradesmen or mechanics ; for the present race of shopkeepers, &c., have wisely provided, that their gentility shall be preserved in the female part of the family. Thus, although the son is called plain Jack, and perhaps bound apprentice to his father, the daughter is taught to hold up her head, make tea in the little parlour behind the shop, and inherits the title of lady from her mamma. To make these claims to dignity more sure, those excellent seminaries of genteel education, called boarding-schools, have been contrived ; where, instead of teasing a sampler, or conning a chapter of the Bible, the young ladies are instructed to hold up their heads, make a courtesy, and to behave themselves in every respect like pretty little ladies. Hence, it happens, that we may often observe several of these polite damsels in the skirts of White Chapel, and in every petty country town ; nay, it is common to meet with young ladies born and bred, who have submitted to keep a chandler's shop, or had humility enough even to go to service.

I proceed next to take into consideration what is generally understood by ladies of quality. These, in other words, may be more properly called ladies of fashion ; for, in the modish acceptation of the phrase,

not so much regard is had to their birth or station, or even to their coronet, as to their way of life. The duchess, who has not taste enough to act up to the character of a person of quality, is no more respected in the polite world than a city knight's lady; nor does she derive any greater honour from her title, than the humpbacked woman receives from the vulgar. But what is more immediately expected from a lady of quality, will be seen under the next article; for, to their praise be it spoken, most of our modern ladies of quality affect to be fine ladies.

To describe the life of a fine lady, would be only to set down a perpetual round of visiting, gaming, dressing, and intriguing. She has been bred up in the notion of making a figure, and of recommending herself as a woman of spirit; for which end she is always foremost in the fashion, and never fails gracing with her appearance every public assembly, and every party of pleasure. Though single, she may coquet with every fine gentleman; or, if married, she may admit of gallantries without reproach, and even receive visits from the men in her bed-chamber. To complete the character, and to make her a very fine lady, she should be celebrated for her wit and beauty, and be parted from her husband; for as matrimony itself is not meant as a restraint upon pleasure, a separate maintenance is understood as a license to throw off even the appearance of virtue.

From the fine ladies it is a very natural transition to the ladies of pleasure; and, indeed, from what has already been said concerning fine ladies, one might imagine that, as they make pleasure their sole pursuit, they might properly be entitled ladies of pleasure. But this gay appellation is reserved

for the higher rank of prostitutes, whose principal difference from the fine ladies consists in their openly professing a trade, which the others carry on by smuggling. A lady of fashion, who refuses no favours but the last, or even grants that without being paid for it, is not to be accounted a lady of pleasure, but ranks in an order formerly celebrated under the title of demi-reps. It is whimsical enough to see the different complexions assumed by the same vice, according to the difference of stations. The married lady of quality may intrigue with as many as she pleases, and still remain right honourable; the draggle-tailed street-walker is a common woman, and liable to be sent to Bridewell; but the whore of high life is a lady of pleasure and rolls in a gilt chariot.

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No. 45. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1754.

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*Quicquid agunt homines, rotum, timor, ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli.*

JUV. SAT. i. 85.

Whate'er the busy bustling world employs,  
Our wants and wishes, pleasures, cares, and joys,  
These the historians of our times display,  
And call it news, the hodge-podge of a day.

WHEN I first resolved on appearing in my present character, I had some thought of making my public entry in the front of one or other of our newspapers; as I considered that the domestic occurrences, which compose a part of their equipage, would make no



bad figure in my own retinue. Some reflections on the modish methods of gaming would receive an additional confirmation from a paragraph in the News, that 'last Tuesday a game at whist was played at White's for 1000*l.* a corner,' or that 'the match between his Grace, the Duke of \* \* \* \* and Lord \* \* \* \* was decided at Newmarket;' and a dissertation on the luxury of the present age, would be very aptly illustrated by an exact account of the weight of the turtle, dressed a few days before for the gentlemen of the above-mentioned chocolate house.

Indeed, I have always looked upon the works of Mr. Jenour, in the Daily Advertiser, as a kind of supplement to the intelligence of Mr. Town; containing a more minute account of the important transactions of that class of mankind, which has been figuratively styled 'The World.' From these daily registers, you may not only learn when any body is married or hanged, but you have immediate notice whenever his Grace goes to Newmarket, or her ladyship set out for Bath; and but last week, at the same time that the gentlemen of the law were told that the Lord Chancellor could not sit in the Court of Chancery, people of fashion had the melancholy news, that Signor Ricciarelli was not able to sing.

Nor is that part of Mr. Jenour's lucubrations which is allotted to advertisements less amusing and entertaining, and many of these articles might very properly come under my cognizance. It is here debated, whether the prize of eloquence should be given to Orator Macklin or Orator Henley; and whether Mr. Stephen Pitts is not the best qualified to furnish gentlemen and ladies libraries with tea-chests in octavo, and close stools in folio. And be-

sides, the public notices to persons of taste, of very rare old Japan, and most curious and imitable Epargnes for desserts, as also the most rich and elegant fancied silks to be sold by auction; many other advices no less interesting to the town, are here given. We are daily put in mind, that Mrs. Philips, at the Green Canister, still hopes for the favours of her former good customers, as usual; that next door to Haddock's is sold an antidote against the poison imbibed at that bagnio; that Dr. Rock infallibly cures a certain epidemic distemper by virtue of the king's patent; that a learned physician and surgeon will privately accommodate any gentleman, as the doctor modestly expresses it in his own Latin, *pro morbus venerea curandus*; and that Y. Z., a regular-bred surgeon and man-midwife, together with fifty others, will accommodate gentlemen, that are under a necessity of lying-in privately.

But not only the public transactions of auctioneers, brokers, and horse-dealers, but the most private concerns of pleasure and gallantry may be also carried on by means of this paper. Assignations are here made, and the most secret intrigues formed, at the expense of two shillings. If a genteel young lady, who can do all kinds of work, wants a place, she will be sure to hear of a master by advertising. Any gentleman and lady of unexceptionable character may meet with lodgings to be let, and no questions asked. How often has Romeo declared in print his unspeakable passion for the charming Peachy! How many gentlemen have made open professions of the strictest honour and secrecy! And how many ladies, dressed in such a manner, and seen at such a place, have been desired to leave a line for A. B. Before the late marriage act, it

was very usual for young gentlemen and ladies, possessed of every qualification requisite to make the marriage state happy, to offer themselves as a good bargain to each other; and men took the same measures of advertising to get an agreeable companion for life, as they do for an agreeable companion for a postchaise. As this traffic in matrimony is now prohibited, it has given occasion to the opening a new branch of trade; and since husbands and wives are hardly to be got for love or money, several good-natured females have set themselves up to sale to the best bidder. The Daily Advertiser is therefore become the universal register for new faces; and every day's advertisements have been lately crowded with offers of young ladies, who would be glad of the company of any elderly gentleman, to pass his leisure hours with them, and play at cards.

I look upon the common intelligence in our public papers, with the long train of advertisements annexed to it, as the best account of the present domestic state of England, that can possibly be compiled; nor do I know any thing which would give posterity so clear an idea of the taste and morals of the present age, as a bundle of our daily papers. They would here see what books are most read, what are our chief amusements and diversions; and when they should observe the daily inquiries after eloped wives and apprentices, and the frequent accounts of trials in Westminster Hall for perjury, adultery, &c., they might form a tolerable notion even of our private life. Among many other reasons for lamenting that the art of printing was not more early discovered, I cannot but regret that we have perhaps lost many accounts of this nature, which might otherwise have been handed down to

us. With what pleasure should we have perused an Athenian Advertiser, or a Roman Gazetteer! A curious critic or antiquary would place them on the same shelf with the classics; and would be highly pleased at discovering, what days Tully went to his Tusculum, or Pliny to his magnificent villa; who was the capital singer in the Grecian opera, and in what characters Roscius appeared with most success. These pieces of intelligence would undoubtedly give great satisfaction; and I am myself acquainted with a very learned gentleman, who has assured me that he has been as much delighted at discovering that the Sosii were Horace's booksellers, that the Hecyra of Terence was damned, and other little particulars of that nature, as with an account of the destruction of Carthage, or the death of Cæsar. We should also be glad to collect from their advertisements what things were most in request at Athens and Rome. Even our papers, which perhaps are called 'daily,' from their lasting but a day, are, I fear, of too fugitive a nature to fall under the inspection of posterity. To remedy in some measure this inconvenience, I shall now conclude my paper with a few advertisements, which, if they have not all actually been inserted in our papers, are at least of the same nature with those that daily have a place there.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

To be spoken with every day at his house in the  
Old Bailey,

BRYAN RAPAWAY,

Who swears oaths of all kinds and prices, and will procure positive evidence at a day's warning in all sorts of causes. He will contract with

any attorney or quack-doctor to swear by the quarter; and will supply affidavits, &c., on the most reasonable terms.

\* \* He will attend, during the business of elections and double returns, in the lobby of the House of Commons, and will ply next term at Westminster Hall.

#### WANTED.

A genteel black or negro girl, very handsome; with a soft skin, good teeth, sweet breath, at least five feet three inches high, and not above eighteen. Whoever has such a girl to dispose of, may hear of a gentleman who will give fifty guineas for her, by applying at the bar of the Shakspeare's Head Tavern, Covent Garden.

Note.—At the same place, any genteel white girl may hear of something to her advantage.

A person that lives near Guildhall, is a very gentle rider, rides about ten stone, chiefly for health, and never on a Sunday but on an extraordinary occasion, would be glad of a partner much under the same circumstances, in a very genteel mare, and very good in her kind.

Several sums, from 10*l.* to 10,000*l.*

Wanted immediately, by a person in a large and profitable business — Wanted directly, by a person whose character will bear the strictest inquiry — Wanted for a week only, or as long as the lender chooses — Upon undeniable security — The borrower will give his bond and judgment, make over his stock in trade, insure his life, &c. — A handsome gratuity will be given — Interest paid punctually —

Strictest honour and secrecy may be depended on.  
None but principals will be treated with.

Direct for A. B., L. M., S. T., X. Y., &c. &c. &c.

This day are published,

The Adventures of Dick Hazard.

The History of Mr. Joshua Trueman.

The History of Will Ramble.

The History of James Ramble, Esq.

The Travels of Drake Morris.

The History of Jasper Banks.

Memoirs of the Shakspeare's Head.

The History of Frank Hammond.

The Marriage Act, a Novel.

And speedily will be published,

The History of Sir Humphry Herald and Sir Edward Haunch. — Memoirs of Lady Vainlove. —

The Card. — Adventures of Tom Doughty, Jack Careless, Frank Easy, Dick Damnable, Molly Peirson, &c. &c. &c.

Being a complete collection of Novels for the amusement of the present Winter.

No. 46. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1754.

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—*Facies non omnibus una,*  
*Nec diversa tamen.*— OVID. MET. ii. 13.

Where borrowed tints bestow a lifeless grace,  
None wear the same, yet none a different face

“TO MR. TOWN.

“SIR,

“It is whimsical to observe the mistakes that we country gentlemen are led into at our first coming to town. We are induced to think, and indeed truly, that your fine ladies are composed of different materials from our rural ones; since, though they sleep all day and rake all night, they still remain as fresh and ruddy as a parson's daughter or a farmer's wife. At other times we are apt to wonder that such delicate creatures as they appear, should yet be so much proof against cold, as to look as rosy in January as in June, and even in the sharpest weather to be very unwilling to approach the fire. I was at a loss to account for this unalterable hue of their complexions; but I soon found that beauty was not more peculiar to the air of St. James's than of York; and that this perpetual bloom was not native, but imported from abroad. Not content with that red and white which nature gave, your belles are reduced, as they pretend, to the necessity of supplying the flush of health with the rouge of vermilion, and giving us Spanish wool for English beauty.

“The very reason alleged for this fashionable practice is such, as, if they seriously considered it, the ladies would be ashamed to mention. ‘The late hours they are obliged to keep, render them such perfect frights, that they would be as loath to appear abroad without paint as without clothes.’ This, it must be acknowledged, is too true; but would they suffer their fathers or their husbands to wheel them down for one month to the old mansion-house, they would soon be sensible of the change, and soon perceive how much the early walk exceeds the late assembly. The vigils of the card-table have spoiled many a good face; and I have known a beauty stick to the midnight rubbers, till she has grown as homely as the queen of spades. There is nothing more certain in all Hoyle’s cases, than that whist and late hours will ruin the finest set of features; but if the ladies would give up their routs for the healthy amusements of the country, I will venture to say their carmine would be then as useless as their artificial nose-gays.

“A moralist might talk to them of the heinousness of the practice; since all deceit is criminal, and painting is no better than looking a lie. And should they urge that nobody is deceived by it, he might add, that the plea for admitting it is then at an end; since few are yet arrived at that height of French politeness, as to dress their cheeks in public, and to profess wearing vermilion as openly as powder. But I shall content myself with using an argument more likely to prevail; and such, I trust, will be the assurance, that this practice is highly disagreeable to the men. What must be the mortification, and what the disgust of the lover, who goes to bed to a bride as blooming as an angel, and finds her in the morning as wan and yellow as a corpse? For



marriage soon takes off the mask; and all the resources of art, all the mysteries of the toilet, are then at an end. He that is thus wedded to a cloud instead of a Juno, may well be allowed to complain, but without relief; for this is a custom which, once admitted, so tarnishes the skin that it is next to impossible ever to retrieve it. Let me, therefore, caution those young beginners, who are not yet discoloured past redemption, to leave it off in time, and endeavour to procure, and preserve by early hours, that unaffected bloom, which art cannot give, and which only age or sickness can take away.

“Our beauties were formerly above making use of so poor an artifice; they trusted to the lively colouring of nature, which was heightened by temperance and exercise; but our modern belles are obliged to retouch their cheeks every day, to keep them in repair. We were then as superior to the French in the assembly, as in the field; but since a trip to France has been thought a requisite in the education of our ladies as well as gentlemen, our polite females have thought fit to dress their faces as well as their heads *à la mode de Paris*. I am told, that when an English lady is at Paris, she is so surrounded with false faces, that she is herself obliged, if she would not appear singular, to put on the mask. But who would exchange the brilliancy of the diamond for the faint lustre of French paste? And for my part, I would as soon expect that an English beauty at Morocco would Japan her face with lampblack, in complaisance to the sable beauties of that country. Let the French ladies white-wash and plaster their fronts, and lay on their colours with a trowel; but these daubings of art are no more to be compared to the genuine glow of a British cheek, than the coarse strokes of the painter’s

brush can resemble the native veins of the marble. This contrast is placed in a proper light in Mr. Addison's fine epigram on Lady Manchester ; which will serve to convince us of the force of undissembled beauty.

When haughty Gallia's dames, that spread  
O'er their pale cheeks a lifeless red,  
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,  
In native charms divinely fair,  
Confusion in their looks they show'd,  
And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

I think, Mr. Town, you might easily prevail on your fair readers to leave off this unnatural practice, if you could once thoroughly convince them that it impairs their beauty instead of improving it. A lady's face, like the coats in the Tale of a Tub, if left to itself, will wear well ; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

" Among other matter of wonder, on my first coming to town, I was much surprised at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present, there is no distinction in their complexion between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric ; yet at the same time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday ; turn pale on Wednesday ; come round to the olive hue again on Thursday ; and, in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people, whom nobody knows ; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I

could not unriddle, till, on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expense of a fair one, who, unthinkingly, had turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given, as is observed in the epigram, like those of Pyramus, through a wall. I then discovered that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that, as Hamlet says, ‘God had given them one face, and they had made themselves another.’

“I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady’s face by a salute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in Yorkshire. There, I think, they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make its way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask; at another, it is blotted with patches; and, at present, it is crusted over with plaster of Paris. In those battered belles, who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some sort excusable; but it is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

“Indeed, so common is this fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudson’s; and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the

tints, and the delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature; but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvas.

“ I am, Sir, your humble servant,

“ RUSTICUS.”

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No. 47. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1754.

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*Hic mecum licet, hinc, Juvence, quicquid  
In buccam tibi venerit, loquaris.* MART. EP. XII. 24. 4.

Here, wittings, here with Maeklin talk your fill,  
On plays, or politics, or what you will.

IT has hitherto been imagined, that though we have equalled, if not surpassed, the ancients in other liberal arts, we have not yet been able to arrive at that height of eloquence, which was possessed in so amazing a manner by the Grecian and Roman orators. Whether this has been owing to any peculiar organization of our tongues, or whether it has proceeded from our national love of taciturnity, I shall not take upon me to determine; but I will now venture to affirm that the present times might furnish us with a more surprising number of fine speakers, than have been set down by Tully in his treatise *De Claris Oratoribus*. Foreigners can no longer object to us, that the northern coldness of our

climate has, as it were, pursed up our lips, and that we are afraid to open our mouths; the charm is at length dissolved; and our people, who before affected the gravity and silence of the Spaniards, have adopted and naturalized the volubility of speech, as well as the gay manners, of the French.

This change has been brought about by the public spirited attempts of those elevated geniuses, who have instituted certain schools for the cultivation of eloquence, in all its branches. Hence it is, that instead of languid discourses from the pulpit, several tabernacles and meeting-houses have been set up, where lay-preachers may display all the powers of oratory in sighs and groans, and emulate a Whitfield or a Wesley in all the figures of rhetoric. And not only the enthusiast has his conventicles, but even the freethinker boasts his societies, where he may hold forth against religion in tropes, metaphors, and similes. The declamations weekly thundered out at Clare Market, and the subtle argumentations at the Robin Hood, I have formerly celebrated. It now remains to pay my respects to the Martin Luther of the age, as he frequently calls himself, the great orator, Macklin; who, by declaiming himself, and opening a school for the disputations of others, has joined both the above plans together, and formed the British Inquisition. Here, whatever concerns the world of taste and literature, is debated; our rakes and bloods, who had been used to frequent Covent Garden merely for the sake of whoring and drinking, now resort thither for reason and argument; and the piazza begins to vie with the ancient portico, where Socrates disputed.

But what pleases me most in Mr. Macklin's institution is, that he has allowed the tongues of my fair countrywomen their full play. Their natural

talents for oratory are so excellent and numerous, that it seems more owing to the envy than prudence of the other sex, that they should be denied the opportunity of exerting them. The remarkable tendency in our politest ladies, 'to talk, though they have nothing to say,' and the torrent of eloquence, that pours, on the most trivial occasions, from the lips of those females, called scolds, give abundant proofs of that command of words, and flow of eloquence, which so few men have been able to attain. Again, if action is the life and soul of an oration, how many advantages have the ladies in this particular? The waving of a snowy arm, artfully shaded with the enchanting slope of a double ruffle, would have twenty times the force of the stiff seesaw of a male orator; and when they come to the most animated parts of the oration, which demand uncommon warmth and agitation, we should be vanquished by the heaving breast, and all those other charms, which the modern dress is so well calculated to display.

Since the ladies are thus undeniably endued with these and many other accomplishments for oratory, that no place should hitherto have been opened for their exerting them is almost unaccountable. The lower order of females have, indeed, long ago instituted an academy of this kind at the other end of the town, where oysters and eloquence are in equal perfection; but the politer part of the female world have hitherto had no further opportunity of exercising their abilities than the common occasions which a new cap or *pête-en-l'air*, the tea or the card table have afforded them. I am therefore heartily glad that a plan is at length put in execution, which will encourage their propensity to talking, and enlarge their topics of conversation; but I would more

particularly recommend it to all ladies of a clamorous disposition, to attend at Macklin's; that the impetuous stream of eloquence, which, for want of another vent, has long been poured on their servants or husbands, may now be carried off by another more agreeable channel.

I could not have thought it possible that this undertaking would have subsisted two nights, without setting all the female tongues from St James's to Temple Bar in motion. But the ladies have hitherto been dumb; and female eloquence seems as unlikely to display itself in public as ever. Whether their modesty will not permit them to open their mouths in the unhallowed air of Covent Garden, I know not; but I am rather inclined to think that the questions proposed have not been sufficiently calculated for the female part of the assembly. They might perhaps be tempted to debate, 'whether Fanny Murray or Lady —— were the properest to lead the fashion;' 'to what lengths a lady might proceed without the loss of her reputation;' — or 'whether the beautifying lotion or the royal wash-ball were the most excellent cosmetics.' It might also be expected, in complaisance to the fair sex, that the Inquisitor should now and then read a dissertation on natural and artificial beauty; in which he might, with that softness and delicacy peculiar to himself, analyze a lady's face, and give examples of the ogle, the simper, the smile, the languish, the dimple, &c., with a word or two on the use and benefit of paint.

But these points I shall leave to Mr. Macklin's consideration. In the mean time, as it is not in my power to oblige the public with a lady's speech, I shall fill up the remainder of my paper with an oration, which my correspondent is desirous should

appear in print, though he had not sufficient confidence to deliver it at the Inquisition.

### QUESTION.

Whether the Stage might not be made more conducive to virtue and morality?

“MR. INQUISITOR,

“The ancient drama had, we know, a religious as well as political view; and was designed to inspire the audience with a reverence to the gods and a love of their country. Our own stage, upon particular occasions, has been made to answer the same ends. Thus we may remember during the last rebellion, besides the loyalty of the fiddles in the orchestra, we were inspired with a detestation of the Pope and Pretender by the Nonjuror, the Jesuit Caught, Perkin Warbeck, or the Popish Imposter, and such other politico-religious dramas.

“But there is a species of the drama which has not yet been mentioned by any of the gentlemen who have spoke to the question, and which is very deficient in point of moral; I mean pantomimes. Mr. Law has been very severe on the impiety of representing heathen gods and goddesses before a truly Christian audience; and to this we may add, that Harlequin is but a wicked sort of a fellow, and is always running after the girls. For my part, I have often blushed to see this impudent rake endeavouring to creep up Columbine’s petticoats, and at other times patting her neck, and laying his legs upon her lap. Nobody will say, indeed, that there is much virtue or morality in these entertainments; though it must be confessed, to the honour of our neighbouring house here, that the Necromancer and



the Sorcerer, after having played many unchristian pranks upon the stage, are, at last, fairly sent to the devil. I would therefore recommend it to our pantomime writers, that, instead of the Pantheon, or lewd comedies, they would take their subjects from some old Garland, moral ballad, or penny history book. Suppose, for example, they were to give us the story of Patient Grizzle in dumb show; setting forth, as how a noble lord fell in love with her, as he was hunting;—and there you might have the scene of the spinning wheel, and the song of the early horn;—and as how, after many trials of her patience, which they might represent by machinery, this lord at last married her;—and then you may have a grand temple and a dance. The other house have already revived the good old story of Fortunatus's wishing cap; and, as they are fond of introducing little children in their entertainments, suppose they were to exhibit a pantomime of the Three Children in the Wood;—'t would be vastly pretty to see the pasteboard robin-red-breasts let down by wires upon the stage to cover the poor innocent babes with paper leaves. But if they must have fairies and genii, I would advise them to take their stories out of that pretty little book, called the Fairy Tales. I am sure, instead of ostriches, dogs, horses, lions, monkeys, &c., we should be full as well pleased to see the Wolf and Little Red Riding Hood; and we should laugh vastly at the adventures of Puss in Boots. I need not point out the excellent moral which would be inculcated by representations of this kind; and I am confident they would meet with the deserved applause of all the old women and children in both galleries."

O

No. 48. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1754.

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—*Age, libertate Decembri,  
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere.*—

HOR. SAT. ii. 7. 4.

Come, let us, like our jovial sires of old,  
With gambols and mince-pies our Christmas hold.

AT this season of the year it has always been customary for the lower part of the world to express their gratitude to their benefactors; while some of a more elevated genius among them clothe their thoughts in a kind of holiday dress, and once in the year rise into poets. Thus, the bellman bids good-night to all his masters and mistresses in couplets; the news-carrier hawks his own verses; and the very lamplighter addresses his worthy customers in rhyme. As a servant to the public, I should be wanting in the due respect to my readers, if I also did not take this earliest opportunity of paying them the compliments of the season, and, in the phrase of their barbers, tailors, shoemakers and other tradesmen, wish them a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year.

Those old-fashioned mortals who have been accustomed to look upon this season with extraordinary devotion, I leave to con over the explanation of it in Nelson. It shall at present be my business to show the different methods of celebrating it in these kingdoms. With the generality, Christmas is

looked upon as a festival in the most literal sense, and held sacred by good eating and drinking. These, indeed, are the most distinguishing marks of Christmas; the revenue, from the malt-tax and the duty upon wines, &c., on account of these twelve days, has always been found to increase considerably; and it is impossible to conceive the slaughter that is made among the poultry and the hogs in different parts of the country, to furnish the prodigious number of turkeys and chins, and collars of brawn, that travel up as presents to the metropolis on this occasion. The jolly cit looks upon this joyous time of feasting with as much pleasure as on the treat of a new-elected alderman, or a lord-mayor's day. Nor can the country farmer rail more against the Game Act, than many worthy citizens who have ever since been debarred of their annual hare; while their ladies can never enough regret their loss of the opportunity of displaying their skill in making a most excellent pudding in the belly. But these notable housewives have still the consolation of hearing their guests commend the mince-pies without meat, which we are assured were made at home, and not, like the ordinary heavy things, from the pastry-cooks. These good people would, indeed, look upon the absence of mince-pies as the highest violation of Christmas; and have remarked, with concern, the disregard that has been shown of late years to that old English repast; for this excellent British olio is as essential to Christmas, as pancake to Shrove Tuesday, tansy to Easter, furmenty to Midlent Sunday, or goose to Michaelmas day. And they think it no wonder that our finical gentry should be so loose in their principles, as well as weak in their bodies, when the solid, substantial, Protestant mince-pie has given

place among them to the Roman Catholic omelets, and the light, puffy, heterodox *pets de religieuses*.

As this season used formerly to be welcomed in with more than usual jollity in the country, it is probable that the Christmas remembrances, with which the wagons and stage-coaches are at this time loaded, first took their rise from the laudable custom of distributing provisions at this severe quarter of the year to the poor. But these presents are now seldom sent to those who are really in want of them, but are designed as compliments to the great from their inferiors, and come chiefly from the tenant to his rich landlord, or from the rector of a fat living, as a kind of tithe, to his patron. Nor is the old hospitable English custom of keeping open house for the poor neighbourhood any longer regarded. We might as soon expect to see plum-porridge fill a tureen at the ordinary at White's, as that the lord of the manor should assemble his poor tenants to make merry at the great house. The servants now swill the Christmas ale by themselves in the hall, while the squire gets drunk with his brother fox-hunters in the smoking-room.

There is no rank of people so heartily rejoiced at the arrival of this joyful season, as the order of servants, journeymen, and apprentices, and the lower sort of people in general. No master or mistress is so rigid as to refuse them an holiday; and, by remarkable good luck, the same circumstance which gives them an opportunity of diverting themselves, procures them money to support it, by the tax which custom has imposed upon us in the article of Christmas boxes. The butcher and the baker send their journeymen and apprentices to levy contributions on their customers, which are paid back again in the usual fees to Mr. John and Mrs. Mary.

This serves the tradesman as a pretence to lengthen out his bill, and the master and mistress to lower the wages on account of the vails. The Christmas box was formerly the bounty of well-disposed people, who were willing to contribute something towards rewarding the industrious, and supplying them with necessaries. But the gift is now almost demanded as a right; and our journeymen, apprentices, &c., are grown so polite, that, instead of reserving their Christmas box for its original use, their ready cash serves them only for present pocket-money; and, instead of visiting their friends and relations, they commence the fine gentlemen of the week. The sixpenny hop is crowded with ladies and gentlemen from the kitchen; the syrens of Catherine Street charm many a holiday gallant into their snares; and the playhouses are filled with beaux, wits, and critics, from Cheapside and White Chapel. The barrows are surrounded with raw lads setting their halfpence against oranges; and the greasy cards and dirty cribbage-board employ the genteeler gamesters in every ale-house. A merry Christmas has ruined many a promising young fellow, who has been flush of money at the beginning of the week, but, before the end of it, has committed a robbery on the till for more.

But in the midst of this general festivity, there are some so far from giving into any extraordinary merriment, that they seem more gloomy than usual, and appear with faces as dismal as the month in which Christmas is celebrated. I have heard a plodding citizen most grievously complain of the great expense of housekeeping at this season, when his own and his wife's relations claim the privilege of kindred to eat him out of house and home; then again, considering the present total decay of trade, and

the great load of taxes, it is a shame, they think, that poor shopkeepers should be so fleeced and plundered, under the pretence of Christmas boxes. - But if tradesmen have any reason to murmur at Christmas, many of their customers, on the other hand, tremble at its approach; as it is made a sanction to every petty mechanic, to break in upon their joy, and disturb a gentleman's repose at this time by bringing in his bill.

Others, who used to be very merry at this season, have, within this year or two, been quite disconcerted. To put them out of their old way, is to put them out of humour; they have, therefore, quarrelled with the almanac, and refuse to keep their Christmas according to act of parliament. My cousin Village informs me, that this obstinacy is very common in the country; and that many still persist in waiting eleven days for their mirth, and defer their Christmas till the blowing of the Glastonbury thorn. In some, indeed, this cavilling with the calendar has been only the result of close economy; who, by evading the expense of keeping Christmas with the rest of the world, find means to neglect it when the general time of celebrating it is over. Many have availed themselves of this expedient; and, I am acquainted with a couple who are enraged at the New Style on another account; because it puts them to double expenses, by robbing them of the opportunity of keeping Christmas day and their wedding day at the same time.

As to persons of fashion, this annual carnival is worse to them than Lent, or the empty town in the middle of summer. The boisterous merriment, and awkward affectation of politeness among the vulgar, interrupts the course of their refined pleasures, and drives them out of town for the holidays. The few

who remain are very much at a loss how to dispose of their time; for the theatres at this season are opened only for the reception of school-boys and apprentices, and there is no public place where a person of fashion can appear, without being surrounded with the dirty inhabitants of St Giles's, and the brutes from the Wapping side of Westminster. These unhappy sufferers are really to be pitied; and since Christmas day has, to persons of distinction, a great deal of insipidity about it, I cannot enough applaud an ingenious lady, who sent cards round to all her acquaintance, inviting them to a rout on that day; which they declared was the happiest thought in the world, because Christmas day is so like Sunday.

T

No. 49. THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1754.

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*Est in consilio matrona, admotaque lanis  
Emerita quæ cessat acu: sententia prima  
Hujus erit; post hanc ætate atque arte minores  
Censebunt: tanquam fæmæ discrimen agatur,  
Aut animæ: tanta est querendi cura decoris!*

JUV. SAT. vi. 496.

Here ev'ry belle, for taste and beauty known,  
Shall meet—to fix the fashion of a gown;  
Of caps and ruffles hold the grave debate,  
As of their lives they would decide the fate.  
Life, soul, and all, would claim th' attention less,  
For life and soul is centr'd all—in dress.

“TO MR. TOWN.

“SIR,

“CONTESTED elections and double returns being at present the general topic of discourse, a subject in which the ladies, methinks, are but little concerned, I have a scheme to propose to you in their behalf, which I doubt not but you, as their professed patron, will use your eloquence to recommend, and your authority to enforce. It has long been a matter of real concern to every wellwisher to the fair sex, that the men should be allowed the free choice of representatives, to whom they can make every real or pretended grievance known, while the women are deprived of the same privilege; when in reality they have many grievances utterly unknown and unthought of by the men, and which cannot be redressed but by a female parliament.



“ I do not, indeed, pretend to the honour of first projecting this scheme, since an assembly of this nature has been proposed before ; but as it appears to me so necessary, I would advise that writs be immediately issued out for calling a parliament of women, which, for the future, should assemble every winter, and be dissolved every third year. My reason for shortening the time of their sitting proceeds from the reflection, that full as much business will be done, at least as many speeches will be made, by women in three years, as by men in seven. To this assembly, every county and city in England shall send two members ; but from this privilege I would utterly exclude every borough, as we shall presently see that they can have no business to transact there. But as I would have their number at least equal to that of the other parliament, the deficiency should be supplied by the squares and great streets at the court end of the town, each of which should be represented by one of their own inhabitants. In humble imitation of the Houses of Lords and Commons, the ladies of peers, whether spiritual or temporal, should sit here in their own right, the others by election only ; any woman to be qualified, whose husband, or even whose father, for I would by no means exclude the unmarried ladies, is qualified to be chosen into the other. In the same manner, whatever entitles the husband or father to vote at that election, should entitle his wife or daughter to vote at this.

“ Having settled this point, it now remains to adjust the subjects which they are to treat of ; and these we shall find to be, indeed, of the last importance. What think you, Sir, of the rise and fall of fashions, of as much consequence to them as the rise and fall of kingdoms is to us ? of the commence-

ing a new acquaintance, equivalent to our making a new alliance? and adjusting the ceremonial of a rout or ball, as interesting as the preliminaries of a treaty or a congress. These subjects, and these alone, will sufficiently employ them every session; and, as their judgment must be final, how delightful will it be to have bills brought in to determine, how many inches of the leg or neck may lawfully be exposed, how many courtesies at a public place amount to an acquaintance, and what are the precise privileges of birth or fortune, that entitle the possessors to give routs or drums, on week days or on Sundays. Whoever should presume to transgress against these laws, might be punished suitably to their offences; and be banished from public places, or be condemned to do penance in linsey-woolsey; or if any female should be convicted of immodesty, she might be outlawed; and then, as these laws would not bind the nymphs of Drury, we should easily distinguish a modest woman, as the phrase is, if not by her looks, at least by her dress and appearance; and the victorious Fanny might then be suffered to strike bold strokes without rivalry or imitation. If any man, too, should be found so grossly offending against the laws of fashion as to refuse a member a bow at a play, or a salute at a wedding, how suitably would he be punished by being reprimanded on his knees in such an assembly, and by so fine a woman as we may suppose the speaker would be? Then doubtless would a grand committee sit on the affair of hoops; and were they established in their present form by proper authority, doors and boxes might be altered and enlarged accordingly. Then should we talk as familiarly of the visit bill as of the marriage bill; and with what pleasure should we peruse the regulations of the

committee of dress! Every lover of decorum would be pleased to hear, that refractory females were taken into custody by the usher of the black fan. The double return of a visit would occasion as many debates as the double return for a certain county; and at the eve of an election, how pretty would it be to see the ladies of the shire going about, mounted on their white palfreys, and canvassing for votes.

“Till this great purpose is attained, I see not how the visible enormities in point of dress, and failures in point of ceremony, can effectually be prevented. But then, and not before, I shall hope to see politeness and good-breeding distinguished from formality and affectation, and dresses invented that will improve, not diminish the charms of the fair, and rather become than disguise the wearers.

“I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

“TIMOTHY CANVASS.”

I am much obliged to my correspondent for his letter, and heartily wish that this scheme was carried into execution. The liberties daily taken in point of dress demand proper restrictions. The ancients settled their national habit by law; but the dress of our own country is so very fluctuating, that if the great-grandmothers of the present generation were to arise, they would not be able to guess at their posterity from their dress, but would fancy themselves in a strange country. As these affairs fall more immediately under the cognizance of the ladies, the female world in general would soon be sensible of the advantages accruing from a female parliament; and though ladies of fashion might probably claim some peculiar liberties in dress by their privilege, it might naturally be expected that this wise assem-

bly would at least keep the rest of the sex in order: nor suffer enormous hoops to spread themselves across the whole pavement, to the detriment of all honest men going upon business along the street: nor permit the chandler's wife to retail half-quarters from behind the counter, in a short stomacher and without a handkerchief.

I am aware that a considerable objection may be brought against this scheme: to wit, that a female parliament, like that of the men, may be subject to corruption, and made dependent on a court. The enormous Elizabeth rail, and the awkward queen of Scots mail, are fatal instances of the evil influence which courts have upon fashions: and as no one can tell the power which a British queen might have over the councils of a female parliament, future ages might perhaps see the stays bolstered out into hump-backs, or the petticoats let down to conceal a bandy leg, from the same servile complaisance which warped the necks of Alexander's courtiers.

But though a parliament in the foregoing scheme has not yet taken place, an institution of the like nature has been contrived among the order of females, who, as I mentioned in a former paper, advertised the gentlemen to play at cards with them. The reader may remember, that some time ago an advertisement appeared in the public papers, from the Covent Garden Society: in which it was set forth, that one of their members was voted common. This very society is composed of those agreeable young ladies, whose business it is to play at cards with those gentlemen, who have good-nature and fortune sufficient to sit down contented with being losers. It is divided, like the upper and lower Houses of Parliament, into Ladies and Commons. The upper order of card-players take their seats

according to the rank of those who game at high stakes with them; while the Commons are made up of the lower sort of gamblers within the hundreds of Drury and Covent Garden. Every one is obliged to pay a certain tax out of her card-money; and the revenue arising from it is applied to the levying of hoop petticoats, -acks, *pête-en-l'airs*, caps, handkerchiefs, aprons, &c. to be issued out nightly according to the exigence and degree of the members. Many revolutions have happened in this society since its institution; a commoner in the space of a few weeks has been called up to the House of Ladies: and another, who at first sat as peeress, has been suddenly degraded, and voted common.

More particulars of this society have not come to my knowledge; but their design seems to be, to erect a commonwealth of themselves, and to rescue their liberties from being invaded by those who have presumed to tyrannize over them. If this practice of playing their own cards, and shuffling for themselves, should generally prevail among all the agreeable young gamesters of Covent Garden, I am concerned to think what will become of the venerable sisterhood of Douglas, Haddock, and Noble, as well as the fraternity of Harris, Derry, and the rest of those gentlemen, who have hitherto acted as groom-porters, and had the principal direction of the game. From such a combination it may greatly be feared that the honourable profession of pimp will, in a short time, become as useless as that of a Fleet-parson.

No. 50. THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1755.

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—Vite

*Percipit humanos odium, lucisque videndæ,  
Ut sibi consciscant morrenti pectore lethum.*

LUCRET.

O deaf to nature, and to Heaven's command!—  
Against thyself to lift the murd'ring hand!  
O damn'd despair! — to shun the living light,  
And plunge thy guilty soul in endless night!

THE last sessions deprived us of the only surviving member of a society, which, during its short existence, was equal both in principles and practice to the Mohocks and Hell-Fire-Club of tremendous memory. This society was composed of a few broken gamblers and desperate young rakes, who threw the small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common stock, and thence assumed the name of the Last Guinea Club. A short life and a merry one was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances should be quite exhausted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run at cards, and others by snapping up a rich heiress or a dowager; while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the pistol. The last that remained of this society had very calmly prepared for his own execution; he had cocked his pistol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he

bethought himself that he could employ it to better purpose upon Hounslow Heath. This brave man, however, had but a very short respite, and was obliged to suffer the ignominy of going out of the world in the vulgar way by a halter.

The enemies of play will, perhaps, consider those gentlemen, who boldly stake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the same view with these desperadoes ; and they may even go so far as to regard the polite and honourable assembly at White's as a kind of Last Guinea Club. Nothing, they will say, is so fluctuating as the property of a gamester, who, when luck runs against him, throws away whole acres at every cast of the dice, and whose houses are as unsure a possession, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to their last guinea at this genteel gaming-house ; but the most inveterate enemies to White's must allow, that it is but now and then that a gamester of quality, who looks upon it as a toss-up whether there is another world, takes his chance, and dispatches himself, when the odds are against him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it must be confessed, that suicide begins to prevail so generally, that it is the most gallant exploit by which our modern heroes choose to signalize themselves ; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon prowess. From the days of Plato down to these, a suicide has always been compared to a soldier on guard deserting his post ; but I should rather consider a set of these desperate men, who rush on certain death, as a body of troops sent out on the forlorn hope. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmost resolution ; some blow their brains out

with a pistol ; some expire like Socrates, by poison ; some fall, like Cato, on the point of their own swords ; and others who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The most exalted geniuses I ever remember to have heard of, were a party of reduced gamesters, who bravely resolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was also lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his usual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himself, and coolly questioned them which they thought the easiest and genteelest method of going out of the world ; for there is as much difference between a mean person and a man of quality in their manner of destroying themselves, as in their manner of living. The poor sneaking wretch, starving in a garret, tucks himself up in his list garters ; a second, crossed in love, drowns himself like a blind puppy, in Rosamond's Pond ; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of fashion almost always dies by a pistol ; and even the cobbler of any spirit goes off by a dose or two extraordinary of gin.

But this false notion of courage, however noble it may appear to the desperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the resolution of the highwayman, who shoots himself with his own pistol, when he finds it impossible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, should be devised to extirpate such absurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous. From reading the public prints a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine that we are the most lunatic people in the whole world. Almost every day informs us that the coroner's inquest has set on the body of some miserable suicide, and brought in their verdict lunacy ;



but it is very well known that the inquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided, that the deliberate self-murderer should be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial; but among hundreds of lunatics by purchase, I never knew this sentence executed but on one poor cobbler who hanged himself in his own stall. A penniless poor dog, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the churchyard; but self-murder by a pistol genteelly mounted, or the Paris-hilted sword, qualifies the polite owner for a sudden death, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument setting forth his virtues in Westminster Abbey. Every man in his sober senses must wish that the most severe laws that could possibly be contrived were enacted against suicides. This shocking bravado never did, and I am confident never will, prevail among the more delicate and tender sex in our own nation; though history informs us that the Roman ladies were once so infatuated as to throw off the softness of their nature, and commit violence on themselves, till the madness was curbed by exposing their naked bodies in the public streets. This, I think, would afford a hint for fixing the like marks of ignominy on our male suicides; and I would have every lower wretch of this sort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the most public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But that the suicide of quality might be treated with more respect, he should be indulged in having his wounded corpse and shattered brains lie, as it were, in state for some days; of which dreadful spectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by Dryden:—

The slayer of himself too saw I there:  
The gore congealed was clotted in his hair:  
With eyes half closed, and mouth wide ope he lay,  
And grim as when he breathed his sullen soul away.

DRYDEN'S FABLES.

The common murderer has his skeleton preserved at Surgeon's Hall in order to deter others from being guilty of the same crime ; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-house set apart to receive the bones of these more unnatural self-murderers, in which monuments should be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious ensigns of their rashness — the rope, the knife, the sword, or the pistol.

The cause of these frequent self-murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution, and Englishmen must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in November. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air cannot be denied ; but we are not such mere barometers, as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree of gloom, that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sunshine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others ; and I do not hear that men dispatch themselves by dozens in Russia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of Greenland. Our climate exempts us from many diseases, to which other more southern nations are naturally subject ; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the north pole is a physical cause for self-murder.

Despair, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions ; but this is commonly despair

brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men into difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induced to kill himself by motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of some disease, which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or surfeited by a favourite dish; and if he has thrown away his estate in bawdy houses, I conclude him destroyed by rottenness and filthy disease.

Another principal cause of the frequency of suicide is the noble spirit of freethinking which has diffused itself among all ranks of people. The libertine of fashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself at all about a soul or an hereafter; but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his Bible, and labours to persuade himself out of his religion. For this purpose, he attends constantly at the disputant societies, where he hears a great deal about freewill, free agency, and predestination, till at length he is convinced that man is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himself that he was inevitably destined to be tied up in his own garters. The courage of these heroes proceeds from the same principles, whether they fall by their own hands or those of Jack Ketch; the suicide, of whatever rank, looks death in the face without shrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an easy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the psalm-book, bids the cart

drive off with an oath, and swings like a gentleman.

If this madness should continue to grow more and more epidemical, it will be expedient to have a bill of suicide, distinct from the common bill of mortality, brought in yearly; in which should be set down the number of suicides, their methods of destroying themselves, and the likely causes of their doing so. In this, I believe, we should find but few martyrs to the weather; but their deaths would commonly be imputed to despair, produced by some causes similar to the following. In the little sketch of a bill of suicide underneath, I have left blanks for the date of the year, as well as for the number of self-murderers, their manner of dying, &c., which would naturally be filled up by the proper persons, if ever this scheme should be put in execution.

### Bill of Suicide for the year —

Of Newmarket Races.....	Of a Tour through France and Italy.....
Of Kept Mistresses.....	Of Lord Bolingbroke.....
Of Electioneering.....	Of the Robin Hood Society...
Of Lotteries.....	Of an Equipage.....
Of French Claret, French Lace, French Cooks, and French Disease.....	Of a Dog Kennel.....
Of White's.....	Of Covent Garden.....
Of Chinese Temples, &c.....	Of Plays, Operas, Concerts, Masquerades, Routs, Drums, &c.....
Of a Country Seat.....	Of keeping the best Company.....
Of a Town House.....	
Of Fortune-Hunting.....	

No. 51. THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1755.

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*Adde quòd absumunt vires, peruntque labore :  
Adde quòd alterius sub nutu degitur ætas,  
Labitur interea res, et vadimonia fiunt,  
Languent officia, atque ægrolat fama vacillans.*

LUCRET.

When haughty mistresses our souls enthrall,  
They waste our strength, our fortune, fame, and all;  
Mortgage on mortgage loads the bankrupt cull,  
Who gives up wealth and honour for a trull.

SINCE pleasure is almost the only pursuit of a fine gentleman, it is very necessary, for the maintaining his consequence and character, that he should have a girl in keeping. Intriguing with women of fashion, and debauching tradesmen's daughters, naturally happen in the common course of gallantry; but his convenient female, to fill up the intervals of business, is the principal mark of his superior taste and quality. Every priggish clerk to an attorney, or pert apprentice, can throw away his occasional guinea in Covent Garden; but the shortness of their finances will not permit them to persevere in debauchery with the air and spirit of a man of quality. The kept mistress, which those half reprobates dare not think of, is a constant part of the retinue of a complete fine gentleman; and is, indeed, as indispensable a part of his equipage, as a French *valet de chambre*, or a four-wheeled post-chaise.

It was formerly the fashion among the ladies to

keep a monkey. At that time every woman-of quality thought herself obliged to follow the mode; and even the merchants' wives in the city had their fashionable pugs to play tricks and break china. A girl in keeping is as disagreeable to some of our men of pleasure, as pug was to some ladies; but they must have one to spend money and do mischief, that they may be reckoned young fellows of spirit. Hence it happens, that many gentlemen maintain girls, who in fact are little more than their nominal mistresses; for they see them as seldom, and behave to them with as much indifference as if they were their wives; however, as the woman in a manner bears their name, and is maintained by them, they may appear in the world with the genteel character of a keeper. I have known several gentlemen take great pains to heighten their reputation in this way; and turn off a first mistress, merely because she was not sufficiently known, for the sake of a celebrated woman of the town, a dancer, or an actress; and it is always the first step of an Englishman of fashion, after his arrival at Paris, to take one of the Filles d'Opera under his protection. It was but the other day, that Florio went abroad, and left his girl to roll about the town in a chariot, with an unlimited order on his banker; and, almost as soon as he got to France, took a smart girl off the stage, to make as genteel a figure at Paris. In short, as a gentleman keeps running horses, goes to White's, and gets into parliament, for the name of the thing; so must he likewise have his kept mistress, because it is the fashion; and I was mightily pleased with hearing a gentleman once boast, that he lived like a man of quality—'For,' says he, 'I have a postehaise, and never ride in it, I have a wife and never see her, and keep a mistress and never lie with her.'

But if these sort of keepers, who never care a farthing for their mistresses, are to be laughed at, those who are really fond of their dulcineas are to be pitied. The most hen-pecked husband that ever bore the grievous yoke of a shrew, is not half so miserable, as a man who is subject to the humours and unaccountable caprice of a cunning slut, who finds him in her power. Her behaviour will continually give him new occasion of jealousy; and perhaps she will really dispense her favours to every rake in town, that will bid up to her price. She will smile, when she wants money; be insolent, when she does not; and in short leave no artifice untried, to plague his heart and drain his pocket. A friend of mine used constantly to rail at the slavish condition of married men, and the tyranny of petticoat government; he therefore prudently resolved to live an uncontrolled bachelor, and for that reason, pitched upon a country girl, who should serve him as a handmaid. Determining to keep her in a very snug and retired manner, he had even calculated how much she would save him in curtailing his ordinary expenses at taverns and bagnios; but this scheme of economy did not last long; for the artful jade soon contrived 'to wind her close into his easy heart,' and inveigled him to maintain her in all the splendour and *eclat* of a first-rate lady of pleasure. He at first treated her with all the indifference of a fashionable husband; but as soon as she found herself to be entire mistress of his affections, it is surprising to think what pains she took to bring him to the most abject compliance with all her whimsies, and to tame him to the patient thing he now is. A frown on his part would frequently cost him a brocade, and a tear from her was sure to extort a new handkerchief or an apron.

Upon a slight quarrel ——— O, she would leave him that moment ; — and though the baggage had more cunning than to hazard an intrigue with any one else, she would work upon his jealousy by continually twitting him with — She knew a gentleman who would scorn to use her so barbarously, — and she would go to him, — if she could be sure she was not with child. — This last circumstance was a *coup de reserve*, which never failed to bring about a reconciliation ; nay, I have known her make great use of breeding qualms upon occasion ; and things were once come to such an extremity, that she was even forced to have recourse to a sham miscarriage to prevent their separation. He has often been heard to declare, that if he ever had a child by her, it should take its chance at the Foundling Hospital. He had lately an opportunity of putting this to a trial ; but the bare hinting such a barbarous design threw the lady into hysterics. However, he was determined that the babe, as soon as it was born, should be put out to nurse, — he hated the squall of children. Well ! madam was brought to bed ; she could not bear the dear infant out of her sight ; and it would kill her not to suckle it herself. The father was therefore obliged to comply ; and an acquaintance caught him the other morning, stirring the pap, holding the cloths before the fire, and, in a word, dwindled into a mere nurse. Such is the transformation of this kind keeper, whose character is still more ridiculous than that of a fondlewife among husbands. The amours, indeed, of these fond souls commonly end one of these two ways ; they either find themselves deserted by their mistress, when she has effectually ruined their constitution and estate ; or, after as many years cohabitation as would have tired them of a wife, they grow



so dotingly fond of their whore, that by marriage they make her an honest woman, and perhaps a lady of quality.

The most unpardonable sort of keepers are married men, and old men. I will give the reader a short sketch of each of these characters, and leave him to judge for himself.

Cynthio, about two years ago, was married to Clarinda, one of the finest women in the world. Her temper and disposition were as agreeable as her person, and her chief endeavour was to please her husband. But Cynthio's folly and vanity soon got the better of his constancy and gratitude; and it was not six months after his marriage before he took a girl he was formerly acquainted with into keeping. His dear Polly uses him like a dog; and he is cruel enough to revenge the ill-treatment he receives from her upon his wife. He seldom visits her but when his wench has put him out of humour; and once, though indeed unknowingly, communicated to her a filthy disease, for which he was obliged to his mistress. Yet is he still so infatuated as to dote on this vile hussy, and wishes it in his power to annul his marriage, and legitimate his bastards by Polly. Though it is palpable to every one but Cynthio, that Polly has no attraction but the name of mistress, and Clarinda no fault but being his wife.

Sir Thrifty Gripe is arrived at his grand climacteric, and has just taken a girl into keeping. Till very lately the multiplication-table was his rule of life, and 'a penny saved is a penny got,' was his favourite maxim. But he has suddenly deserted Wingate for Rochester, and the 'Change for Covent Garden. Here he met with the baxom Charlotte, who at once opened his heart and his purse,

and soon began to scatter his guineas in paying her debts, and supplying her fresh expenses. Her equipage is as genteel and elegant as that of a duchess ; and the wise men in the Alley shake their heads at Sir Thrifty as the greatest spendthrift in town. Sir Thrifty was formerly married to a merchant's daughter, who brought him a fortune of 20,000*l.*, but after she had two sons by him, he sent her into the North of Wales to live cheap, and prevent the probable expense of more children. His sons were obliged to an uncle for education ; and Sir Thrifty now scarce allows them enough to support them. His mistress and he almost always appear together at public places, where she constantly makes a jest of him, while the old dotard dangles at her elbow like January by the side of May. Thus Sir Thrifty lives, cursed by his own sons, jilted by his mistress, and laughed at by the rest of the world.

It is very diverting to observe the shifts to which persons in middling or low life are reduced, in order to bear this new incumbrance, with which they sometimes choose to load themselves. The extravagance of a girl has put many a clerk on defrauding his master, sent many a distressed gentleman's watch to the pawnbroker's, and his clothes to Monmouth Street, as well as the poor gentleman himself to the gaming-table, or perhaps to Hounslow Heath. I know a templar who always keeps a girl for the first month after he receives his allowance ; at the end of which his poverty obliges him to discard her, and live on mutton-chops and porter for the rest of the quarter ; and it was but lately that my mercer discovered his apprentice to be concerned with two others in an association for maintaining one trull common to the whole three.

This review of one of the chief sources of extravagance, in the higher and middling walks of life, will help us in accounting for the frequent mortgages and distresses in families of fashion, and the numerous bankruptcies in trade. Here also I cannot help observing, that in this case the misbehaviour of the women is, in a great measure, to be charged to the men; for how can it be expected that a lady should take any pleasure in discharging the domestic duties of a wife, when she sees her husband's affections placed abroad. Nothing, indeed, can be advanced in vindication of loose conduct in the fair sex; but considering our modern morals, it is surely not much to be wondered at, when the husband openly affronts his family by keeping a wench, if the wife also takes care to provide herself a gallant.

O

No. 52. THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1755.

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*Quem si puellarum insereres choro,  
Mirè sagaces falleret hospites  
Discrimen obscuram, solutis  
Crinibus, ambiguoque cultu.*

HOR. CAR. ii. 5. 21.

In form so delicate, so soft his skin,  
So fair in feature, and so smooth his chin,  
Quite to unman him nothing wants but this;  
Put him in coats, and he's a very Miss.

—*Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ  
Fœminas assucta manus.* VIRG. ÆN. vii. 805.

See the she-rake her softer sex disown:  
The breeches more become her than the gown.

I AM persuaded that my readers will agree with me in thinking that the writers of the following letters ought to change clothes; since, as the case stands at present, the one seems to be a pretty miss in breeches, and the other a blood in petticoats.

“ TO MR. TOWN.

“ SIR,

“ Rocks, deserts, wilds, wastes, savages, and barbarians, make up the sum total of the odious country. I am just returned from a visit there; and would not pass another three weeks in the same way to be lord of the manor.

“ Having received frequent invitations from Sir Sampson Five-bars, and having heard much of the

beauty of his three sisters, in an evil hour I took a resolution to sacrifice this Christmas to him at his seat in Wiltshire. I flattered myself with the hopes that the novelty and oddness of the scene would serve me at least to laugh at; and that if the rustics were not mere stocks and stones, my clothes and discourse would have taught them to talk and dress like human creatures. Need I tell you that I was disappointed? Sir Sampson is what the country people call a hearty man. He has the shape and constitution of a porter, and is sturdy enough to encounter Broughton without mufflers; 'when he speaks, thunder breaks;' he hunts almost every morning, and takes a toast and tankard for his breakfast. You may easily imagine that what was pleasure to him must be torture to me; and, indeed, I would as soon draw in a mill, or carry a chair for my diversion, as follow any of their horrid country amusements. But Sir Sampson, out of his abundant good-nature, insisted on lending me a gun, and showing me a day's sport of shooting. For this purpose he loaded me with a huge gun, threw a bag and pouch across my shoulders, and made me look, for all the world, like Robinson Crusoe. After I had followed him over three or four ploughed fields, a servant who was with us, hallooed out, mark! when the baronet's gun went off so suddenly that it threw me into a swoon, and at last I could hardly be convinced that Sir Sampson had shot nothing but a partridge.

"After this you will conclude that I was not to be prevailed on to hunt. Once, indeed, Miss Fanny did tempt me to accompany her on a morning-ride; but even of this I heartily repented. Miss Fanny, I found, valued neither hedge nor ditch, has the strength of a char-woman, and, in short, is more like

Trulla in Hudibras, or Boadicea in the play, than a woman of fashion. Unluckily, too, the horse I rode was skittish and unruly; so that, while I was scampering after Miss Fanny, a sudden start brought me to the ground. I received no hurt; but the fall so fluttered my spirits that Miss Fanny was obliged to take me up behind her. When we arrived at the house, I was in the utmost confusion; for the booby servants stood gaping and grinning at my distress, and Sir Sampson himself told me, with a laugh as horrible as Caliban's, that he would lend me one of his maids to carry me out airing every morning.

“Besides these, and fifty other mortifications, I could scarce get any rest during the whole time I remained there; every other morning I was constantly waked by the hungry knight, just returned from the chase and bawling for dinner. My breakfast was what they called their afternoon tea, at which I always assisted the ladies; for I should infallibly have perished had I stayed in the hall amidst the jargon of toasts and the fumes of tobacco. I thought, indeed, my time might be much more agreeably employed in the parlour; but even here my disappointment was grievous, past expression. These fair ones, for such they were, were hale indeed, and ruddy; and, having been always cooped up like turkeys in a pen, were really no better than *belles sauvages*, being totally ignorant of the genteel airs and languishing *delicatesse* of women of fashion. Their clothes were huddled on merely with a view to cover their nakedness; and they had no notion that their eyes were given them for any other purpose than to see, and, what is more strange, to read, forsooth! For my part, Mr. Town, unless a woman can use her eyes to more

advantage, I should as soon fall in love with my lapdog or my monkey; and what constitutes the difference between a lady and her cookmaid but her taste and dress? Mobs and handkerchiefs answer the end of covering, but the main purpose of dress is to reveal. I really almost begin to think that these awkward creatures were so stupid and unaccountable, as to have no design upon me. To complete the oddity of their characters, these girls are constant at church, but never dreamed of promoting an intrigue there; employ their whole time there in praying, never heard of such things as cut fans, and are so attentive to the queer old put of a preacher, that they scarce look or listen to any one else. After service, too, the doctor is always taken home to dinner, and is as constant at table on Sunday as a roast sirloin and a plum-pudding.

"But even with these unaccountable females, I thought I could have passed my evenings tolerably, if I could have got them to cards, which have the charming faculty of rendering all women equally agreeable. But these, I found, they were almost wholly unaccustomed to. I once, indeed, heard the dear cards mentioned, and was in hopes of something like an assemble. But what was my mortification! when, instead of seeing half a dozen card-tables, &c., set out, and whist, brag, or lansquenet going forward, I saw these strange women place themselves at a huge round table with country girls and cherry-checked bumpkins to play, according to annual Christmas custom, at Pope Joan and Snip-snap-snorum.

"It would be endless to recount the miseries I suffered in those three weeks. Even the necessities of life were denied me; and I could scarce have been more at a loss among the Hottentots.

Would you think it, Sir? though this house had a family in it, and a family of females too, not a drop of Benjamin-wash, nor a dust of almond-powder could be procured there, nor indeed in all the parish; and I was forced to scrub my hands with filthy washball, which so ruined their complexion that lying in dogskin gloves will not recover them this fortnight. Add to this that I never could dress for want of pomatum, so that my hair was always in *dishevel*; and, I am sure, I should not have been known at the *dilettanti*. At length, Sir, my snuff and salts were pretty nigh exhausted; and, to add to my distress, I lost my snuffbox. These losses were irreparable there; not all the country afforded such snuff and salts as mine; I could as soon live without food as without either; and not a box could I touch but one of Deard's, and of my own choosing. So I hurried up to town, and being just recovering from the fatigue of my journey I send you this, in hopes that my woful experience will deter all my friends from following a chase as mad and harebrained as any of Sir Sampson's; since it is impossible to exist a day there with tolerable ease, and neither wit nor beauty are worth one pinch, unless they are improved by a town education,

“Sir, yours, &c.,

“DILLY DIMPLE.”

My other correspondent, by the familiarity of her address, must be, I am sure, a woman of fashion.

“DEAR TOWN!

“Did I know your Christian name I would call you by it, to show you at first setting out that I



know the world, and was born and bred in high life.

“The design of this epistle is to express to you the uneasiness that some of us women of spirit feel at being incumbered with petticoats, and to convince you, by our way of life, that, had we been men, we should have been bucks of the first head. Be assured, however, that such of us as are unmarried are strictly virtuous. We have, indeed, been accused of copying the dress of the nymphs of Drury. And can any thing be invented more becoming? Fanny, it must be owned, has taste. What so smart as a cocked hat? and who but sees the advantages of short petticoats, unless it be some squire’s awkward daughter, who never yet heard of a Poloneze, and never accidentally shows her leg without blushing?

“It is true, their similitude in dress now and then occasions some droll mistakes. In the park, the joke has been sometimes carried so far, I have been obliged to call the sentry; and how did a young templar start and stare, when, having just made an appointment with him, he saw me step into a chair adorned with coronets!

“If you frequent Ranelagh, you must, undoubtedly, have seen or heard me there. I am always surrounded with a crowd of fellows; and my voice and laugh is sure to be the loudest, especially while Beard is singing. One is my dear lord, another my sweet colonel; and the rest I call Tom, or Dick, or Harry, as I would their footmen. At the play, I always enter in the first act. All the eyes of the house are turned upon me. I am quite composed. Before I am settled the act is over; and to some I nod or courtesy, with others I talk and laugh, till the curtain falls.

“What would I give to change my sex! *Entre nous*, I have a strong inclination to see the world in masquerade. If you love me, keep it secret, and should you hear of any prank more wild and buckish than usual, conclude it to be played by me in men’s clothes.

“Yours as you mind me,  
“HARRIOT HAREBRAIN.”

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No. 53. THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1755.

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—*Aconita bibuntur.*

JUV. SAT. X. 25.

Drams are our bane, since poisons lurk within,  
And some by cordials fall, and some by gin.

NOTHING is more natural than for the quacks of all professions to recommend their wares to those persons who are most likely to stand in need of them. Thus, Mrs. Giles very properly acquaints the fair sex, that she sells her fine compound for taking off superfluous hairs at a guinea an ounce; and ladies of quality are constantly informed where they may be furnished with the newest brocades, or the choicest variety of Chelsea China figures for desserts. It is very necessary that the *beau monde* should be acquainted that *Eau de Luce* may be had here in England, the same as at Paris; but I must own, I was very much surprised at seeing repeated advertisements in the papers from the “Rich Cordial Warehouse,” introduced by an address “to the people

of fashion." I cannot but look upon this as a libel on our persons of distinction, and I know not whether it may not be construed into *scandalum magnatum*; as it tacitly insinuates that our Right Honourables are no better than dram-drinkers.

There is a well-known story of the famous Rabelais, that, having a mind to impose on the curiosity of his landlord, he filled several phials with an innocent liquor, and directed them with — Poison for the King — Poison for the Dauphin — Poison for the Prime Minister, and for all the principal courtiers. The same might be said of these rich cordial liquors; which, however they may recommend themselves to the people of fashion by their foreign titles and extraction, are to be considered as poisons in masquerade; and, instead of the pompous names of *Eau d'Or*, *Eau divine*, and the like, I would have labels fixed on the bottles, in imitation of Rabelais, with — Poison for my Lord Duke — Poison for the Viscount — Poison for the Countess.

We live, indeed, in so polite an age, that nothing goes down with us but what is either imported from France and Italy, or dignified with a foreign appellation. Our dress must be entirely *à la mode de Paris*; and I will venture to insure great success to the Monsieur tailor, who tells us, in the public papers, that he has just been to France to see the newest fashions. A dinner is not worth eating, if not served up by a French cook; our wines are of the same country; and the dram-drinkers of fashion are invited to comfort their spirits with rich cordials from Chamberry, Neuilly, and l'Isle de Rhè. A plain man must undoubtedly smile at the alluring names which are given to many of these; nor is it possible to guess at their composition from their titles. The virtues, as well as the intent, of Viper

Water may be well known ; but who would imagine, that *Flora Granata*, or *Belle de Nuit*, should be intended only to signify a dram? For my own part, I should rather have taken Marasquino for an Italian fiddler, and have concluded that Jacomonoodi was no other than an opera-singer.

But dram-drinking, however different in the phrase, is the same in practice, in every station of life ; and sipping rich cordials is no less detestable, than, in the vulgar idiom, binging your eye. What signifies it, whether we muddle with *Eau de Mille-fleurs* or plain aniseed? or whether we fetch our drams from the Rich Cordial Warehouse, or the Blackamoor and Still? The lady of St. James's, who paints her face with frequent applications of Coffee or Chocolate Water, looks as hideous as the trollop of St. Giles's, who has laid on the same colours by repeated half-quarters of Gin Royal. There are many customs among the great, which are also practised by the lower sort of people ; and if persons of fashion must wrap up their drams in the disguise of a variety of specious titles, in this, too, they are rivalled by the vulgar. Madam Gin has been christened by as many names as a German princess ; every petty chandler's shop will sell you Sky-blue, and every night-cellar furnish you with Holland Tape, three yards a penny. Nor can I see the difference between Oil of Venus, Spirit of Adonis, and Parfait Amour, for the use of our quality, and what among the vulgar is called Cupid's Eye-water, Strip me naked, and Lay me down softly.

To these elegant and genteel appellations, it is, indeed, chiefly owing, that drams are not confined merely to the vulgar, but are in esteem among all ranks of people, and especially among the ladies

Many a good woman, who would start at the very mention of strong waters, cannot conceive there can be any harm in a cordial. And as the fair sex are more particularly subject to a depression of spirits, it is no wonder that they should convert their apothecaries' shops into rich cordial warehouses, and take drams by way of physic; as the common people make gin serve for meat, drink, and clothes. The ladies, perhaps, may not be aware that every time they have recourse to their Hartshorn or Lavender Drops, to drive away the vapours, they, in effect, take a dram; and they may be assured, that their Colic, Surfeit, and Plague Waters, are to be ranked among spirituous liquors, as well as the common stuff at the gin shop. The College of Physicians, in their last review of the London Dispensatory, for this very reason, expelled the Strong Water, generally known by the soothing name of Hysteric Water; because it was a lure to the female sex to dram it by authority, and to get tipsy *secundum artem*.

If any of my fair readers have at all given into this pernicious practice of dram-drinking, I must entreat them to leave it off betimes, before it has taken such hold of them, as they can never shake off. For the desire of drams steals upon them, and grows to be habitual, by imperceptible degrees; as those who are accustomed to take opiates, are obliged to increase the dose gradually, and at last cannot sleep without it. The following letter may serve to convince them of the deplorable situation of a lady, who covers her drinking under the pretence of mending her constitution.

“ TO MR. TOWN.

“ SIR,

“ I have the misfortune to be married to a poor sickly creature, who labours under a complication of disorders, and which nothing can relieve but a continued course of strong liquors; though, poor woman! she would not else touch a dram for the world. Sometimes she is violently troubled with toothache, and then she is obliged to hold a glass of rum in her mouth, to numb the pain; at other times she is seized with a racking fit of the cholic, and nothing will so soon give her ease as some right Holland gin. She has the gout in her constitution; and whenever she feels a twitch of it, the only thing is sheer brandy to keep it from her head; but this sometimes is too cold for her, and she is forced to drive it out of her stomach with true Irish usquebaugh. She is never free from the vapours, notwithstanding she is continually drinking hartshorn and water; and ever since she miscarried, she is so hysterical in the night time, that she never lies without a cordial-water bottle by her bedside. I have paid the apothecary above fifty pounds for her in one year; and his bill is laced down with nothing but drops, peppermint water, and a cordial draught repeated.

“ Her very diet must always be made heartening, otherwise it will do her no good. Tea would make her low-spirited, except she was to qualify every dish with a large spoonful of rum. She has a glass of mountain with bitters an hour before dinner to create an appetite; and her stomach is so poor, that when she is at table, she must force every bit down with a glass of Madeira. We usually have a tiff of punch together in the evening; but the acid would gripe her, and the water keep her awake all

the night, if it was not made comfortable with more than an equal portion of spirit.

“But notwithstanding the grievous complaints she hourly labours under, she is very hale; and her complexion is, to all appearance, as healthy and florid as a milkmaid’s; except, indeed, that her nose and forehead are subject to red pimples, blotches, and breakings out, which the apothecary tells me are owing to a kind of a phlogistic humour in her blood. For my part, considering the quantity of combustibles she continually pours down, I should imagine the fire in her stomach would kindle a flame in her countenance; and I should not wonder, if she looked as horrible, as those who hang their face over a bowl of burnt brandy at snap-dragon,

“I am, Sir, your humble servant,  
“TIMOTHY NOGGAN.”

T

No. 54. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1755.

*Lusit amabiliter; donec jam sœvus apertam  
In rabiem verti cepit jocus.—*

HOR. EPIST. ii. 1. 148.

Frolics, for men of spirit only fit,  
Where rapes are jests, and murder is sheer wit.

THE noblest exploits of a man of the town, the highest proof and utmost effort of his genius and pleasantry, is the frolic. This piece of humour con-

sists in playing the most wild and extravagant pranks that wantonness and debauchery can suggest ; and is the distinguishing characteristic of the buck and blood.

These facetious gentlemen, whenever champagne has put them in spirits, sally out "flown with insolence and wine," in quest of adventures. At such a time the more harm they do the more they show their wit ; and their frolics, like the mirth of a monkey, are made up of mischief.

The frolic formerly signified nothing more than a piece of innocent mirth and gayety ; but the modern sense of the word is much more lively and spirited. The Mohocks and the members of the Hell-Fire-Club, the heroes of the last generation, were the first who introduced these elevated frolics, and struck out mighty good jokes from all kinds of violence and blasphemy. The present race of bucks commonly begin their frolic in a tavern, and end it in the round-house ; and, during the course of it, practise several mighty pretty pleasantries. There is a great deal of humour in what is called beating the rounds ; that is, in plain English, taking a tour of the principal bawdy-houses ; breaking of lamps and skirmishes with watchmen are very good jests ; and the insulting any dull sober fools, that are quietly trudging about their business, or a rape on a modest woman, are particularly facetious. Whatever is in violation of all decency and order is an exquisite piece of wit ; and, in short, a frolic and playing the devil bear the same explanation in a modern glossary.

It is surprising how much invention there is in these exploits, and how wine inspires these gentlemen with thoughts more extraordinary and sublime than any sober man could ever have devised. I have known a whole company start from their chairs



and begin tilting at each other merely for their diversion. Another time, these exalted geniuses have cast lots which should be thrown out of the window ; and at another, make a bonfire of their clothes, and run naked into the streets. I remember a little gentleman not above five feet high, who was resolved, merely for the sake of the frolic, to lie with the tall woman ; but the joke ended in his receiving a sound cudgelling from the hands of his Thalestris. It was no longer ago than last winter, that a party of jovial Templars set out an hour or two after midnight on a voyage to Lisbon, in order to get good Port. They took boat at Temple stairs, and prudently laid in by way of provisions a cold venison pasty and two bottles of raspberry brandy ; but when they imagined themselves just arrived at Gravesend, they found themselves suddenly overset in Chelsea Reach, and very narrowly escaped being drowned. The most innocent frolics of these men of humour are carried on in a literary way by advertisements in the newspapers, with which they often amuse the town ; and alarm us with bottle conjurers, and persons who will jump down their own throats. Sometimes they divert themselves by imposing on their acquaintance with fictitious intrigues, and putting modest women to the blush by describing them in the papers. Once I remember, it was the frolic to call together all the wet-nurses, that wanted a place ; at another time, to summon several old women to bring their male tabby cats, for which they were to expect a considerable price ; and not long ago, by the proffer of a curacy, they drew all the poor parsons to St. Paul's coffee-house, where the bucks themselves sat in another box to smoke their rusty wigs and brown cassocks.

But the highest frolic that can possibly be put in execution is a genteel murder ; such as running a

waiter through the body, knocking an old feeble watchman's brains out with his own staff, or taking away the life of some regular scoundrel, who has not spirit enough to whore and drink like a gentleman. The noblest frolic of this kind I ever remember, happened a few years ago at a country town. While a party of bucks were making a riot at an inn, and tossing the chairs and tables and looking-glasses into the street, the landlady was indiscreet enough to come up stairs and interrupt their merriment with her impertinent remonstrances; upon which they immediately threw her out of the window after her own furniture. News was soon brought of the poor woman's death, and the whole company looked upon it as a very droll accident, and gave orders that she should be charged in the bill.

These wild pranks are instances of great spirit and invention; but, alas! the generality of mankind have no taste for humour. Few people care to have a sword in their ribs for the sake of the joke, or to be beat to mummy, or shot through the head, for the diversion of the good company. They sometimes imagine the jest is carried too far, and are apt to apply the words of the old fable, "it may be sport to you, but it is death to us." For these reasons, a set of these merry gentlemen are as terrible to the ordinary part of the world as a troop of banditti; and an affair which has been thought very high fun in Pall Mall or Covent Garden, has been treated in a very serious manner at Westminster Hall or the Old Bailey. Our legislature has been absurd enough to be very careful of the lives of the lowest among the people; and the counsel for a highwayman would sooner plead distress as an excuse for discharging his pistol, than mere wanton-

ness and frolic. Nor do the governments abroad entertain a better opinion of this sort of humour; for it is but a few years since, a gentleman on his travels, who was completing a town education by the polite tour, shot a waiter through the head; but the joke was so ill received that the gentleman was hanged within four and twenty hours. It would be advisable therefore for these gentlemen, since the taste of the age is so incorrigible, to lay aside this high-seasoned humour. For their pistol, as it were, recoils upon themselves; and since it may produce their own deaths, it would be more prudent not to draw their wit out of their scabbards.

Our ladies of quality, who have at length adopted French manners with French fashions, and thrown off all starchness and reserve with the ruff and the fardingale, are very fond of a frolic. I have, indeed, lately observed with great pleasure the commendable attempts of the other sex to shake off the shackles of custom; and I make no doubt but a libertine lady will soon become a very common character. If their passion for gaming continues to increase in the same proportion that it has for some time past, we shall very soon meet with abundance of sharpers in petticoats; and it will be mentioned, as a very familiar incident, that a party of female gamblers were seized by the constables at the gaming table. I am also informed that it is grown very common among the ladies to toast pretty fellows; and that they often amuse themselves with concerting schemes for an excellent frolic. A frolic is, indeed, the most convenient name in the world to veil an intrigue; and it is a great pity that husbands and fathers should ever object to it. I can see no harm in a lady's going disguised to mob it in the gallery at the playhouse; and could not but

smile at the pretty innocent wanton who carried the joke so far as to accompany a strange gentleman to a bagnio ; but when she came there, was surprised to find that he was fond of a frolic as well as herself, and offered her violence. But I particularly admire the spirit of that lady who had such true relish for a frolic, as to go with her gallant to the masquerade, though she knew he had no breeches under his domino.

I most heartily congratulate the fine ladies and gentlemen of the age, on the spirit with which they pursue their diversions ; and I look upon a bold frolic as the peculiar privilege of a person of fashion. The ladies undoubtedly see a great deal of pleasantry in an intrigue, and mimic the dress and manners of the courtesans very happily and facetiously ; while the gentlemen, among many other new fancies, have made the old blunder of the merry Andrew appear no longer ridiculous, and are mightily pleased with the comical humours of a murder. The frolics now in vogue will probably continue to be the amusements of the polite world for a long time ; but whenever the fashion is about to vary, I beg leave to propose the frolic recommended, if I remember right, to the Duke of Warton, by Dr. Swift. “ When you are tired of your other frolics, I would have you take up the frolic of being good ; and my word for it, you will find it the most agreeable frolic you ever practised in your life.”

O

No. 55. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1755.

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—*Nil obstat. Cois tibi penè videre est  
Ut nudam, ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi :  
Metiri possis oculo latus.*— HOR. SAT. i. 2. 101.

The taper leg, slim waist, and lovely side  
Nor stays nor envious petticoats shall hide;  
But full in sight the tempting bosom swell,  
While bucks with wonder view the naked belle.

THERE once prevailed among us a sect called the Adamites, whose doctrine, like that of our present Moravians, was calculated to comfort the flesh as well as the spirit; and many things, generally accounted indecent and immodest, were with them regarded as principles of religion. The chief article maintained by this sect was, that it was proper, like our great forefather Adam, to go naked; and the proselytes to this faith came abroad in the public streets in open daylight without any clothing. But this primitive simplicity did not agree with the notions of those degenerate days; and the Adamites were looked upon as an intolerable nuisance. Their religion, like all others, was soon attended with persecution; and some of the converts were dragged naked at the cart's tail, some set in the stocks, and others sent to Bridewell.

Since that remarkable period, the male part of our species have been decently covered; but the female world has made several bold attempts to throw off the incumbrance of clothes. Caps, handkerchiefs, tuckers, and modesty-pieces, have been

long discarded; and the ladies have continued every year to shed some other part of their dress as useless and unornamental. But these are only half assertions of the female rights and natural liberty in comparison to the project, which it is thought will be ripe for execution by summer. A set of ladies of the first fashion have agreed to found a sect of — EVITES — who are to appear in public with no other covering than the original fig-leaf. The primitive simplicity of appearance will be restored; and though some may be censorious enough to imagine that their confidence arises from very different principles, it may very justly be said of our ladies of quality, as of our first parents before the fall, “They are naked, and are not ashamed.” My country readers, and all those who live at a distance from the polite world, may perhaps look upon this scheme as merely fantastical and imaginary; but nothing is more true. The milliners are at this time all very busy in making up artificial fig-leaves, and adorning them according to the different fancies of the wearers. There is more taste displayed in contriving an elegant fig-leaf, than has hitherto been exerted in forming a genteel sword-knot. Some have bunches of the gayest coloured ribbons dangling loosely from the stalk, others tassels of gold and silver-lace, and a few, designed for ladies of the highest distinction, bunches of diamonds. This and the pompon, which it is said has been lately worn merely as a type of a fig-leaf, will make up the common dress of the whole female world; but if ever the weather should be too severe for the ladies to appear, as Bayes expresses it, *in puris naturalibus*, they are to wear flesh-coloured silks with pompons and fig-leaves as usual.

There are perhaps persons who, as they still re-

tain some of the leaven of decency in their composition, will be startled at this project. I must own, however, that it does not appear to me to be in the least extraordinary or surprising; for, considering the present dress of our women of fashion, there remains no further step to be taken, except absolute nakedness. The stays and petticoat have been so unmercifully pruned and cut away in order to discover latent beauties, that if those of the present mode were to fall into the hands of our distant posterity, they would conclude that the present race of women must have been a generation of pigmies; for they could never possibly conceive that they were of common size, and wore by way of dress any garments so little calculated either for use or ornament. If one might judge by appearances, the little modesty that is left in the polite world seems to be among the men; and one is almost tempted to look for the rakes and persons of intrigue in the other sex. I was present a few nights ago at the representation of the Chances; and when I looked round the boxes and observed the loose dress of all the ladies, and the great relish with which they received the high-seasoned jests in that comedy, I was almost apprehensive that the old story of the outrage of the Romans on the Sabine women would be inverted, and that the ladies would rise up and commit a rape on the men. But notwithstanding all that may be said against this project for establishing nakedness, it is not without example. Among the Hottentots, a very wise and polite nation, the ladies at this day go quite naked, except a loose mantle thrown over their shoulders, and a short apron before instead of a fig-leaf. It is also well known, that the Spartans allowed their unmarried women to wear a sort of

loose robe, which at every motion discovered their charms through several openings contrived for that purpose. There would certainly be no harm in extending this liberty to the whole sex; and I am not in the least inclined to listen to the malignant insinuations, that when a married woman endeavours to look particularly tempting, it is not merely to please her husband, but to captivate a gallant. It may perhaps be further objected, that our northern climate is too cold to strip in; but this little inconvenience is amply compensated, by the security the ladies will create to themselves by taking such extraordinary liberties, and carrying matters so very far that it will be indecent even to reprehend them.

There is, however, a very large part of the sex, for whom I am greatly concerned on this occasion. I mean the old and the ugly. Whatever the belles may get by this fashion, these poor ladies will be great sufferers. Their faces are already more than is agreeable to be shown; but if they expose sickly skins, furrowed and pursed up like a washer woman's fingers, the sight will become too disgusting. During the present mode, I have observed that the display of a yellow neck or clumsy leg has created but few admirers; and it is reasonable to conclude that when the new fashion begins to prevail universally, although our men of pleasure will be glad to see the young and beautiful ladies, whom they would desire to take into their arms, stripping as fast as possible, yet they are not so fond of primitive and original simplicity as to be captivated by a lady who has none of the charms of Eve, except her nakedness.

Some persons of more than ordinary penetration will be apt to look on this project in a political light, and consider it as a scheme to counter-work



the marriage-act. But as the chief ladies who concerted it are already provided with husbands, and are known to be very well affected to the government, this does not appear probable. It is more likely to be an artifice of the beauties to make their superiority incontestable, by drawing in the dowdies of the sex to suffer by such an injurious contrast. However this may be, it is very certain that the most lovely of the sex are about to employ the whole artillery of their charms against us, and indeed seem resolved to shoot us flying. On this occasion, it is to be hoped that the practice of painting, which is now so very fashionable, will be entirely laid aside; for whoever incrusts herself in paint can never be allowed to be naked; and it is surely more elegant for a lady to be covered, even with silk and linen, than to be daubed like an old wall, with plaster and rough-cast.

After this account of the scheme of our modish females now in agitation, which the reader may depend upon as genuine, it only remains to let him know how I came by my intelligence. The parliament of women, lately proposed, is now actually sitting. Upon their first meeting, after the preliminaries were adjusted, the whole house naturally resolved itself into a committee on the affairs of dress. The fig-leaf bill, the purport of which is contained in this paper, was brought in by a noble Countess, and occasioned some very warm debates. Two ladies in particular made several remarkable speeches on this occasion; but they were both imagined to speak like our male patriots, more for their own private interests than for the good of the public. For one of these ladies, who insisted very earnestly on the decency of some sort of covering, and has a very beautiful face, is shrewdly suspected

not to be so much above all rivalry in the turn and proportion of her limbs; and the other, who was impatient to be undressed with all expedition, was thought to be too much influenced by her known partiality to a favourite mole, which now lies out of sight. The bill, however, was passed by a considerable majority, and is intended to be put in force by Midsummer day next ensuing.

W

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No. 56. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1755.

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*Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:  
Necte, Amarylli, modò, et Veneris, dic, vincula necto.  
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.  
Limus ut hic durescit, et hæc ut cera liquescit,  
Uno eodemque igni; sic nostro Daphnis amore.*

VIRG. ECL. viii. 77.

Three colours weave in threefold knots, and cry,  
“In threefold bond this true-love’s knot I tie.”  
As the same fire makes hard this cake of clay,  
In which this waxen image melts away,  
Thus, God of Love, be my true shepherd’s breast  
Soft to my flame, but hard to all the rest.  
Ye songs, spells, philters, amulets, and charms!  
Bring, quickly bring, my Daphnis to my arms.

THE idle superstitions of the vulgar are nowhere so conspicuous as in the affairs of love. When a raw girl’s brain is once turned with a sweetheart, she converts every trifling accident of her life into a good or bad omen, and makes every thing conspire to strengthen her in so pleasing a delusion. Virgil

represents Dido, as soon as she has contracted her fatal passion for Æneas, as going to the priests to have her fortune told. In like manner the lovesick girl runs to the cunning man, or crosses the gipsey's hand with her last sixpence, to know when she shall be married, how many children she shall have, and whether she shall be happy with her husband. She also consults the cards, and finds out her lover in the knave of hearts. She learns how to interpret dreams, and every night furnishes her with meditations for the next day. If she happens to bring out any thing in conversation which another person was about to say, she comforts herself that she shall be married first; and if she tumbles as she is running up stairs, imagines she shall go to church with her sweetheart before the week is at an end. But if, in the course of their amour, she gives the dear man her hair wove in a true lover's knot, or breaks a crooked ninepence with him, she thinks herself assured of his inviolable fidelity.

It would puzzle the most profound antiquary to discover, what could give birth to the strange notions cherished by fond nymphs and swains. The god of love has more superstitious votaries, and is worshipped with more unaccountable rites than any fabulous deity whatever. Nothing, indeed, is so whimsical as the imagination of a person in love. The dying shepherd carves the name of his mistress on the trees, while the fond maid knits him a pair of garters with an amorous posey; and both look on what they do as a kind of charm to secure the affection of the other. A lover will rejoice to give his mistress a bracelet or a topknot, and she perhaps will take pleasure in working him a pair of ruffles. These they will regard as the soft bonds of love; but neither would, on any account, run the risk of

cutting love by giving or receiving such a present as a knife or a pair of scissors. But to wear the picture of the beloved object constantly near the heart, is universally accounted a most excellent and never-failing preservative of affection.

Some few years ago there was publicly advertised, among the other extraordinary medicines whose wonderful qualities are daily related in the last page of our newspapers, a most efficacious love-powder; by which a despairing lover might create affection in the bosom of the most cruel mistress. Lovers have, indeed, always been fond of enchantment. Shakspeare has represented Othello as accused of winning his Desdemona by "conjuraton and mighty magic;" and Theocritus and Virgil have both introduced women into their pastorals, using charms and incantations to recover the affections of their sweethearts. In a word, talismans, genii, witches, fairies, and all the instruments of magic and enchantment were first discovered by lovers, and employed in the business of love.

But I never had a thorough insight into all this amorous sorcery till I received the following letter, which was sent me from the country a day or two after Valentine's day; and I make no doubt, but all true lovers most religiously performed the previous rites mentioned by my correspondent.

"TO MR. TOWN.

"DEAR SIR,

"You must know I am in love with a very clever man, a Londoner; and as I want to know whether it is my fortune to have him, I have tried all the tricks I can hear of for that purpose. I have seen him several times in coffee-grounds with a sword by his side; and he was once at the bottom of a

tea-cup in a coach and six with two footmen behind it. I got up last May morning, and went into the fields to hear the cuckoo ; and when I pulled off my left shoe, I found a hair in it exactly the same colour with his. But I shall never forget what I did last Midsummer eve. I and my two sisters tried the Dumb Cake together ; you must know, two must make it, two bake it, two break it ; and the third put it under each of their pillows, but you must not speak a word all the time, and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did ; and, to be sure, I did nothing all night but dream of Mr. Blossom. The same night, exactly at twelve o'clock, I sowed hemp-seed in our back yard, and said to myself, 'Hempseed I sow, Hempseed I hoe, and he that is my true love come after me and mow.' Will you believe me ? I looked back, and saw him behind me, as plain as eyes could see him. After that I took a clean shift, and turned it, and hung it upon the back of a chair ; and very likely my sweetheart would have come and turned it right again, for I heard his step, but I was frightened, and could not help speaking, which broke the charm. I likewise stuck up two Midsummer men, one for myself and one for him. Now if his had died away, we should never have come together ; but, I assure you, his blowed and turned to mine. Our maid Betty tells me, that if I go backwards without speaking a word into the garden upon Midsummer eve, and gather a rose, and keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it till Christmas day, it will be as fresh as in June ; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out. If I am not married before the time come about again, I will certainly do it ; and only mind if Mr. Blossom is not the man.

"I have tried a great many other fancies, and they have all turned out right. Whenever I go to lie in a strange bed, I always tie my garter nine times round the bedpost, and knit nine knots in it, and say to myself, 'This knot I knit, this knot I tie, to see my love as he goes by, in his apparel and array, as he walks in every day.' I did so last holidays at my uncle's, and, to be sure, I saw Mr. Blossom draw my curtains, and tuck up the clothes at my bed's feet. Cousin Debby was married a little while ago, and she sent me a piece of bride-cake to put under my pillow; and I had the sweetest dream—I thought we were going to be married together. I have, many is the time, taken great pains to pare an apple whole, and afterwards flung the peel over my head; and it always falls in the shape of the first letter of his surname or Christian name. I am sure Mr. Blossom loves me, because I stuck two of the kernels upon my forehead, while I thought upon him and the lubberly squire my papa wants me to have; Mr. Blossom's kernel stuck on, but the other dropped off directly.

"Last Friday, Mr. Town, was Valentine's day; and I'll tell you what I did the night before. I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamed of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But, to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it up with salt; and when I went to bed, eat it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it, and this was to have the same effect with the bay-leaves. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the first that rose up, was to be our Valentine. Would

you think it? Mr. Blossom was my man ; and I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house ; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world.

“ Dear Mr. Town, if you know any other ways to try our fortune by, do put them in your paper. My mamma laughs at us, and says there is nothing in them ; but I am sure there is, for several misses at our boarding-school have tried them, and they have all happened true ; and I am sure my own sister Hetty, who died just before Christmas, stood in the church-porch last Midsummer eve to see all that were to die that year in our parish ; and she saw her own apparition.

“ Your humble servant,

“ Feb. 17, 1775.”

“ ARABELLA WHIMSEY.”

T

No. 57. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1755.

*Dulce Sodalitium !—*

Now this is Worshipful Society!—

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is no phrase in the whole vocabulary of modern conversation, which has a more vague signification than the words “ Good Company.” People of fashion modestly explain it to mean only themselves ; and, like the old Romans, look on all others as barbarians. Thus a star or a ribbon, a title or a place, denotes good company ; and a man rises in

the esteem of the polite circle according to his rank or his rent-roll. This way of reasoning is so well known and so generally adopted, that we are not surprised to hear polite persons complain at their return from the play, that the house was very much crowded, but that there was no company; though indeed, I could not help smiling at a lady's saying she preferred St. James's Church to St. George's, because the pews were commonly filled with better company.

I propose at present to consider this comprehensive term, only as it respects a society of friends, who meet in order to pass their time in an agreeable manner. To do this the more effectually, I shall take a cursory view of the several methods now in vogue, by which a set of acquaintance endeavour to amuse each other. The reader will here meet with some very extraordinary inventions for this purpose; and when he has fixed his choice, may try to introduce himself into that company he likes best.

There is a great demand for wit and humour in some parts of this metropolis. Among many, he is reckoned the best company, who can enliven his conversation with strokes of facetiousness, and in Shakespeare's words, "set the table on a roar." But as wit and humour do not always fall to the share of those who aim at shining in conversation, our jesters and wittlings have wisely devised several mechanical ways of gaining that end. I know one, who is thought a very facetious fellow by the club of which he is a member, because every night, as soon as the clock strikes twelve, he begins to crow like a cock. Another is accounted a man of immense humour, for entertaining his friends with a burlesque hornpipe; and a third has the reputation of being excellent company by singing a song, and at the same time



playing the tune upon the table with his knuckles and elbows. Mimicry is, in these societies, an indispensable requisite in a good companion. Imitations of the actors and other well-known characters are very much admired; to which they have given the appellation of taking off. But the mimic is by no means limited to an imitation of the human species; for an exact representation of the brute creation will procure him infinite applause. Very many of these wits may be met with in different quarters of the town; and it is but a week ago, since I was invited to pass the evening with a society, which, after a display of their several talents, I found to consist of a dog, a cat, a monkey, an ass, and a couple of dancing bears.

I cannot help looking with some veneration on the wit exerted in societies of this sort, since it has the extraordinary quality of never creating either disgust or satiety. They assemble every night, tell the same stories, repeat the same jokes, sing the same songs; and they are every night attended with the same applause and merriment. Considering how much their wit is used, it is surprising that it should not be worn out. Sometimes, however, one of the society makes a new acquisition, which is immediately thrown into the common stock of humour, and constantly displayed as part of the entertainment of the evening. A gentleman of this cast lately showed me, with great joy, the postscript of a letter, in which his correspondent promised him huge fun the next time he should see him, for he had got two new stories, and three or four excellent songs from one of the actors.

These are certainly very agreeable methods of passing the evening, and must please all persons, who have any relish for wit and humour. But these powers of entertaining are not everywhere the stand

ard of good company. There are places in which he is the best company who drinks most. A boon companion lays it down as a rule, that "talking spoils conversation." A bumper is his argument; and his first care is to promote a brisk circulation of the bottle. He shows his esteem for an absent friend by toasting him in a bumper extraordinary; and is frequently so good and loyal a subject, as to drink his Majesty's health in half-pints. If he is desired to sing a catch, he still keeps the main point in view, and gives a song wrote in so ingenious a style, that it obliges the company to toss off a glass at the end of every stanza. If he talks, it is of "healths five fathom deep," or a late hard bout with another set of jolly fellows; and he takes care, by a quick round of toasts, to supply the want of other conversation.

I have ever thought the invention of toasts very useful and ingenious. They at once promote hard drinking, and serve as a kind of memorial of every glass that has been drank; they also furnish those with conversation, who have nothing to say; or at least, by banishing all other topics, put the whole company on a level. Besides all this, three or four rounds of toasts, where many are met together, must unavoidably lift them all into good company. These are no small advantages to society; not to mention the wit and morality contained in many toasts.

Toasts are doubtless very useful and entertaining; but the wisest institution ever made in drinking societies, is the custom of appointing what is called an absolute toast-master. The gentleman invested with this dignity is created king of the company; and, like other absolute monarchs, he commonly makes great use of his power. It is particularly his office to name the toast, to observe that every man duly tosses off his bumper, and is in every

respect good company. He is also to correct all misdemeanors, and commonly punishes an offender by sconcing him a bumper; that is, in the language of hard drinkers, not unmercifully denying him his due glass, but obliging him to add another to it of perhaps double the quantity. For offences of a very heinous nature, the transgressor is ordered a decanter of water, or a tankard of small beer. The privilege of inflicting a bumper is exerted almost every moment; for there is hardly any sort of behaviour which does not produce this punishment. I have known a man sconced for drinking, for not drinking, for singing, for talking, for being silent, and at length sconced dead drunk, and made very good company.

But none of these qualifications above mentioned constitute good company in the genteel part of the world. Polite assemblies neither aim at wit and humour, nor make the least pretence to cultivate society. Their whole evenings are consumed at the card-table, without the least attempt at any other conversation, but the usual altercations of partners between the deals. Whist has destroyed conversation, spoiled society, and "murdered sleep." This kind of good company is as ridiculous, and more insipid, than either the society of witlings or hard drinkers. Tossing off bumpers is as rational, and an employment infinitely more joyous, than shuffling a pack of cards a whole night; and puns, jokes, and mimicry, however stale and repeated, furnish the company with conversation of as much use and variety, as the odd trick and four by honours.

Such are the agreeable evenings passed at White's, and the other coffee-houses about St. James's. Such is the happiness of assemblies, routs, drums, and hurricanes; and without gaming, what insipid things

are even masquerades and ridottos ! At such meetings, the man who is good company plays the game very well, knows more cases than are in Hoyle, and often possesses some particular qualifications, which would be no great recommendation to him any where else. Instead of meeting together, like other companies, with a desire of mutual delight, they sit down with a design upon the pockets of each other ; though, indeed it is no wonder, when one has stripped another of two or three thousand pounds, if the successful gamester thinks the person he has fleeced very good company.

By what has been said, it appears that the notion of good company excludes all useful conversation ; which, in either of the above-mentioned societies, would undoubtedly be despised as stupid and pedantic. The wittings have too lively a genius, and too warm an imagination, to admit it. The boon companions can join nothing but love to a bottle ; and among gamesters, it would, like sleep, be mere loss of time, and hindrance of business. Yet an accomplished member of either of these societies is called good company ; which is just as proper an expression, as, according to Sergeant Kite, Carolus is good Latin for Queen Anne, or a stout beating. But a set of people, who assemble for no other purpose than to game, have, in particular, so very bad a title to the denomination of good company, that they appear to me to be the very worst.

O

## No. 58. THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1755

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*Quicumque impudicus, adulter, ganeo, quique alienum æs grande conflaverat, quo flagitium aut facinus redimeret; præterea, omnes undique parricidæ, sacrilegi, convicti judiciis, aut pro factis judicium timentes; ad hoc, quos manus atque lingua perjurio et sanguine civili alebat; postremò, omnes quos flagitium, egestas, conscius animus exagitabat.*

SALL. BELL. CAT.

Would you, like Catiline's, an army choose,  
Go ransack White's, the taverns, and the stews:  
Press every buck and blood, renown'd for drinking,  
For wenching, gambling, fighting, and free-thinking.

A MISFORTUNE, which happened to me the other day, sufficiently convinced me of the inconveniences arising from the indiscriminate power lodged in our pressgangs; who pay no more regard to those who plead protection from the badge of literature, than a bailiff's follower. I would not have the reader think, that I was present myself; — but my devil, that is, the messenger of the printing-house, was carried off, as he was going with a copy of a Connoisseur to press. Learning appears to me of so much importance, that, in my opinion, the persons of the lowest retainers to it, should be sacred from molestation; and it gives me concern, though a very loyal subject, that even a ballad-singer, or the hawker of bloody news, should be interrupted in their literary vocations. I have in vain endeavoured to recover my manuscript again; for, though I cannot but think any one of my papers of almost as much consequence to the nation as the fitting out a

fleet, the ignorant sailors were so regardless of its inestimable contents, that after much inquiry I detected them, with my devil in conjunction, lighting their pipes with it, at a low alehouse by Puddle-Dock.

This irretrievable loss to the public, as well as myself, led me to consider, whether some other method might not be thought of, to raise sufficient forces for the fleet and army, without disturbing poor labourers and honest mechanics in their peaceful occupations. I have at length, with great pains and expense of thought, hit upon a scheme which will effectually answer that end; and without further preface shall lay it before the public.

I would propose that every useless member of the community should be made of service to his country, by being obliged to climb the ropes, or carry a musket; and every detrimental one should be prevented from injuring his fellow-subjects, and sent to annoy the common enemy. To begin with the country. There is no occasion to rob the fields of their husbandmen, or fetch our soldiers, as the Romans took their dictator, from the plough. It is well known, that every county can supply us with numerous recruits, if we were to raise them out of that idle body called country Squires; many of whom are born only for the destruction of game, and disturbance of their neighbours. They are mere vegetables, which grow up and rot on the same spot of ground; except a few, perhaps, which are transplanted into the Parliament House. Their whole life is hurried away in scampering after foxes, leaping five-bar gates, trampling upon the farmers' corn, and swilling October. As they are by their profession excellent marksmen, and have been used to carry a gun, they might employ their powder to

more purpose in fetching down a Frenchman than a pheasant ; and most of them might be incorporated among the cavalry, or formed into light-bodied troops and mounted on their own hunters. They might also be of great use in marauding, or getting in forage ; and if they would follow an enemy with the same alacrity and defiance of danger, as they follow a fox, they might do prodigious execution in a pursuit. The greatest danger would be, that if a fox should perchance cross them in their march, they would be tempted to run from their colours for the sake of a chase ; and we should have them all desert, or, in the language of fox-hunters, gone away.

If the country is infested with these useless and obnoxious animals called Squires, this metropolis is no less overrun with a set of idle and mischievous creatures, which we may call town Squires. We might soon levy a very numerous army, were we to enlist into it every vagrant about town, who, not having any lawful calling, from thence takes upon himself the title of gentleman, and adds an Esq. to his name. A very large corps too might be formed from the Students at the Inns of Court, who, under the pretence of following the law, receive, as it were, a sanction for doing nothing at all. With these the several tribes of play-house and coffee-house critics, and that collective body of them called the Town, may be allowed to rank ; and though no great exploits can be expected from these invalids, yet, as they are of no other use whatever, they may at least serve in the army, like Falstaff's men, as " food for powder."

But a very formidable troop might be composed of that part of them, distinguished by the name of Bloods. The fury of their assaults on drawers and watchmen, and the spirit displayed in storming a

bagnio, would be of infinite service in the field of battle. But I would recommend it to the general to have them strictly disciplined ; lest they should shoot some of their own comrades, or perhaps run away, merely for the sake of the joke. Under proper regulations, such valiant gentlemen would certainly be of use. I had lately some thoughts of recommending to the justices to list the Bloods among those brave, resolute fellows employed as thief-takers. But they may now serve nobler purposes in the army ; and what may we not expect from such intrepid heroes, who, for want of opportunity to exert their prowess in warlike skirmishes abroad, have been obliged to give vent to their courage by breaking the peace at home ?

Every one will agree with me, that those men of honour, who make fighting their business, and cannot let their swords rest quietly in their scabbards, should be obliged to draw them in the service of his Majesty. What might we not expect from these furious Drawcansirs, if, instead of cutting one another's throats, their skill in arms was properly turned against the enemy ! A very little discipline would make them admirable soldiers ; for, as Mercutio says, they are already "the very butchers of a silk button." I have known one of these duellists, to keep his hand in, employ himself every morning in thrusting at a bit of paper stuck against the wainscot ; and I have heard another boast, that he could snuff a candle with his pistol. These gentlemen are, therefore, very fit to be employed in close engagements ; but it will be necessary to keep them in continual action ; for otherwise they would breed a kind of civil war among themselves, and, rather than not fight at all, turn their weapons upon one another.



Several Irish brigades, not inferior to those of the same country in the service of the French king, may be formed out of those able-bodied men, which are called fortune-hunters. The attacks of these dauntless heroes have, indeed, been chiefly levelled at the other sex; but employment may be found for these amorous knight-errants, suitable to their known firmness and intrepidity; particularly in taking places by storm, where there is a necessity for ravishing virgins, and committing outrages upon the women.

But among the many useless members of society, there are none so unprofitable as the fraternity of gamesters. I therefore think, that their time would be much better employed in handling a musket, than in shuffling a pack of cards, or shaking the dice-box. As to the sharpers, it is a pity that the same dexterity which enables them to palm an ace or cog a die, is not used by them in going through the manual exercise in the military way. These latter might, indeed, be employed as marines, or stationed in the West Indies; as many of them have already crossed the seas, and are perfectly well acquainted with the plantations.

The last proposal, which I have to make on this subject, is to take the whole body of Freethinkers into the service. For this purpose, I would impress all the members of the Robin Hood Society; and, in consideration of his great merit, I would further advise, that the Clare-Market Orator should be made chaplain to the regiment. One of the favourite tenets of a freethinker is, that all men are in a natural state of warfare with each other; nothing, therefore, is so proper for him, as to be actually engaged in war. As he has no squeamish notions about what will become of him hereafter, he can

have no fears about death ; I would, therefore, always have the freethinkers put upon the most dangerous exploits, exposed to the greatest heat of battle, and sent upon the forlorn hope. For, since they confess that they are born into the world for no end whatever, and that they shall be nothing after death, it is but justice that they should be annihilated for the good of their country.

W

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No. 59. THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1755.

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— *Monstra exacerant mihi !*  
*Introit in ades ater alienus canis !*  
*Anguis per impluvium decidit de tegulis !*  
*Gallina eccinit !—*

TER. PHOR. ACT. iv. SC. iv. 24.

What unlucky prodigies have befallen us ! A strange black dog came into the house ! A snake fell from the tiles through the skylight ! A hen crowed !

“MR. VILLAGE TO MR. TOWN.

“DEAR COUSIN,

“I WAS greatly entertained with your late reflections on the several branches of magic employed in the affairs of love. I have myself been very lately among the seers of visions and dreamers of dreams ; and hope you will not be displeased at an account of portents and prognostics full as extravagant, though they are not all owing to the same cause, as those of your correspondent Miss Arabella Whimsey. You must know, Cousin, that I am just returned from

a visit of a fortnight to an old aunt in the North ; where I was mightily diverted with the traditional superstitions, which are most religiously preserved in the family, as they have been delivered down time out of mind, from their sagacious grandmothers.

“ When I arrived, I found the mistress of the house very busily employed with her two daughters in nailing a horseshoe to the threshold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard against the spiteful designs of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a mischief, because one of my young cousins laid two straws across, to see if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady herself assured me, that she had several times heard Goody Cripple muttering to herself ; and to be sure she was saying the Lord’s prayer backwards. Besides, the old woman had very often asked them for a pin ; but they took care never to give her anything that was sharp, because she should not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the same as are mentioned with infinite humour by *The Spectator* ; and to confirm them, they assured me, that the eldest miss, when she was little, used to have fits, till the mother flung a knife at another old witch, whom the devil had carried off in a high wind, and fetched blood from her.

“ When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thousand apologies for not putting me in the best room in the house ; which she said had never been lain in, since the death of an old washer-woman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money somewhere, and could not rest till she had told somebody ; and my cousin assured me, that she

might have had it all to herself ; for the spirit came one night to her bedside and wanted to tell her, but she had not courage to speak to it. I learned also, that they had a footman once, who hanged himself for love ; and he walked for a great while, till they got the parson to lay him in the Red Sea.

“ I had not been here long, when an accident happened, which very much alarmed the whole family. Towzer one night howled most terribly ; which was a sure sign, that somebody belonging to them would die. The youngest miss declared, that she had heard the hen crow that morning ; which was another fatal prognostic. They told me that, just before uncle died, Towzer howled so for several nights together, that they could not quiet him ; and my aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly as if there had been a clock in the room ; the maid too, who sat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the stairs, the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this discourse, I overheard one of my cousins whisper the other, that she was afraid their mamma would not live long ; for she smelt an ugly smell like a dead carcass. They had a dairy maid, who died the very week after a hearse had stopped at their door in its way to church ; and the eldest miss, when she was but thirteen, saw her own brother’s ghost, who was gone to the West Indies, walking in the garden ; and to be sure, nine months after, they had an account that he died on board the ship, the very same day, and hour of the day, that miss saw his apparition.

“ I need not mention to you the common incidents which were accounted by them no less prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haste to examine whether it was a purse or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived,

because they had seen a stranger on the grate. The youngest miss will let nobody use the poker but herself; because, when she stirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a sign she will have a bright husband; and she is no less sure of a good one, because she generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle less oracular than the fire; for the squire of the parish came one night to pay them a visit, when the tallow winding-sheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck soon after in a fox-chase. My aunt one night observed with great pleasure, a letter in the candle; and she hoped it would be from her son in London. We knew when a spirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue; but poor cousin Nancy was ready to cry one time, when she snuffed it out, and could not blow it in again, though her sister did it at a whiff, and consequently triumphed in her superior virtue.

“We had no occasion for an almanac or the weather-glass, to let us know whether it would rain or shine. One evening I proposed to ride out with my cousins the next day to see a gentleman’s house in the neighbourhood; but my aunt assured us it would be wet, she knew very well from the shooting of her corn. Besides, there was a great spider crawling up the chimney, and the blackbird in the kitchen began to sing; which were both of them certain forerunners of rain. But the most to be depended on in these cases is a tabby cat, which usually lies basking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned her tail to the fire, we were to have a hard frost; if the cat licked her tail, rain would certainly ensue. They wondered what stranger they should see, because puss washed her foot over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and her daughter remarked, it would go through the family;

for she observed that poor Tab had sneezed several times. Poor Tab, however, once flew at one of my cousins; for which she had like to have been destroyed, as the whole family began to think she was no other than a witch.

“It is impossible to tell you the several tokens by which they know whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling of salt, or laying knives across, are everywhere accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a strange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my cousins tell the cook-maid that she boiled away all her sweethearts, because she had let her dish-water boil over. The same young lady one morning came down to breakfast with her cap the wrong side out; which her mother observing, charged her not to alter it all the day, for fear she should turn luck.

“But, above all, I could not help remarking the various prognostics which the old lady and her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the nails, made them as sure of a gift as if they had it already in their pockets. The eldest sister is to have one husband more than the youngest, because she has one wrinkle more in her forehead; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by snapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to set down every circumstance which I observed of this sort during my stay with them; I shall therefore conclude my letter with the several remarks on the other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family; for as I was a relation, you know, they had less reserve.

“If the head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the

head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the toothache, you dont love true. If your eyebrow itches, you will see a stranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry; if your left, you will laugh. If your nose itches, you will shake hands with, or kiss a fool, drink a glass of wine, run against a cuckold's door, or miss them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you; if your left, your right friends are talking of you. If your elbow itches you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money; if your left, you will receive. If your stomach itches, you will eat pudding. If your back itches, butter will be cheap when grass grows there. If your side itches, somebody is wishing for you. If your gartering-place itches, you will go to a strange place. If your knee itches, you will kneel in a strange church. If your foot itches, you will tread upon strange ground. Lastly, if you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave.

“I am, dear Cousin, yours, &c.”

“March 3, 1755.”

T

No. 60. THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1755.

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—*Hec ego necum*

*Compressis agito labris: ubi quid datur oli,  
Illudo chartis.*—

HOR. SAT. i. 4. 137.

Let not a word escape the lips—but hist—  
And think in silence on the rules of whist.

WHOEVER has had occasion often to pass through Holborn, must have taken notice of a pastry-cook's shop with the following remarkable inscription over the door: "Kidder's Pastry-School." I had the curiosity to inquire into the design of this extraordinary academy, and found it was calculated to instruct young ladies in the art and mystery of tarts and cheesecakes. The scholars were, indeed, chiefly of the lower class, except a few notable young girls from the city, with two or three parsons' daughters out of the country intended for service. As housewifely accomplishments are now quite out of date among the polite world, it is no wonder that Mr. Kidder has no share in the education of our young ladies of quality; and I appeal to any woman of fashion, whether she would not as soon put her daughter 'prentice to a washer-woman, to learn to clear-starch and get up fine linen, as to send her to the pastry-school to be instructed in raised crust and puff paste. The good dames of old, indeed, were not ashamed to make these arts their study; but in this refined age, we might sooner expect to see a kitchen wench thumbing Hoyle's Treatise on



Whist, than a fine lady collecting receipts for making puddings, or poring over the Complete Art of Cookery.

The education of females is at present happily elevated far above the ordinary employments of domestic economy ; and if any school is wanted for the improvement of young ladies, I may venture to say, it should be a school for whist. Mr. Hoyle used, indeed, to wait on ladies of quality at their own houses to give them lectures in this science ; but as that learned master has left off teaching, they can have no instructions but from his incomparable treatise ; and this, I am afraid, is so abstruse, and abounding with technical terms, that even those among the quality who are tolerably well grounded in the science, are scarce able to unravel the perplexity of his cases, which are many of them as intricate as the hardest proposition in Euclid. A school for whist would, therefore, be of excellent use ; where young ladies of quality might be gradually instructed in the various branches of lurching, renouncing, finessing, winning the ten-ace, and getting the odd trick, in the same manner as common misses are taught to write, read, and work at their needle.

There seems to be a strange neglect in the education of females, that though great pains are taken with them to make them talk French, they are yet so ignorant of the English language, that before they come to their teens they can scarce tell what is meant by lurching, revoking, fussing the cards, or the most common terms, now in use at all routs and assemblies. Hence it often happens, that a young lady is almost ripe for a gallant, and thoroughly versed in the arts of the toilet, before she is initiated into the mysteries of the card-table. I would,

therefore, propose that our demoiselles of fashion should be taught the art of card-playing from their cradles; and have a pack of cards put into their hands at the usual time that the brats of vulgar people are employed in thumbing their horn-book. The mind of man has been often compared, before it has received any ideas, to a white piece of paper, which is capable of retaining any impression afterwards made upon it. In like manner, I would consider the minds of those infants, which are born into a well-bred family, as a blank pack of cards, ready to be marked with the pips and colours of the suits; at least, I am confident that many of them, after they are grown up, have laid in very few ideas beyond them. What, therefore, Mr. Locke recommends, that we should cheat children into learning their letters by making it seem a pastime, should be put in practice in every polite nursery; and the little ladies may be taught to distinguish ace, deuce, tray, &c., as soon as they could great A, little a, and the other letters of the chris-cross row; as to the four honors, they will readily learn them by the same method that other children get the names of dogs, horses, &c., by looking at their pictures. After this, in order to complete her education, little miss, when of a proper age, should be sent to the whist school, or have lessons from private masters at home. She may now be made to get by heart the laws of the game, read a chapter in Hoyle, and be catechized in laying and taking the odds; and in process of time, she may be set to solve any of Hoyle's hardest cases, or any of the propositions in his Doctrine of Chances; for which, as Mr. Hoyle himself tells us, no more knowledge of arithmetic is required, than what is sufficient to reckon the tricks, or score up the game.

All sciences appear equally abstruse to the learner at his first setting out; but I will venture to say, that the science of whist is more complex than even algebra or the mathematics. The Ass's bridge in Euclid is not so difficult to be got over, nor the Logarithms of Napier so hard to be unravelled as many of Hoyle's cases and propositions; as an instance of which, take the following most obvious and easy one.—A and B are partners against C and D. A and B have scored 3, and want to save their Lurch. C and D are at short can'ye; and consequently both sides play for two points. C has the deal, and turns up the Knave of Hearts. C asks his partner D, who refuses. B has the lead, and runs his strong suit, Spades, two rounds with Ace and King. A discards his weakest suit, Diamonds. Then B forces his partner. A leads a strong Club, which B refuses. A forces B, who by leading Spades plays into A's hand, who returns a Club, and so they get to a Saw between them. After this A leads through C's Honours. B finesses the Ten and plays a Spade, which A trumps. Now B, by laying behind C's King and Knave of trumps, makes the Ten-ace with Ace and Queen; and A having the long Trump brings in his thirteenth Club. Consequently, A and B get a slam against their adversaries C and D, and score a single game towards the rubbers.

Since, therefore, this science is attended with so much difficulty, the necessity of a school for whist is very evident; and if the plan of education, above proposed, was put into execution, I will venture to pronounce that young ladies, who can now scarce be trusted at any game beyond one and thirty Bone-Ace, or beat the Knave out of Doors with the maid-servants, would be qualified at twelve

years old to make one at any card-table in town; and would even beat their mammas, who have not had the same advantage of education. Many a husband, and many a parent, I am sure, have had reason to lament that their wives and daughters have not had the happiness of so early an instruction in this branch of female knowledge; and I make no doubt, but several boarding-schools will be set up, where young ladies may be taught Whist, Brag, and all kinds of card-work. How many ladies, for want of such a school, are at present shut out from the best company, because they know no more of the game, than what is called White-Chapel play! In order, therefore, to remedy this deficiency as far as possible, I would further recommend it to Mr. Hoyle or some other eminent artist, in imitation of Messieurs Hart and Dukes, who profess to teach grown gentlemen to dance, to advertise that grown gentlewomen may be taught to play at whist in the most private and expeditious manner; so that any lady, who never before took a card in hand, may be enabled in a very short time to play a rubber at the most fashionable routs and assemblies.

W

No. 61. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1755.

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*Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ.*— HOR. CAR. i. 3. 38.

E'en Heaven we covet by preposterous rules,  
And form t' ourselves a paradise of fools.

It is observed by the French, that a cat, a priest, and an old woman, are sufficient to constitute a religious sect in England. So universally, it seems, are learning and genius diffused through this island, that the lowest plebeians are deep casuists in matters of faith as well as politics; and so many and wonderful are the new lights continually breaking in among us, that we daily make fresh discoveries, and strike out unbeaten paths to future happiness. The above observation of our neighbours is, in truth, rather too full; for a priest is so far from necessary, that a new species of doctrine would be better received by our old women, and other well disposed good people, from a layman. The most extraordinary tenets of religion are very successfully propagated under the sanction of the leathern apron instead of the cassock; every corner of the town has a barber, mason, bricklayer, or some other handicraft teacher; and there are almost as many sects in this metropolis, as there are parish churches.

As to old women, since the passions of females are stronger in youth, and their minds weaker in age, than those of the other sex, their readiness in embracing any principles of religion, pressed on them with particular earnestness and vehemence, is

not very wonderful. They hope, by the most rigid demeanor in the decline of life, to make amends for that unbounded loose given to their passions in their younger years. The same violence, however, commonly accompanies them in religion, as formerly actuated them in their pleasures; and their zeal entirely eats up their charity. They look with a malevolent kind of pity on all who are still employed in worldly undertakings, "carry prayer-books in their pockets," and piously damn all their relations and acquaintance with texts of scripture. I know an old gentlewoman of this cast, who has formed herself as a pattern of staid behaviour; and values herself for having given up at threescore the vanities of sixteen. She denounces heavy judgments on all frequenters of public diversions, and forebodes the worst consequences from every party of pleasure. I have known her foretell the ruin of her niece from a country dance; nay, she can perceive irregular desires flaming from a gay coloured top-knot, and has even descried adultery itself lurking beneath the thin veil of a worked apron, or beaming from a diamond girdle-buckle.

But we might, perhaps, suffer a few good old ladies to go to heaven their own way, if these sects were not pernicious on many other accounts. Such strange doctrines are very apt to unsettle the minds of the common people, who often make an odd transition from infidelity to enthusiasm, and become bigots from arrant freethinkers; their faith however, it may be well imagined, is not a saving faith; as they are worked up to an adoration of the Creator, from the same slavish principle that induces the Indians to worship the Devil. It is amazing how strongly fear operates on these weak creatures, and how easily a canting, whining rascal can mould them to his

purpose. I have known many a rich tradesman wheedled and threatened out of his subsistence, and himself and unhappy family at last lectured into the workhouse. Thus do these vile hypocrites turn a poor convert's head to save his soul; and deprive him of all happiness in this world, under pretence of securing it to him eternally in the next.

Nothing can do religion more injury than these solemn mockeries of it. Many of these sects consist almost entirely of battered prostitutes, and persons of the most infamous character. Reformation is their chief pretence; wherefore, the more abandoned those are, of whom they make proselytes, the more they pride themselves on their conversion. I remember a debauched young fellow, who pretended a sudden amendment of his principles, in order to repair his shattered fortune. He turned Methodist, and soon began to manifest a kind of spiritual fondness for a pious sister. He wooed her according to the directions of the rubric, sent her sermons instead of *billet-doux*, "greeted her with an holy kiss," and obtained his mistress by appearing in every respect a thorough *devotée*. But, alas! the good gentleman could never be prevailed on to comply with religious ordinances, or appear any more at church or meeting, after the performance of the marriage ceremony. The lowest of the vulgar also, for their peculiar ends, frequently become sectaries. They avail themselves of a mock conversion to redeem their lost characters, and, like criminals at Rome, make the church a sanctuary for villainy. By this artifice they recommend themselves to the charity of the weak but well-meaning Christians, and often insinuate themselves as servants into Methodist families.

Le Sage, with his usual humour, represents Gil Blas as wonderfully charmed with the seeming

sanctity of Ambrose de Lamela; when he took him into service; and Gil Blas is even not offended at his remissness the very first night, when his new servant tells him, that it was owing to his attending his devotions. But it soon appears that his sly valet had been employed in concerting the robbery of his master. A due attention to religion is so rare a quality in all ranks of people, that I am far from blaming it in servants; but when I see their religion showing itself in laziness, and observe them neglecting their common business under the pretext of performing acts of supererogation, I am apt to question their sincerity, and to take every servant of that kind for a mere Saint Ambrose. An old Moravian aunt of mine, of whom I have formerly made worthy mention, would never have any servants who did not belong to the society of the United Brethren. But so little did the good lady's endeavours to preserve virtue and a spirit of devotion in her house succeed, that the generality of the men fell into evil courses, and most of the pious sisterhood left the family with big bellies.

I would not be thought to deny my fellow-subjects full liberty of conscience, and all the benefits of the Toleration Act; yet I cannot help regarding these weak, if not ill-meant divisions from the established church, as a dangerous kind of freethinking; not so shocking, indeed, as the impious avowal of atheism and infidelity, but often attended with the same bad consequences. A religion founded on madness and enthusiasm, is almost as bad as no religion at all; and, what is worse, the unhappy errors of particular sects expose the purest religion in the world to the scoffs of unbelievers. Shallow witlings exercise their little talents for ridicule on matters of religion, and fall into atheism and blasphemy in order to



avoid bigotry and enthusiasm. The weakness of the sectaries strengthen them in their ridiculous notions, and produce many other evils, as will appear from the following short history.

In the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth there resided in these kingdoms a worthy lady called Religion. She was remarkable for the sweetness of her temper; which was cheerful without levity, and grave without moroseness. She was also particularly decent in her dress as well as behaviour, and preserved, with uncommon mildness, the strictest regularity in her family. Though she had a noble genius, and led a very sober life, yet in those days she kept the best company, was greatly admired by the queen, and was even intimate with most of the maids of honour. What became of her and her family is not known; but it is very certain that they have at present no connection with the polite world. Some affirm that the line is extinct; though I have indeed been told that the late Bishop Berkeley and the present Bishops of —— and —— are descended from the principal branches of it, and that some few of the family are resident on small livings in the country.

We are told, by a certain fashionable author, that there were formerly two men in a madhouse at Paris, one of whom imagined himself the Father, and the other the Son. In like manner, no sooner did the good lady, Religion, disappear, but she was personated by a crazy old beldam called Superstition. But the cheat was instantly discovered; for, instead of the mild discipline, with which her predecessor ruled her family, she governed entirely by severity, racks, wheels, gibbets, sword, fire, and fagot. Instead of cheerfulness she introduced gloom, was perpetually crossing herself with holy

water, and, to avert the terrible judgments of which she was hourly in fear, she compiled a new almanac, in which she wonderfully multiplied the number of red letters. After a miserable life she died melancholy mad, but left a will behind her, in which she bequeathed a very considerable sum to build an hospital for religious lunatics ; which, I am informed, will speedily be built on the same ground where the foundry, that celebrated Methodist meeting-house, now stands.

Superstition left behind her a son called Atheism, begot on her by a Moravian teacher at one of their love feasts. Atheism soon showed himself to be a most profligate abandoned fellow. He came very early upon town, and was a remarkable blood. Among his other frolics he turned author, and is said to have written in concert with Lord Bolingbroke. After having squandered a large fortune, he turned gamester, then pimp, and then highwayman ; in which last occupation he was soon detected, taken, and thrown into Newgate. He behaved very impudently in the condemned hole, abused the ordinary whenever that gentleman attended him, and encouraged all his fellow prisoners, in the Newgate phrase, to die hard. When he came to the gallows, instead of the psalm he sung a bawdy catch, threw away the book, and bid Jack Ketch tuck him up like a gentleman. Many of his relations were present at the execution, and shook their heads, repeating the words of Mat in the Beggar's Opera : " Poor fellow ! we are sorry for you, but it is what we must all come to."

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No. 62. THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1755.

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— *Qualem Cereris vult esse sacerdos.*

JUV. SAT. XV. 141.

What female, though to Papal modes they run,  
Would brook the life and manners of a nun?

HAVING lately informed my readers that the Female Parliament is now sitting, I shall proceed to lay before them the substance of a debate that happened in the Committee of Religion, and which was unexpectedly occasioned by a motion that was made by Miss Graveairs. This Committee had long been looked upon as useless, but, for form sake, continued to meet, though it was adjourned immediately; but one day, there being more members present than usual, the Chair-woman was no sooner in the chair, than the lady, above mentioned, addressed her in the following speech: —

MADAM,

It is with no less surprise than concern that I reflect on the danger to which the greater part of my sex, either through ignorance or choice, are now exposed; and, I have the strongest reasons to believe, that nothing but the vigorous and timely resolutions of this wise assembly can prevent them from changing their religion, and becoming Roman Catholics. What subject can be more interesting and important to us, whether we consider ourselves as a Committee of Religion, a Parliament of Women, or an Assembly

of Protestants? Was such a design to be carried into execution, the free use of our tongues would be taken away; we should never be suffered, perhaps, to speak to the other sex, but through grates and bars; and this place of our assembly would be probably the abode of nuns and friars. But lest you should think me thus alarmed without reason, I shall now lay before you the grounds of my complaint; that, if it is not too late, we may prevent the evil, or if it is, we may guard against it.

My fears are grounded on those remarks that have long been made on the dress of the sex. Constant as the men have styled us to the love of change, little have they imagined that popery was invariably the object to which every innovation was designed to lead. So long ago as when, to the honour of our sex, a queen was upon the throne, it was the fashion, as we may learn from Pope, \* for the ladies to wear upon their breasts a flaming cross. The same fashion has been transmitted to the present times. What, Madam, is this but downright popery? In the Catholic countries they are content with erecting crucifixes in their roads and churches; but, alas! in this Protestant kingdom crosses are alike to be seen in places sacred and profane, the court, the playhouse; and, pardon me ladies! this venerable assembly itself is not without them. I am apt to suspect that this heterodox introduction of the cross into the female dress had a higher original than the days of Queen Anne, whose affection for the church was very well known. It seems rather to have been imported among us, together with the Jesuits, by the popish consorts of the first or second Charles; or perhaps

\* Upon her breast a sparkling cross she wore.

the ladies first wore it in complaisance to the English Pope Joan, Queen Mary. This much is certain, that at the same time our pious reformer, Queen Elizabeth, expelled the cross from our altars, she effectually secured the necks of our ladies from this superstition by the introduction of the ruff.

The next part of our dress that I shall mention, which savours of popery, is the capuchin. This garment, in truth, has a near resemblance to that of the friar, whose name it bears. Our grandmothers had already adopted the hood ; their daughters, by a gradual advance, introduced the rest ; but far greater improvements were still in store for us. We all of us remember, for it is not above two years ago, how all colours were neglected for that of purple. In purple, we glowed from the hat to the shoe ; and in such request were the ribbons and silks of that favourite colour, that neither the milliner, mercer, nor dyer himself, could answer the demand. Who but must think that this arose from popish principles ? And though it may be urged that the admired Fanny, who first introduced it, is no nun, yet you may all remember that the Church of Rome herself has been styled the scarlet, or as some rendered it, the purple whore.

But to prove indisputably our manifest approaches to popery, let me now refer you to that fashionable cloak, which, sorry am I to see it, is wore by the far greater part even of this assembly, and which, indeed, is with great propriety styled the cardinal. For were his holiness the Pope to be introduced among us, he would almost fancy himself in his own conclave ; and were I not too well acquainted with my sisters' principles, I myself should be induced to think, that to those in such grave attire nothing but a cloister and a grate was wanting. As to those of

gayer colours, you need not to be told, that there are white and gray friars abroad, as well as black ; and, as the English are so remarkable for improving on their originals, we shall not be then surprised at the variety of colours that appear among us.

It has been whispered, too, that some of my sisters have been so fond of the monkish austerities, as to have their heads shaved. This I do not aver of my own knowledge ; but, if it is so, they still condescend to wear artificial locks ; though it would be not at all strange if they also should soon be laid aside, as they are already prepared for it by leaving off their caps. I shall only desire you still further to reflect, how fashionable it is for the ladies to shine with borrowed faces ; and then I believe you will readily allow that their votaries, the men, are in great danger also of being seduced to popery ; since do they not already, by the compliments they pay to a painted face, address an image and adorn a picture ?

What has now been said will induce you, I hope, to pay a proper regard to the following resolutions, which I humbly move may be agreed to by this committee, and represented to the house.

Resolved,

That it is the opinion of this committee, that in order to prevent the growth of popery, no garments shall, for the future, be imported of popish make, or distinguished by popish names.

Resolved,

That in order to enforce a due obedience, every one shall be obliged to practise the austerities of the sect they imitate ; so that, for example, the cardinals shall be compelled to lead a single life, and the capuchins to go barefoot.

Lastly,

It is recommended that, as a further sanction to the

bill proposed, every offender, who shall be deemed incorrigible, shall be banished from all routs, and transported to her country-seat for seven winters.

This motion was strongly seconded by Lady Mend'em, who urged in its support, that, to her certain knowledge, many of the sex very frequently assembled at one another's houses, and particularly on the Sabbath, where mass books were actually laid before them, and the warmest adoration paid to some pictures or painted images, which, she was told, resembled some kings and queens that had been long canonized; and the offerings, that were constantly made at their shrines would, she said, be found, on a moderate computation, to exceed those that were formerly made at the tomb of Thomas à Becket. She added that, after the Catholic custom, they always fasted on those nights, or, if they supped at all, it was only on fish.

The chief speaker on the other side of the question was Lady Smart, one of the representatives for Grosvenor Square, who, by the way, was strongly suspected of being a prejudiced person, her enemies not denying that she had charms which could almost sanctify error itself. Nobody, she said, could suspect the sex of inclining to popery, who observed the aversion they all discovered to a single life. The uses of the obnoxious garments were allowed to be many; the names at least were innocent; and the cry against them, she was sure, could only be raised by the old and the ugly; since nothing could be so fantastic, as not to become a pretty woman.

Her ladyship was joined by the beauties present; but they being few, their objections were overruled, and the motion was carried. The next day the house, on receiving the report, after some debate

agreed to the resolutions, and a bill was ordered to be prepared and brought in accordingly. Though at the same time they were of opinion, *nem. con.*, that if the Fig-leaf Bill took place, these restrictions would be quite needless.

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No. 63. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1755.

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*Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.*

VIRG. ÆN. iii. 98.

From a long line of grandauns draws his blood,  
And counts his great great grandsires from the Flood.

“ TO MR. TOWN.

“ SIR,

“ IF you are a true sportsman, and have the honour of the turf at heart, you must have observed, with the utmost concern, a late account in the newspapers, that ‘White-nose died at Doncaster, of a mortification in his foot.’ An article of this nature, and at such a time, must strike a damp on all gentleman-breeders; and, for my part, I cannot help looking on the present races at Newmarket, as funeral games in honour of the memory of White-nose. The death of a stallion of such consequence is a public calamity to all knowing ones in the kingdom; nor does such an accident bring with it the least consolation; especially since it is not the fashion to pit the lives of horses, as well as men, against each other.



“Italian greyhounds, Dutch lapdogs, monkeys, and maccaws, have been honoured with monuments and epitaphs; but a race-horse as much surpasses these insignificant animals, as White-nose was superior to a pack-horse; and I cannot but think that an obelisk, with a proper inscription drawn up by Messieurs Heber and Pond, should be erected near Devil’s Ditch or Choak Jade on Newmarket Heath, in honour to his memory. With what astonishment might we then read of his powerful deep rate, by which all the horses that run against him were nowhere! With what rapture should we then recount his rapid victories in the field, more surprising than those of the Duke of Marlborough, by which he won Tewksbury, won Chipping-Norton, won Lincoln, won York, &c! But, above all, we should admire the noble blood which flowed in his veins, and with reverence contemplate the illustrious names of his great, great, great, grandsires and grandams. There is not the least flaw in the blood of White-nose’s family; and his epitaph might conclude, in imitation of that famous one on the Duke of Newcastle’s monument, ‘that all the sons were remarkable stallions, and all the daughters excellent breeders.’

“The pedigrees of our race-horses have been always preserved with as much care and exactness, as the tree of descent among the family of a Spanish grandee or Polish nobleman; nor does the Welshman derive greater honour from proving himself the fiftieth cousin to Cadwallader or Carac-tacus through a long line of David Ap Shenkins, Ap Morgans, Ap Powels, Ap Prices, than the horse by being half-brother to the Godolphin Barb, or full cousin by the dam’s side to the Bloody-Shouldered Arabian. The Romans were no less curious in the

breed of their horses, and paid the greatest honours to those that beat the whole circus hollow. They even erected monuments to their memory, of which Lipsius gives us the following remarkable instance. *Clarissimè lapis vetus, quem Romæ olim vidi et exscripsi. In medio vir est, qui dextrâ baculum sinistrâ pabulum tenet: extrinsecus duo sunt assilientes equi cum geminâ inscriptione; — Aquilo, nepos Aquilonis vicit cxxx. secundas tulit lxxxviii. tertias tulit xxxvii. — Altera, — Hirpinus, nepos Aquilonis vicit cxiv. secundas tulit lvi. tertias tulit xxxvi. Habes itaque ipsum hic Hirpinum, atque adeò ejus avum Aquilonem.* — I could wish that the same honours were paid to our horses; I would at least propose that the names, pedigrees, and a list of the plates won by victorious horses, should be inscribed on the posts of all courses where they have made themselves famous. These memorials might serve to perpetuate the renown of our racers, and would furnish posterity with a more complete history of the turf than the Sportsman's Calendar.

“You will undoubtedly observe, Mr. Town, that in the extract concerning horses, with which I have just presented you from Lipsius, a man is also mentioned; the account of whom would, if modernized, run in the following terms: ‘In the middle of the monument stood a man, with a whip in his right hand, and a feed of corn in his left.’ Hence it appears that the Romans intended to do honour to the charioteer as well as horses; and it is a pity that we do not also imitate them in this particular, and pay equal respect to our jockeys. The chariot-race was not more celebrated among the ancients, than the horserace is at present; and the Circus at Rome never drew together so noble an assembly as the modern course. Nor do I see any reason,

why Theron should be more applauded for carrying off the prize at Elis or Pisa, than Tom Marshal for winning the plate at York or Newmarket. The charioteers of old were, indeed, composed of the greatest princes, and persons of the first rank, who prided themselves on their dexterity in managing the reins, and driving their own chariots. In this they have been imitated by several of our modern gentry, who value themselves on being excellent coachmen, and it is with infinite pleasure that I have lately observed persons of fashion at all races affect the dress and manner of grooms. And as gentlemen, like the ancient charioteers, begin to enter the race themselves, and ride their own horses, it is probable that we shall soon see the best jockeys among the first of our nobility.

“That the encomiums of the horse shall so frequently be enlarged on, without entering into the praises of the jockey, is indeed something wonderful; when we consider how much the beast is under his direction, and that the strength and fleetness of Victorious or Driver would be of no use without the skill and honesty of the rider. Large sums have been lost by a horse running, accidentally without doubt, on the wrong side of the post; and we knowing-ones, Mr. Town, have frequently seen great dexterity and management exerted, in contriving that one of the best horses in the field should be distanced. The jockey has, indeed, so great a share in the success of the race, that every man, who has ever betted five pounds, is acquainted with his consequence; and does not want to be told that the victory depends at least as often on the rider as the horse.

“I cannot help agreeing with Lady Pentweazle in the farce, that ‘if there was as much care taken

in the breed of the human species, as there is in that of dogs and of horses, we should not have so many puny half-formed animals as we daily see among us;’ and every thorough sportsman very well knows, that as much art is required in bringing up a jockey, as the beast he is to ride. In every respect, the same care must be had to keep him in wind, and he must be in like manner dieted, put in sweats, and exercised, to bring him down to a proper weight. Much depends upon the size of the man as well as horse; for a rider of the same dimensions with a grenadier would no more be fit to come upon the turf as a jockey, than an awkward thing taken out of the shafts of a dray could ever appear at the starting-post as a race-horse. This is obvious to every one; and I could not help smiling at what my landlord at the White Bear said the other day to a little fellow commoner of St. John’s, who would fain be thought a knowing-one, by way of compliment: ‘My worthy master,’ said the landlord, ‘it is a thousand pities you should be a gownsman, when you would have made such a special postboy or jockey.’

“My chief inducement to write to you at present, Mr. Town, was to desire you to use your endeavours to bring the jockey into equal esteem with the animal he bestrides; and to beg that you would promote the settling an established scheme for the preservation of his breed. In order to this, I would humbly propose that a stud for the jockeys should be immediately built near the stables at Newmarket; and that their genealogies should be duly registered; that the breed should be crossed as occasion might require, and that the best horsemen, and of the lightest weights, should intermarry with the full sisters of those who had won most plates;

and in a word, the same methods be used for the improvement of the jockeys as their horses. I have here sent you the exact pedigree of a famous jockey, taken with all that care just now prescribed; and I doubt not, if my scheme was universally put in execution, but we should excel all other nations in our horsemen, as we already do in our horses.

“TO RIDE THIS SEASON,

“An able Jockey, fit to start for Match, Sweepstakes, or King's Plate; well sized; can mount twelve stone, or strip to a feather; is sound wind and limb, and free from all blemishes. He was got by Yorkshire Tom, out of a full sister to Deptford Nan. His dam was got by the noted Matchim Tims; his grandam was the German Princess; and his great grandam was daughter to Flanders Moll. His sire won the King's Plate at York and Hambleton, the Lady's Subscription Purse at Nottingham, the Give-and-Take at Lincoln, and the Sweepstakes at Newmarket. His grandsire beat Dick Rogers at Epsom and Burford, and Patrick M'Cutt'em over the Curragh of Kildare. His great grandsire, and great great grandsire, rode for King Charles the Second; and so noble is the blood which flows in this jockey's veins, that none of his family were ever distanced, stood above five feet five, or weighed more than twelve stone.”

“Cambridge, April 4.”

W

No. 64. THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1755.

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*Canes legatos misère,—  
Ut sese eriperent hominum contumeliis.*

PHÆDR.

Hounds, pointers, mastiffs, lapdogs sue for help,  
With many a doleful howl and piteous yelp.

RETURNING the other night from the coffee-house, where I had just been reading the votes,\* I found myself, on a sudden, oppressed with a drowsiness that seemed to promise me as sound a repose in my great chair, as my dog already enjoyed by the fireside. I willingly indulged it; and had hardly closed my eyes before I fell into the following dream.

Methought the door of my room, on a sudden, flew open, and admitted a great variety of dogs of all sorts and sizes, from the mastiff to the lapdog. I was surprised at this appearance; but my amazement was much increased, when I saw a large greyhound advancing towards me, and heard him thus address me in a human voice.

You cannot, Sir, be ignorant of the panic that prevails among all our species, on account of a scheme now on foot for our destruction. That slaughter, which was formerly made among the wolves of this land, and in which our ancestors bore so large a share, is now going to be revived among us.

\* A bill had been brought into parliament for laying a tax upon dogs.

I, for my own part, have no hopes of escaping, as you will easily judge when you hear my case. My master owes his subsistence to his labour, and with his wages can just maintain me and his three children. In return, I now and then afford him a comfortable meal, by killing him a rabbit in the squire's warren, or picking him up a hare on a Sunday morning. The other services I render him are of equal importance to him, and pleasure to myself. I am his constant companion to the field in the morning, and back again at night; he knows that his clothes and his wallet are safe in my keeping; and he is sure to be roused on any midnight alarm, when I am in the house.

It is with horror I reflect on the numbers of my relations who will swing their last, and against whom this law seems, indeed, to be levelled. Is it not enough that our merits are neglected, and thought inferior to those of a slow-footed race, who inhabit a spacious kennel in the squire's yard, and who are as many hours in killing a hare, as we are minutes? Yet they are kept by the great, attended by the noble, and every day treated with horse-flesh; while I live among the poor, am threatened by the rich, and now probably shall be destroyed by public authority.

I cannot deny, but that the favour of the ladies is frequently extended to a small and degenerate race; who, though they bear our name, may very properly be styled the fribbles of our species. 'Tis true, they are of foreign extraction, which alone is sufficient merit; and seem, indeed, to be as much preferred by the *beau monde* to our English greyhounds, as their countrymen in the Haymarket are to our English singers. But though this breed is so diminutive, that I myself have coursed one of

them for a hare, yet I will venture to pronounce, that, be the tax what it will, not a Fido in the land will be sacrificed to the laws.

Our request to you is to display our merits to the world, and convince mankind of the innocence of our intentions, and the hardships that we already labour under. Though I have enlarged on my own case, I have the honour to address you in the name of all my brethren: such of them, I mean, as think themselves endangered by this scheme for our destruction. At the same time, we desire you to apprise the public of the hazard they may run, by coming to an open rupture; since in such a case, the mastiffs and the bull-dogs are determined to join their forces, and will sell their lives at the dearest rate.

This last resolution was confirmed by a general growl. After which I was thus accosted by another of the company, of the pointing breed.

Little did I think, that the pains I have taken, and the blows I have suffered, to perfect me in the art I profess, would have been thus requited. Having lost the best of masters by an accident from his gun, which I can scarce ever think of without a howl, I have now, like my friend Smoker, the misfortune to live with a poor man; a misfortune I now call it, since alas! he will not be able to save me from the halter, by paying my ransom. He too, I am afraid, will be reduced to beggary; since, at present, I and his gun are his chief support. If he is deprived of me, and thereby prevented from what the rich maliciously term poaching, his best resource will be to dispatch himself with his gun before he surrenders it, or to hang himself with the same rope that ties up me. When I was a puppy, I was every day fed in the kitchen, and caressed in



the parlour; and I have now a brother, that always points for the best of company. What though our race has been frequently reproached? What though we, together with the spaniels, have been accused, I do not say wrongfully, of crouching to our enemies, and licking the hand that beats us? Is not this every day practised among your species? And is it not countenanced by the greatest examples? In fawning and flattering we are by no means singular; and crouching and cringing are not confined to the brute species.

I very heartily second the request of my friend, and I doubt not, but the arguments you will use in our behalf will be able to divert the storm that threatens us. This you may be assured of, that if my life is spared through your means, it shall be devoted to your service; and you shall sup, as often as you please, on a brace of birds.

This speech was attended with a bark of applause; and I was next accosted by a lapdog, who, after dolefully shaking his ears, began the following harangue.

Though I am aware that many of my species will remain unhurt by this scheme devised for our destruction, yet I have on my own account great reason to be alarmed. I was born, indeed, in a noble family in St. James's Square, but unfortunately was within these three months resigned over to my present mistress, an old maid, who has been, through her whole life, as frugal of her money as her favours. She is, indeed, so very saving that I have more than once been beat for lapping up her breakfast cream; and it was but last week that I was severely corrected for devouring a sheep's heart, for which she had been to market herself. Such a mistress will undoubtedly sacrifice me to this cruel tax; and though you may perhaps

imagine the loss of life in these circumstances is not much to be regretted, yet death is a terrible remedy, and a living dog is better than a dead lion. But if some of our species must perish, surely a regard should be had to national merit; and the storm should first fall on those foreign intruders, who, by the flatness of their noses, are supposed to be of Dutch extraction. If the ladies also have any regard for the honour of their country, or any love remaining for us, it becomes them to take our case into consideration. And I make no doubt, since the female parliament is now sitting, if you, Sir, would but draw up a petition in our favour, as the other sex have taken necessary precautions for the preservation of the game, the ladies would, in their turn, bring in a bill for the preservation of lapdogs.

Various were the arguments that many others used in their own behalf. The mastiff insisted on the protection he afforded us, and the terror he struck into thieves and housebreakers. King Charles's black favourites came fawning upon me, and hoped that their breed might be preserved in deference to the taste of so witty a monarch. I could not help smiling at the argument made use of by a bull-dog from Norfolk; who declared, that he was so instrumental to the mirth of the county that he firmly believed they would never part with him; but begged, at the same time, that, if sentence must pass, it might be changed into banishment, and that Spain, where bull-feasts are held in so much honour, might be the place of his transportation.

The eloquence and gesture of my four-footed visitors had such an influence over me, that I was just going to answer them in the manner they could wish, when my own dog, on a sudden, jumped into my lap, and roused me from my dream.

## No. 65. THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1755.

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*Nec tamen indignum si vobis cura placendi,  
Cum comptos habeant sæcula nostra viros.*

OVID.

Blame not the belles, since modern times can show  
That ape of female foppery, call'd a beau.

“TO MR. TOWN.

“SIR,

“As no one has a greater respect for the fair sex than myself, I was highly pleased with a letter inserted some time ago in your paper, ridiculing the detestable use of paint among the ladies. This practice is, indeed, too general; and for my part, when I meet a blooming fresh-coloured face in town, I no more take it for the real face belonging to the lady, than I imagine Queen Anne's portrait delineated on a sign-post, to be her Majesty's flesh and blood.

“But this fashion is not confined to the ladies. I am ashamed to tell you, that we are indebted to Spanish wool for many of our masculine ruddy complexions. A pretty fellow lackers his pale face with as many varnishes as a fine lady; and it is well known, that late hours at the card-table, amusements at Haddock's, immoderate draughts of champagne, and sleeping all night upon a bulk, will strip the most healthy complexion of its roses. Therefore, to repair the loss, they are obliged to substitute the unwholesome disguise of art for the native hue of a vigorous constitution.

“I must leave it to you, Mr. Town, or your ingenious correspondent, to enlarge upon this subject; and will but only just appeal to the ladies, whether a smooth fair face is a proper recommendation of a man to their favour; and whether they do not look upon those of the other sex as a contemptible sort of rivals, who aspire to be thought charming and pretty? As many females are also conscious that they themselves endeavour to conceal by art the defects of nature, they are apt to suspect those of our sex, who are so very solicitous to set off their persons; and, indeed, I fear it will be found upon examination, that most of our pretty fellows, who lay on carmine, are painting a rotten post.

“I am, Sir,

“Your humble servant,

“W. MANLY.”

Many of my readers will, I dare say, be hardly persuaded that this custom could have ever prevailed as a branch of male foppery. But it is too notorious that our fine gentlemen, in many other instances besides the article of paint, affect the softness and delicacy of the fair sex. The male beauty has his washes, perfumes, and cosmetics; and takes as much pains to set a gloss on his complexion, as the footman in japanning his shoes. He has his dressing-room, and, which is still more ridiculous, his toilet too; at which he sits as many hours repairing his battered countenance, as a decayed toast dressing for a birthnight. I had once an opportunity of taking a survey of one of these male toilets; and, as such a curiosity may, perhaps, prove entertaining to many of my readers, I shall here give a description of it.

Having occasion, one morning, to wait on a very

pretty fellow, I was desired by the *valet de chambre* to walk into the dressing-room, as his master was not stirring. I was accordingly shown into a neat little chamber, hung round with India paper, and adorned with several little images of pagods and bramins, and vessels of Chelsea China, in which were set various coloured sprigs of artificial flowers. But the toilet most excited my admiration; where I found every thing was intended to be agreeable to the Chinese taste. A looking-glass, inclosed in a whimsical frame of Chinese paling, stood upon a japan table, over which was spread a coverlid of the finest chintz. I could not but observe a number of boxes of different sizes, which were all of them japan, and lay regularly disposed on the table. I had the curiosity to examine the contents of several; and in one I found lip-salve, in another a roll of pigtail, and in another the ladies' black sticking-plaster; but the last which I opened very much surprised me, as I saw nothing in it but a number of little pills. I likewise remarked, on one part of the table, a toothbrush and sponge, with a pot of Delescot's opiate; and on the other side, water for the eyes; in the middle stood a bottle of *Eau de Luce*, and a roll of perfumed pomatum. Almond pastes, powder-puffs, haircombs, brushes, nippers, and the like, made up the rest of this fantastic equipage; but among many other whimsies, I could not perceive for what use a very small ivory comb could be designed, till the valet informed me, that it was a comb for the eyebrows.

It must be confessed, that there are some men of such a delicate make and silky constitution, that it is no wonder, if gentlemen of such a ladylike generation have a natural tendency to the refinements and softnesses of females. These tender dear

creatures are generally bred up immediately under the wing of their mammas, and scarce fed with any thing less innocent than her milk. They are never permitted to study, lest it should hurt their eyes, and make their heads ache: nor suffered to use any exercises, like other boys, lest a fine hand should be spoiled by being used too roughly. While other lads are flogged into the five declensions, and at length lashed through a whole school, these pretty masters are kept at home to improve in whip syllabubs, pastry, and face-painting. In consequence of which, when other young fellows begin to appear like men, these dainty creatures come into the world with all the accomplishments of a lady's woman.

But if the common foibles of the female world are ridiculous even in these equivocal half-men, these neuter somethings between male and female, how awkwardly must they sit upon the more robust and masculine part of mankind? What, indeed, can be more absurd than to see a huge fellow with the make of a porter, and fit to mount the stage as a champion at Broughton's amphitheatre, sitting to varnish his broad face with paint and Benjamin-wash? For my part, I never see a great looby aiming at *delicatesse*, but he seems as strange and uncouth a figure as Achilles in petticoats. This folly is also to be particularly condemned, when it appears in the more solemn characters of life, to which a gravity of appearance is essential: and in which the least marks of foppery seem as improper, as a physician would seem ridiculous prescribing in a bag-wig, or a sergeant pleading at the King's Bench in his own hair instead of a nightcap periwig. As I think an instance or two of this kind would show this folly in the most striking light, I shall here subjoin two characters, in whom as it is

most improper, it will consequently appear most ridiculous.

John Hardman is upwards of six feet high, and stout enough to beat two of the sturdiest chairmen, that ever came out of Ireland. Nature, indeed, seems to have intended John himself to carry a chair; but fortune has enabled him to appear in whatever character he likes best, and he has wisely discovered, that none will sit so easy on him as that of a pretty fellow. It is therefore his study to new-mould his face and person; he throws his goggle eyes into leers, languishes, and ogles; and endeavours to draw up his hideous mouth, which extends from one ear to the other, into a simper. His voice which is naturally of a deeper base than a hurdy-gurdy, is in a manner set to a new tune; and his speech, which is very much tinged with the broad dialect of a particular county, is delivered with so much nicety and gentleness, that every word is mince and clipped in order to appear soft and delicate. When he walks, he endeavours to move his unwieldy figure along in the pert trip, or easy shambling pace of our pretty fellows, and he commonly carries a thin jemmy stick in his hand, which naturally reminds us of Hercules with a distaff.

The Reverend Mr. Jessamy, who took orders only because there was a good living in the family, is known among the ladies by the name of the beau-parson. He is, indeed, the most delicate creature imaginable; and differs so much from the generality of the clergy, that I believe the very sight of a plum-pudding would make him swoon. Out of his canonicals, his constant dress is what they call parson's blue lined with white, a black satin waistcoat, velvet breeches, and silk stockings; and his pumps are of dogskin, made by Tull; and it is said,

that he had a joint of one of his toes cut off, whose length being out of all proportion prevented his having a handsome foot. His very grizzle is scarce orthodox; for, though it would be open schism to wear a bag, yet his wig has always a bag-front, and is properly cropped behind, that it may not eclipse the lustre of his diamond stock-buckle. He cannot bear the thoughts of being sea-sick; or else, he declares, he would certainly go abroad, where he might again resume his laced clothes, and appear like a gentleman in a bag-wig and sword.

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No. 66. THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1755.

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*Detrahere et pellem, nitidus quâ quisque per ora*  
*Cederet.*— HOR. SAT. ii. 1. 64.

Where all their beauties to full view display'd,  
 May undisguis'd appear in Masquerade.

AMONG the many exotic diversions that have been transplanted into this country, there is no one more cultivated, or which seems to have taken deeper root among us, than that modest and rational entertainment, the masquerade. This, as well as the opera, is originally of Italian growth, and was brought over hither by the celebrated Heidegger; who, on both accounts, justly acquired among his own countrymen the honourable title of *Sur-Intendant des Plaisirs d'Angleterre*.

I have called the masquerade a modest and



rational entertainment. As to the first, no one can have the least scruple about its innocence, if he considers that it is always made a part of the education of our polite females; and that the most virtuous woman is not ashamed to appear there. If it be objected, that a lady is exposed to hear many indecencies from the men, as the mask gives them a privilege to say any thing, though ever so rude, it may be answered, that no lady is obliged to take the affront to herself; because, as she goes disguised, the indignity is not offered to her in her own proper person. Besides, according to Dryden,

She cannot blush, because they cannot see.

As to the rationality of this entertainment, every one will agree with me, that these midnight orgies are full as rational as sitting up all night at the card-table. Nor is it more strange, that five or six hundred people should meet together in disguises purposely to conceal themselves, than that the same number should assemble at a rout, where most of the company are wholly unacquainted with each other.

But we can never enough admire the wit and humour of these meetings; which greatly consists in exhibiting the most fantastic appearances that the most whimsical imagination can possibly devise. A common person may be content with appearing as a Chinese, a Turk, or a Friar; but the true genius will ransack earth, air, and seas, reconcile contradictions, and call in things inanimate, as well as animate, to his assistance; and the more extravagant and out of nature his dress can be contrived, the higher is the joke. I remember one gentleman above six foot high, who came to the masquerade

dressed like a child in a white frock and leading strings, attended by another gentleman of a very low stature, who officiated as his nurse. The same witty spark took it into his head at another time to personate Fame, and was stuck all over with peacock's feathers by way of eyes; but when he came to fasten on his wings, they were spread to so enormous a length, that no coach or chair was spacious enough to admit him; so that he was forced to be conveyed along the streets on a chairman's horse, covered with a blanket. Another gentleman, of no less humour, very much surprised the company by carrying a thatched house about him; which was so contrived that no part of him could be seen except his face, which was looking out of the casement; but this joke had like to have cost him dear, as another wag was going to set fire to the building, because he found, by the leaden policy affixed to the front, that the tenement was insured. In a word, dogs, monkeys, ostriches, and all kinds of monsters, are as frequently to be met with at the masquerade, as in the Covent-Garden pantomimes; and I once saw, with great delight, a gentleman, who personated one of Bayes's recruits, prance a minuet on his hobby-horse, with a dancing bear for his partner.

I have said before, that the masquerade is of foreign extraction, and imported to us from abroad. But as the English, though slow at invention, are remarkable for improving on what has already been invented, it is no wonder that we should attempt to heighten the gusto of this entertainment, and even carry it beyond the license of a foreign carnival. There is something too insipid in our fine gentlemen stalking about in dominos; and it is rather cruel to eclipse the pretty faces of our fine ladies with hide-

ous masks ; for which reasons it has been judged requisite to contrive a masquerade upon a new plan, and in an entire new taste. We all remember, when, a few years ago, a celebrated lady endeavoured to introduce a new species of masquerade among us, by lopping off the exuberance of dress ; and she herself first set the example, by stripping to the character of Iphigenia undressed for the sacrifice. I must own it is a matter of some surprise to me, considering the propensity of our modern ladies to get rid of their clothes, that other Iphigenias did not immediately start up, and that nuns and vestals should be suffered ever after to be seen among the masks. But this project, it seems, was not then sufficiently ripe for execution, as a certain awkward thing, called bashfulness, had not yet been banished from the female world ; and to the present enlightened times was reserved the honour of introducing, however contradictory the term may seem, a naked masquerade.

What the above-mentioned lady had the hardiness to attempt alone, will, I am assured, be set on foot by our persons of fashion, as soon as the hot days come in. Ranelagh is the place pitched upon for their meeting ; where it is proposed to have a masquerade *Al Fresco*, and the whole company are to display all their charms *in puris naturalibus*. The pantheon of the heathen gods, Ovid's Metamorphoses, and Titian's prints, will supply them with a sufficient variety of undressed characters. One set of ladies, I am told, intend to personate water-nymphs bathing in the canal ; three sisters, celebrated for their charms, design to appear together as the three Graces ; and a certain lady of quality, who most resembles the goddess of beauty, is now practising, from a model of the noted statue of Venus de

Medicis, the most striking attitude for that character. As to the gentlemen, they may most of them represent very suitably the half-brutal forms of Satyrs, Pans, Fauns, and Centaurs. Our beaux may assume the semblance of the beardless Apollo, or, which would be more natural, may admire themselves in the person of Narcissus; and our bucks might act quite in character, by running about stark-naked with their mistresses, and committing the maddest freaks, like the priests and priestesses of Bacchus celebrating the Bacchanalian mysteries.

If this scheme for a naked masquerade should meet with encouragement, as there is no doubt but it must, it is proposed to improve it still further. Persons of fashion cannot but lament that there are no diversions allotted to Sunday, except the card-table, and they can never enough regret that the Sunday evening tea-drinkings at Ranelagh were laid aside from a superstitious regard to religion. They, therefore, intend to have a particular sort of masquerade on that day; in which they may show their taste by ridiculing all the old women's tales contained in that idle book of fables the Bible, while the vulgar are devoutly attending to them at church. This, indeed, is not without a parallel. We have had an instance already of an Eve; and, by borrowing the serpent in Orpheus and Eurydice, we might have the whole story of the Fall of Man exhibited in masquerade.

It must, indeed, be acknowledged that this project has already taken place among the lowest of the people, who seem to have been the first contrivers of a naked masquerade; and last summer I remember an article in the newspapers, that "several persons of both sexes were assembled naked at Pimlico, and being carried before a magistrate were

sent to Bridewell." This, indeed, is too refined a pleasure to be allowed the vulgar, and everybody will agree with me, that the same act, which at the Green Lamps or Pimlico appears low and criminal, may be extremely polite and commendable in the Haymarket or at Ranelagh.

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END OF VOL. XXV.















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